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March, 1930

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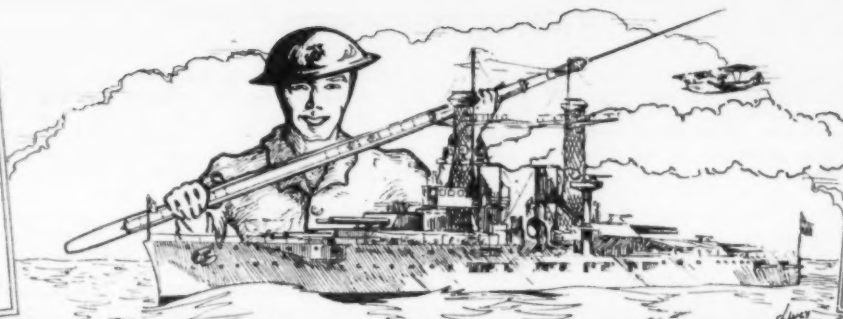
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NUMBER 3

LITTLE PAL

By Hapsburg Liebe

THE BOY sat on the edge of the rotting river wharf, with his bare and dirty legs hanging over, and with the summer sunlight full in his browned and dirty face. He was reflecting gloomily upon the miseries and uncertainties of life in such a city as New Orleans. Reformation was the order of the day, and rescue societies had grown so active of late that he couldn't sell papers because of them; he couldn't even appear on the streets because of them; he couldn't do anything because of them!

They had had him once; they wouldn't let him fight, or swear, and they had washed his face and combed his red hair as though he were a poodle. "Old Gyp" wasn't capable of bringing up a boy properly, they had told him.

Old Gyp, peace be to her ashes, was dead these ten days, and he was wholly, totally friendless. Perhaps that was his real trouble. The old fortune-teller wasn't his mother, but she had loved him—there wasn't a soul to remind him daily that the lines in his left hand pointed to a future of wealth and happiness.

Soft footfalls came from somewhere behind him. He turned half-way around and saw a woman whom he at once recognized as one of the members of a rescue outfit, and he sprang up and ran from her. The woman shrugged.

"The redhead!" she exclaimed.

Yes, Old Gyp, mother of the river crooks, was dead; and most of the crooks themselves—he knew them every one—had fled before the reform wave. New Orleans, alas, had degenerated. The lad made his way out of the city and along a sand-ballasted railroad, and Fate led him far into a wide and flat land of pines and hanging mosses. On the next night but one, he slept, too utterly weary to give heed to the pangs of hunger, in a dilapidated and mildewed hut that had once been a part of a logging camp.

As bright dawn came filtering through the scrubby, whispering pines the woodsmen had left, he awoke. The other side of the floor gave forth a creak, and he saw that he had not slept alone in the hut. The figure of a tall young man, dressed in rather expensive but now rumpled and dusty Summer clothing, rose and went to the doorless doorway.

Wondering mildly, the boy sat up without a noise. The man yawned and sat down on the doorsill. In the fast-growing morning light the lad could see that the man was anything but a tramp, and that his strong face was troubled. Then the stranger went into his clothing and came back with something at which he stared and stared. This aroused the redhead's curiosity; he crept silently across the floor and peered over one of the gray-clad shoulders.

It was the photograph of one of the prettiest young women in this good-natured, easy-going Southland.

"Bah!" exploded the boy, rising. "You softy!"

Tom Harrell might have been startled at that, but he certainly did not show any signs of it. He slipped the picture back into his pocket, and turned his head slowly.

"Hello, 'Red'," he smiled. "I didn't know you were anywhere near."

"You know my name, all right," grinned Red. "Everybody always called me that. What's your name, mister, and where you goin' to?"

"My name is Tom. I'm headed for a logging camp a few miles up a branch road that meets the main line not far down the track. Where are you going, son?"

"Me? The same place, I reckon. But I didn't know anything about it till you happened here to tell me. They'll have somethin' to eat there, anyways. Y'see, I've got no home, nor no folks."

With his gaze riveted absently on a starving stray dog that had come poking up, Red told Harrell of Old Gyp, his foster-mother, and of the rescue people. Harrell then took from one of his pockets a bundle of food of the kind they sell in railroad restaurants, and gave exactly half of it to the boy; and that was where Red, who was more accustomed to kicks and cuffs than to having kindness shown him, lost his whole heart to Tom Harrell.

The dog whined, and promptly got the other half of the food. It gulped down the three sandwiches in three gulps, and quickly slunk off, poor ingrate, into the bush. In his turn, Red offered to divide with Harrell.

"Eat it," came the order; and the lad ate it.

When he had thus breakfasted, Red tugged at the soiled gray sleeve of his new friend.

"Tom," he said, "I ain't never had a real pal but Old Gyp. I'm lonesome. Awful lonesome. Le's you and me be pals, Tom."

The man smiled amusedly. But his alert gray eyes became altogether serious when he looked down into the boy's eager blue ones. He put his right hand around, and Red clasped it tight.

"Till death?" dramatically asked Red.

Harrell laughed. Solely to please his youthful companion, he repeated—

"Till death."

A few minutes later they were walking toward the logging camp of a certain pine lumber company. Harrell made the greater part of the journey in grim silence, and Red didn't quite dare to ask what it was that weighted so heavily on his big pal's mind.

Harrell was given a place in a woods gang, and the other found a job as kitchen boy. Nobody asked Harrell any difficult questions, which, no doubt, pleased him more than a little.

Like most other logging outfits, this outfit had a bully; and, on the fifth day of their stay there, Red took note of the fact

that the bully, whose name was Ganley, had recognized Tom Harrell. Red became inquisitive at the first opportunity.

"I didn't know him very well," frowned Harrell. "Back in war—that is, back where I came from, Ganley was a plantation boss; he used to come to my office on Sunday mornings, always with a whiskey headache—"

Red's friend stopped talking abruptly, as though he feared he had said that which he shouldn't have said. The boy's eyes widened.

"Was you a doctor?" he whispered. "I won't tell, big pal, if you don't want me to."

"Yes, son, I was a doctor. And you mustn't tell."

The very next time Bill Corden's loggers sat down to breakfast, the bully boxed the boy's ears because he was a trifle late with the fried potatoes. Red tried hard to fight back, and made a dismal failure of it; then he looked toward Harrell, who was already fairly boiling, and reminded him—

"Till death, Tom!"

Harrell entered a protest, and Ganley wanted a battle immediately. To make a long story short, Ganley got his battle, and—Harrell came out of it the victor! And here is where he began to pay for having been Red's friend.

Two mornings later, Red missed his big pal when the timber jacks filed in for breakfast. He sought out the superintendent at the table, and whispered into his ear—

"What's 'come o' Tom Burbage?" Burbage—that was Harrell's assumed name.

The superintendent bit off half a heavy biscuit.

"Some sheriff got him last night, the rounder!" he growled with his mouth so full that his words came smotheredly. "Took him back to Warrenton, at the other side o' this State. Hurry up with my coffee; and tell the cooky if he sends me stained water, I'll drown him with it. Git, you rat! What're you standin' there a-gawp-in' at me for?"

If he had waited until Red brought coffee for him he would have been waiting at dawn of doomsday. Red went out, into the early sunlight, into the sweet-scented woodland, and sat down on a moss-covered log to think.

At first he was inclined toward blaming Harrell for not waking him to tell him. But he soon forgot all about that. Then he began to reason. His struggle with the world for his own survival in the scheme of things had sharpened his wits, which were good wits to begin with.

Harrell, he told himself in his own way, had been accused of some crime back in Warrenton, and he had fled simply because he had had no chance if he stayed to fight it out. It was Ganley the bully who had told—and this was all because of him, Red!

The cooky was a negro. Red went straight to him.

"Isham," said he gravely, "how many miles to Warrenton?"

"'Bout fo' hundred, I s'pects, sonny. Why?"

"Fix me up all the grub you can find in your heart to gi' me, and you can c'lect my wages," Red said calmly. "I got to go to Warrenton, and I got to walk the most part o' the way there."

Isham grinned, laughed boisteriously, then became suddenly sober.

"Dat new man, Mistah Tom, he's sho' quality people. I knows 'em when I sees 'em, sho'. Is you goin' to Mistah Tom, sonny?"

"Yeuh," nodded the redhead. "You sure guessed it. I got to help him out. He helped me out, y'see."

The superintendent and his loggers had gone to the woods, and Red carried off enough eatables to impede his traveling.

It was not four hundred miles to Warrenton, but it was two. Red walked half the way, and stole rides aboard freight trains the other half. The time of this, the longest journey he had ever made, was not far from a fortnight. His food was gone long before he had covered a third of the distance, and hunger drove him to begging his meals.

At sundown of a fine July day, he arrived in Warrenton, footsore, weary, hungry, but no whit less determined to be of service to his friend.

Red walked straight into the business section, and forthwith began his search for the jail. The soft southern dusk had gathered when he found it. He turned his tired but eager eyes upward to a row of lighted, barred windows and called out—"Tom!"

The face of a man appeared at one of the windows. But it was not Red's Tom. It was the face of a mulatto.

"Whatcha want, li'l' white trash?" he demanded sourly.

The boy's fists curled into a pair of hard knots; he went white with anger.

"I dare you out here!" he snapped; and the mulatto shrugged his shoulders at the irony of the challenge, and disappeared.

Red went to the blank end of the building, turned and went to the front. The main entrance was open, and he could see down an electrically

lighted corridor, in which a guard with a short-barreled shotgun in the crook of his left arm paced to and fro. The laughing and joking of a few of the prisoners came to Red's strained ears.

Red walked slowly up the steps. The guard faced about and confronted him.

"What is it, son?"

"I want to see the man what the sheriff brung here 'bout two weeks ago from Corden's pine camp," announced the lad. "I got 'portant news for him, mister."

The guard called the sheriff from a pigeonhole of an office to his right. In another minute Red was standing in the light of Tom Harrell's good smile, and Tom was holding both his grimy hands through the bars of the cell's door.

"I've come to help you, Tom," said the boy. "What was it you done, Tom?"

"It was good of you to come, of course," Harrell replied warmly, ignoring Red's question. "But you can't help me any, little pal."

Red gulped pitifully. "Little pal!" Never before had anybody called him that, not even Old Gyp. It was eulogy and blessing, and a psalm to his soul. The next thing he knew his hands were gripping two of the worn-bright iron bars until his knuckles showed a pale yellow through the dirt that covered them, and Tom Harrell was writing closely in pencil something in the way of a message on the back of an old envelope.

"Take this," said he, "to Colonel Shortridge's house. The sheriff will show you where it is. Ask for Miss Althea, and give it to her; be sure you don't give it to anybody else. And if you are my pal, do exactly what she tells you to do. Promise, and hope you may die if you don't keep it?"

Immediately and without question Red promised, and hoped he might die if he didn't keep it. The sheriff, who had been watching from a little distance, censored the note and passed it as it had been written.

Ten minutes later Red was standing before a great old mansion whose downstairs was brightly lighted, whose wide lawn was fragrant with an incomparable blend of the perfumes of roses and Cape jasmines. In his right hand the note Tom Harrell had written was gripped so hard as to be badly crumpled. But if he had known what was in that note, he might not have gone on with it.



Two long arms shot in at the open window —.

Then he screwed his courage up tight, and walked toward the big oaken front door. He failed to see the bell's button, and rapped loudly and nervously. A stern-looking, proud-looking, man, slender and smooth-faced and more than half gray, came in response to the summons.

"M-Miss Althy," began Red, inclined to stammering, "is she at home?"

He shifted his weight from one bare foot to the other, and swallowed and swallowed. Colonel Shortridge faced about and called his daughter's name, and she came within the moment. When Red saw the young woman, he stared at her amazedly; she was the original of the photograph he had seen in the hands of Tom Harrell! Her eyes were the bluest blue, and her brown hair held shimmering auburn tints; she was prettier than her picture.

"Here's a ragamuffin," the colonel said in a merciful aside, "who wishes to see you, Althea. Some charity business, I take it."

With that, he was gone back to his newspaper. Althea smiled at the boy, and it came near to taking him off his feet. She was of that fine, high-up type of femininity that he had been accustomed to seeing flash past him in big limousines whose drivers wore livery.

"What is it?" she asked in a voice filled with kindness.

Red swallowed once more, and gave her the message. She held it up to the light and read it almost at a glance, took her turn at crumpling it in her hands, and went a little pale. Then she began to stare at Red with a stare that he could not begin to understand.

Finally, she said to him—

"Come with me."

She went into the house, and he followed her gingerly. Suddenly he came to himself and saw that he was standing before a big bowl of warm water, and he washed his face and hands and dried them on a towel that was as soft as silk. After this, he was taken to a great dining room and seated at one end of a table that was heavy with china and silverware, and an old black woman placed loads of food—real food—before him. For a moment, he forgot even his pal, and fell to stuffing himself as though he had not the slightest hope of ever again seeing anything to eat.

When his appetite was half-way satisfied, he turned his attention to Miss Althea, who, sitting at one side of the table, had been watching him with a deep and pitying interest. Red now noted that, for all that dazzling smile of hers, she was by no means happy.

"What," he asked, "did Tom say for me to do?"

Althea Shortridge straightened out Harrell's note, and read it again; and this was what she read:

Dear Althea:

This is the one human being on earth, it seems, that has any use for me or any faith in me. The last favor I shall ever ask of you, I ask for him; find a home for him, and try to keep him in it until he is accustomed to it. I don't know who he is, and no more does he himself, but for all that there is pure gold in him.

Tom.

"He says," Althea answered, "that you must stay in a good home I am going to find for you."

Red's face went almost the color of his fiery hair.

"I don't want no home!" he flared. "I'm here to help Tom out of his trouble, and for nothin' else! He's my pardner, miss. Say, what was it Tom done—and what is it you're mad at him about?"

He watched her closely. She frowned and looked away, at nothing. There came a little period of silence that was an age to the lad, and still Althea said nothing.

"Tell me!" he urged.

She turned her eyes upon his again. There was more of sadness than of anger in them when she told him as simply as she could, this:

"Tom Harrell came here with his father a good many years ago. These two were the last of an aristocratic—that is, a Kentucky family that had been on one side of a little war for a long, long time. Both Tom and his father were always proud, and they always told the truth; they were—er, very brilliant, but they were a little too easy to get mad.

"Tom's father bought a great, big cotton farm near here, and he didn't have quite enough money to start it; so he borrowed some money from old Eben Warren, who was the richest man, and the stingiest, anywhere around here. The Harrell farm had lots of bad luck, and Eben Warren gobbled it up. It was Mr. Harrell's first failure, and he died not long afterward.

"That was nine years ago," she went on, "when Tom wasn't much older than you. Tom was out of school only one week; and when he went back he wrote on the blackboard during his grammar lesson—

"Some day I will kill Eben Warren."

"He analyzed the sentence—that is, he sort of explained it—to the school, and the teacher was somehow afraid to try to stop him. Nobody ever forgot it. But as Tom got older, it

seemed to me he had no thought of killing Eben Warren. And yet people would point to him as he went along the streets, and whisper to one another—'Some day he'll kill Eben Warren.' When Tom heard about that, he'd laugh and say he was too much interested in decent things to think of such carrion as Warren.

"And I was sure that he was. He went through the schools here and carried off the highest honors, though he had to work evenings and Saturdays to pay for it. Many of us expected big things of him. My father used to hold him up as an example for other boys. Then Tom went off to medical school, and he finished there in the shortest time possible. He came back, and had great success.

"Then he shot Eben Warren. I was very much surprised, and many others here were surprised, too. I could have forgiven him for thrashing Warren, old man that he was; but I couldn't forgive him for such—such cold-blooded killing. And he robbed Warren, too, like any cheap thief!"

Miss Shortridge was now talking to herself more than to the

(Continued on page 49)



"I want to see the man what the sheriff brung here 'bout two weeks ago from Cordon's pine camp," announced the lad.

"S'ALL THERE IS—AIN'T NO MORE"



"ES, this is a awful fake," grumbled a footsore, weary Leatherneck as he trudged along near the end of the detail. "I thought I was gonna see some fightin' when I joined this outfit, but all I done yet is be a danged packhorse . . . 'Join the Marines, First to Fight' . . . Horse Collar! It makes me laff, only I'm too sore to laff."

"I hope to spit in your mess kit," voiced another. "It's a lot o' boloney, I say."

"Aw, what are you gold bricks beefin' about now? Ya wouldn't know how to fight these Spic bandits if you was to get a chance. You two ought to be back in the boot camp again. You might make out kinda fair as a mess cook, I guess." The nearest non-com, Sergeant Rhode asked, trying to quiet the incessant grumble. Marines certainly love to grumble at every provocation—sometimes without even being provoked.

"Dizzy" Hawkes was the Marine who had soured on the Corps. Now he defended:

"Aw, I never was no mess cook!"

"Don't tell me," insisted the sergeant, good naturedly. "I've got the low-down on all you guys. You was a mess cook for a long time. Don't try to deny it."

"Well, even so," Dizzy went on, half admitting his days of kitchen police, "what has that got to do with this hikin' all over hell's half acre. I still say it's a pain in the neck. Why'n cha admit it?"

The second speaker remained silent, "Skeet" Davis. He was still very much of the same opinion but he was too nearly out of breath from the steady climb up the narrow, rocky trail to say much.

"Naw, this ain't so bad. You'll see some fightin' if you just stay in the outfit long enough. But you guys can't kick. You ain't even got the dust of the boot camp off ya yet. You are a fine bunch to be yellin' about fightin'," the sergeant argued quietly. "You are just the darndest pair of gold bricks I ever saw—"

"Gold brick, my eye!" exploded Skeet Davis, "yuh don't call this gold brickin' do yuh, when a guy is totin' half a ton of junk?"

"Jes, the captain must think the bunch of us is horses," Dizzy Hawkes added.

"No, he don't think you're horses," replied Sergeant Rhode, "you do too much braying and your ears are too long—"

"Wha—?" Dizzy began, then, disgustedly, "Aw, shut up."

Sergeant Rhode laughed silently. Skeet and one or two others of the slow moving column joined in the laughter.

All plodded on in silence for a time. It was hard going, over rutted, rocky, hill-trails not fit for anything but the barefooted natives or their scrawny burros. A trail typical of the Nicaraguan hill country. Not even a bull-cart track, really not much better than a cow path. The column of Marines on the way to protect the operators of the Les Robles Mine high in the hills, numbered perhaps twenty, including the captain and the two sergeants.

On they plodded and stumbled, cursed and swore, grumbled and sweated through the sticky heat of mid-day, up among the lower of the hills, through the jungle growth. Monkeys in the overhanging trees ceased their jibbering chatter to peer at the khaki clad men who passed. Bay hued parrots shrieked at them.

By Robert Allan Treynor

Thorny bushes and trailing vines scratched and tore at clothing as they passed.

The dense growth to either side of the trail was gloomy and forbidding. Out of the jungle a myriad of stinging and biting insects droned an incessant dirge. Now and then a man swore audibly as his heavy shoes slipped on an outcropping rock in the trail. The soft clatter of rifles and equipment, the creak of rifle slings, all the sounds of a small army on the march, and puff and grunt of men whose labored breath tells of the progress they make. This was the body of Marines who scoured a vast section of rugged, tropical country for a man and other men who were his tools, who spread terror among peaceable peons, who incited native Indians to acts of violence, and all under the guise of "Le Revolution." These were the Marines who faced death and disease. But they wanted action. Easily irritated at trifles, they longed for a brush with the object of their quest.

Suddenly the trail ahead of the column widened, around a bend, and they sighted a collection of bamboo-and-mud huts in

a tiny clearing, clinging uncertainly to the slope. An indifferent, rutted road, thick in dust that needed only rain to transform into slippery, treacherous mud, wandered along the slope, and disappeared into the profuse jungle growth. The trail the Marines followed crossed the road and the huts were grouped about the intersection.

Over the road hung a dust haze that might have been raised fairly recently or may have hung in the quiet air for hours. There was no breath of breeze. The mid-day sun beat down pitilessly, a disc of molten metal from a sky of brass.

Flies swarmed everywhere, droning a fitting accompaniment to the deathlike stillness of the place. A heavy, pungent odor pervaded the atmosphere. There was an uncanny quality about the place. Every man in the detail sensed an air of hostility. The skin at the back of their

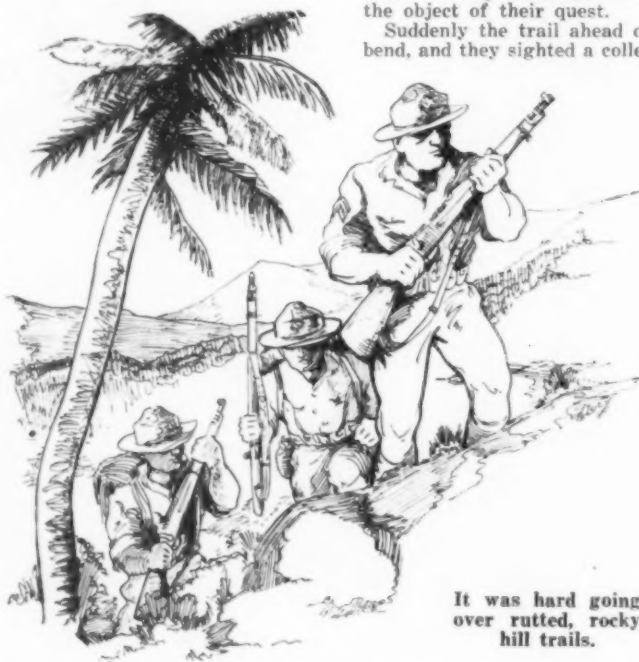
necks tightened; jaws set a little firmer; hands clutched rifles a little tighter.

This was a peculiar land, the natives, ignorant, unlettered, appeared friendly to the Marines who were there to protect them, yet many were loyal to the bandit chiefs, especially Mezitas, overlord of the brigands, the one of the lot who called his band an army.

Mezitas was the master hand of the nation at persuading peaceable natives to leave off scratching among their hillside patches of corn and pick up their machetes to follow him on to the victory of "Le Revolution" waving and shouting "Viva! Viva!"

Of late the Marines, the gringo soldiers, had seriously interfered with the glorious revolution. Of late the several army corps of the Revolutionary Army had reverted to mere roving hordes of raiding bandit bands, robbing and pilfering as they passed, leaving terror-stricken natives shouting "Viva! Viva!" meekly—under pain of death. Able men, unwilling to follow or refusing to go along, were executed as spies. But mostly the natives went along, whole families following along behind. The Mosquito Indians forgot their cassava, the Caribs dropped their fishing, and the hill men left their meagre corn patches to follow Mezitas or one of his generals. Barefooted and ragged they went. If they owned a hat it bore the red band of the revolution. If they possessed a pistol or rifle they were armed. Even the poorest had a machete—or could steal one.

Out of the uncanny quiet of the cluster of huts came the



It was hard going over rutted, rocky hill trails.

sense of warning to the Marines that all was not well; instinctively they halted. There were none of the signs that a Mezitas band had raided the place, it was as though a plague of some sort carried the occupants away suddenly, leaving none behind.

As the surprised and puzzled Leathernecks gazed at the place, a native rushed out of a near-by hut and, with terror in his eyes, headed toward the Marines. The captain recognized the man. To a sergeant he said:

"That's old Baca. He is one spic we can trust. He has been a guide for me before."

"Yeah, he's all right!" It was Sergeant Smithers speaking.

"I've a hunch there's something wrong somewhere. Maybe he is coming to warn us about—"

BANG! . . . A rifle roared through the doorway of a hut. The native, Baca, pitched headlong in the thick dust of the trail, almost at the feet of the surprised Marines. Every man in the column realized that the man was dead.

Almost without a command the detail of Marines faded through the dense growth to right or left of the trail in a line of skirmishers, every man alert, keenly watching the huts for further signs of hostility.

Sergeant Rhode, with Skeet and Dizzy close by him, maneuvered at the left end of the line. Crossing the wider road cautiously, the three worked uphill to surround the tiny village. Others circling to the right were to meet them from the opposite side. Care must be exercised that the two parties not take each other for bandits.

The two privates tried to keep close to the sergeant as they slowly pushed through the tangled undergrowth of prickly, trailing vines and jungle shrubbery. Sergeant Rhode pushed on ahead, paying them little heed, they followed as best they could. Once he motioned to them to stop. Together the three listened. There was someone moving through the undergrowth somewhere ahead, how far none of the three could guess.

Slowly, carefully, the sergeant moved forward, peering ahead, trying to catch sight through the dense foliage of whoever it might be. He motioned to Skeet and Dizzy to remain where they were, not chancing even to whisper. Then as the abundant growth closed about him he was lost to their view.

Uneasy at being thus left alone without him to depend upon and with some concern for his safety, the two privates felt alone and deserted. Together they conversed in whispers.

"Yes, this a kinda leery place, ain't it, Skeet?" Dizzy asked awesomely.

"I'll say it is," came the querulous reply.

"Scared?"

"No, 'r you?"

"Not much. But I don't like this place a bit."

"Me neither. It ain't worth a da—" Skeet interrupted his own remark and grasped Dizzy's arm. "Lissen!"

"What?" asked Dizzy anxiously.

"I thought I heard something. . . There's another. 'S a shot!"

"I heard it, too. Sounded like a Springfield, hey?"

"I dunno—"

"Sh-h-h, what's that? Lissen!"

From not far off in the jungle growth came the sounds of a struggle. Instinct seemed to impart the knowledge to the two

trembling men that Sergeant Rhode had come upon someone and attacked them singlehanded—or had been attacked by others.

Dizzy and Skeet turned fearful, questioning glances to one another. Neither knew whether to remain here as the sergeant had signified they should do, or to go in an attempt to aid him, or the last alternative, try to get some others of the body to aid them in reaching him.

A scream rent the air. Whose, neither of the two could tell. They pondered no longer. It might be Sergeant Rhode who needed them now. And if it were he who screamed, then he needed them badly.

Together they rushed through the lush growth of brush and fernlike plants, tearing blindly through trailing vines that clutch and tore at them, slowing their progress. Uncertain of the direction the sergeant had taken after they lost sight of him, the two stopped to listen for signs of the struggle to guide them, then crashed on through the tangled growth, stumbling and falling, their progress pitifully slow.

Suddenly they burst into an opening—the trail, the same that their party had followed, but uphill from the cluster of huts.

There they came upon the conflict. Several natives in a confused tangle, writhing and striking indiscriminately, apparently at each other. Some were noisy, some grimly silent, some bleeding. Knives gleamed dully and red in the shafts of sunlight which penetrated the forest growth.

There was the sound of fists and feet striking flesh, the clash of knives. A man screamed and went down underfoot. Was trampled. Still the scrimmage went on.

For an instant Skeet and Dizzy were dumb struck, then they saw a pair of khaki clad legs—the sergeant's—in the midst of the struggle. The brown men were crowding him, bearing him down from all sides. There must have been fifteen or twenty of them.

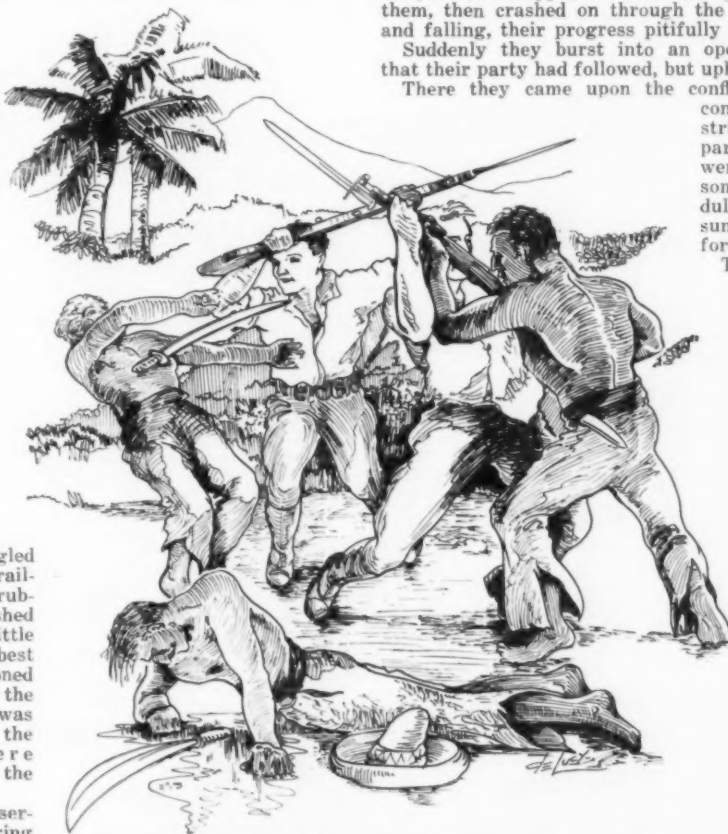
As Skeet and Dizzy tore into the howling pack with their rifles as clubs, the sergeant went down on his knees. The brown men about him were beating him down.

Dizzy devoted his attention to the brown men nearest at hand, he dared not shoot. Using the rifle as a club he beat furiously at the seething mass. Three of the men turned upon

him. With knives gleaming they rushed him. He wished his bayonet was on his rifle, but there was no time now. Down came the muzzle. The sight cover ripped one man's breast wide. Another slashed and blood spurted from a cut on Dizzy's shoulder. The rifle butt thudded against the brown man's body and he lost interest in the fray. One man beside the injured one slashed and stabbed at Dizzy, dodging the vicious swings of the rifle.

Skeet tore into the center of the struggling mass that was bearing the sergeant down. They fell back before his onslaught. He had taken an instant to attach his bayonet to his rifle. Now it served admirably. Brown men felt its power. Before its wide sweep they gave way in a wide circle. Three or four who failed to see Skeet in their midst were intent on finishing the sergeant. The sergeant saw Skeet and Dizzy, and shouted something to them. In the bedlam of noises no one heard him. One of the bandits, falling back before Skeet, threw his machete. It struck the rifle Skeet held and clattered to the ground, cutting him as it fell. In his rage, Skeet picked it up and hurled it at its owner. The aim was low, but the

(Continued on page 52)



The two were fighting almost back to back—thrusting, slashing, swinging.

CHEVRONS

By Leonard Nason

IT WAS broad daylight when Eadie opened his eyes again. Men in hobnails ran up and down this floor in a seeming endeavor to make all the noise possible. Doors banged incessantly. There was a steady flow of stretcher bearers past the foot of Eadie's bed. Clump, clump, clump.

Eadie's head swam. The noise was a real pain and the cigarette smoke burned like fire. A doctor and a nurse appeared.

The nurse turned back the blankets, pulled up Eadie's shirt and cut away the bandage. Eadie raised up and regarded himself. He had a long seam in his abdomen, neatly sewed in criss-cross stitches. It looked a lot like the lacing on a football and the resemblance was the more remarkable because a piece of rubber protruded from one end of the lacing. The doctor gave a tentative tug with a pair of tongs at this bit of rubber and a lively stream of blood leaped out of the hole into which the rubber disappeared. The doctor thereupon desisted.

"When do you want him to go?" asked the nurse.

"Let's see. Let him stay a day or so. Chests and abdomens aren't supposed to be moved immediately."

"No, send me out," requested Eadie. "Haven't you got a boiler factory somewhere where I can rest in peace?"

"Sorry we can't give you a private room and a special nurse," snapped the doctor with unnecessary sarcasm. "We only handle about two thousand cases a day. Send him out if he wants to go." The doctor went on to the next case.

Late in the day stretcher bearers appeared and brought their weapon alongside Eadie's bed.

"By golly, this is quick work!" said Eadie. "This is the fastest I've moved since I was in the army!"

"Gotta have the bed," said the orderly shortly. "Lotta wounded men coming in now."

"Put your arms around my neck," said one of the bearers, "and then I'll raise up. Tell me if it hurts you."

"No, I can do it all right," replied Eadie. "Where do we go from here?"

"Hospital train. Take you to the base."

The sergeant, then, hanging on the bearer's neck and moving his feet sideways, transferred himself from bed to stretcher, two blankets were put over him, and he was borne out of the noisy ward. A long swaying journey brought them to a dark shed. The stretcher was laid down on some wooden horses, the blankets rearranged, and the bearers left him. The shed was very cold and the stretcher became, after a while, extremely uncomfortable. Eadie slept a little, hoping to awaken and find himself on the train, but he was still in the same place when he opened his eyes. The brace that held the stretcher open ground into his shoulders. He found that by pulling up his legs and crawling down a way, this pressure was relieved, but such a position cannot be maintained for any length of time by anyone but a snake. If he shoved the other way his head hung

down behind. He tried resting his head on a handle of the stretcher. This worked until he dropped into a doze and his head rolled off nearly breaking his neck.

The sergeant slept, awakened with the cold and a sensation of being broken in two, curled himself up in a ball and slept once more, awakened with pains in cramped legs and his wound burning as though afire. He had put in some terrible nights since he had been in France, but never a worse one than that. It was endless. The third time he awoke, a nurse stood beside him.

"Much pain?" she asked.

As a matter of fact, Eadie felt quite comfortable that time, but he instantly decided he had been groaning in his sleep and that this nurse would undoubtedly give him a little jolt.

"Yes!" said Eadie.

The nurse thereupon gently lifted the blankets and slyly pinched his leg.

"Be yourself!" said the sergeant. "I'm badly wounded."

"I'm pinching you so that the needle won't hurt," explained the nurse. "If I didn't pinch you'd let out a shriek that would wake up the men in the morgue."

"Ah!" The sergeant saw the light now. Every time they pinched his leg he had been getting morphine. No wonder he had slept as much. "I hope I don't get the coke habit out of this," he muttered.

No more until daylight, when someone brought him a bowl of cocoa. It was hot and the sergeant drank it in sips, spilling a good deal down his neck.

"What's the idea in leaving us here?" demanded the sergeant.

"They brought you out for a train," said the man who had brought the cocoa. "and the train got full and there weren't any more."

"Well, why the hell couldn't they take us back into a ward?" demanded Eadie. "Didn't anyone have sense enough for that, or don't they give a damn?"

"Aw, it's too bad about you!" replied the orderly with asperity. The morning advanced and this time Eadie was unable to doze. He was wide awake, tortured by a thousand aches, and consumed by a burning rage. That his rage was impotent made it all the hotter.

Men went by carrying a stretcher. Eadie watched them idly until they had disappeared from his range of vision. Another stretcher went by.

The stretchers flowed faster and faster until a steady stream of them went by, the bearers treading on each other's heels.

"Hey!" cried Eadie. "How's chances on going out to that train?"

"Take yuh in a minute!" said the bearers.

"Whaddyuh say!" he called again ten minutes later, "take me out, will you?"

"Sure, next trip."

A nurse went swishing by up the aisle, and Eadie seized her in a drowning man's grip.



In this cubby-hole stood the orderly.

"Lookit, nurse," said the sergeant, "I've been here since yesterday afternoon. Now they've run in a train and they're bringing the men out of the wards. I'll probably get left again."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the nurse. "I'll fix that. Here, er—you two, this man goes out next. I'll sit right here by them to see that you don't forget." She sat down on the end of the wooden horse and sure enough, in a few minutes, back came four bearers, seized Eadie and started out with him.

They went out into the sunlight, down a long platform, and into the big brown car of the hospital train that was drawn up there. Inside were iron bunks, running along both sides of the car,

a double tier. They put Eadie in a lower in the corner. Evidently he had been given the last bunk, for seven or eight fully dressed, bareheaded, muddy men were thrust in and the double doors slammed shut. The dressed men all wore a huge white card hung to the buttons of their overcoats. They looked about them sadly for a few minutes and then sat down upon the floor. Eadie looked at them for some time, grinning happily. These muddy men were gas cases and not entitled to a bed. Eadie wriggled a bit with satisfaction. He had a real wound.

In a very few minutes there was a faint whistle, and an answering toot from the engine.

Crash! A chorus of groans from all. Clank! Slam! Another chorus of groans, and the gassed men cursing where they had been flung in a heap. The train took up its flat-wheeled journey.

"By God!" cried Eadie, "that bird must think he's running a freight! I never had a rougher start even on a 'forty hommes' train."

"They said we had an American crew on this train," said someone.

"You might know!" answered a man from an upper bunk. "They pick out the engineers like they do the cooks. They line a bunch they've just caught an' a loopy says, 'Count off! Number one is conductor, number two fireman, and number three engineer. The rest of yuh is shacks'."

"What the hell is a shack?" asked someone.

"Brakeman."

"I bet he's right, too," muttered another. "But they oughtn't to put these here catch-as-catch-can engineers to runnin' hospital trains."

The train rattled away through the afternoon. At the head of Eadie's bunk was a white partition and opposite it a kind of cubby hole, with a swinging oil lamp and a sink in it. In this cubby hole stood the orderly, a young man in O. D. shirt and an overseas cap. The orderly smoked many cigarettes and read from a French illustrated paper, the cover of which would be enough evidence in the United States to jail the editor for the rest of his life.

The train stopped on the average of three times an

hour, coming to a grinding, smashing halt that slid every man against the head of his bunk. The sergeant discovered after a while that by taking hold of the mesh spring of the upper bunk he could raise himself up and so lessen the pain of the stopping and starting of the train.

It grew dark after a while and a dim electric light was turned on. When the train went at its full speed, this light was fairly bright, but when the train slackened there was just enough light to show where the bulb was.

The train jerked and banged its way through the night. Orderlies hurried through the car and the gas cases wandered up and down like lost children. It appeared that an icy draft blew along the floor of the car and no blankets had been provided for those that must sleep thereon. Eadie slept in snatches, rudely awakened each time by the shock of the train stopping or starting, and the pain of his wound. Toward morning they made a long halt and throughout this Eadie slept heavily.

A second day was a replica of the first, but on the third the passengers began to inquire as to their destination and the probabilities of their arrival thereat.

"We been on this train three days!" declared someone, "and that's long enough to go from New York to Texas. I bet we're goin' to the Mediterranean."

"We may have been on the train," observed one of the gas patients, who spent all his time looking out the windows, "but we ain't been goin' anywheres. We been standin' on sidings most of the time."

During the third day a nurse made her appearance.

As she passed his bunk, Eadie reached out his hand and caught her skirt.

"Hey, nurse," he called, "I've got a belly wound and they told me in the hospital not to drink any water. Do you suppose I could now? I'm pretty thirsty."

"Certainly you can drink," she said. "Don't take too much, though, it might make you sick. Here, orderly, give that man a drink." This last she said over her shoulder. Strangely

enough, the orderly did not seem to hear. The nurse had gone on, never pausing to see if her command had been obeyed. Eadie waited a minute or two and then, reaching in back of his head, rapped on the partition.

"Watcha want?" asked the orderly, projecting his head from the cubby hole.

"How's chances on a drink?"

"Soldier," said the orderly, in an embarrassed manner, "I'd like to give you a drink. I would, I ain't kiddin' yuh, but to tell the truth, we ain't got no more water on the train."

"No more water!"

"No, we ain't got no more water. But we ought to be in in an hour or so an' they'll put yuh to bed an' you'll be all right."

Another long night of horror, of noise, and shock. Eadie was delirious at times from thirst and pain, at other times he lay and watched the weaving shadows on the roof of the car. So began the fourth day, but Eadie remembered little of it afterwards.

Eadie suddenly realized that a wave of fresh cool air was



Eadie turned. There was another nurse smiling at him.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—Sergeant Eadie's job with the 79th Field Artillery had been a combination of liaison sergeant and observer before he was gassed. This was the job he still had when he rejoined the outfit at Tours, wearing a "phony" wound stripe, after being discharged from the hospital. Eadie was immediately rushed into liaison service, choosing as his aide Red Jake, an old buddy, whom Eadie hadn't seen since the Marne. In this advance the divisions become mixed up, severe casualties are suffered, and Eadie and Jake find themselves with a pocketful of infantry, defending a strategic point. The Germans are anxious to displace them and subject them to a withering fire. Red Jake is killed almost instantly by a machine gun, which rakes their refuge from end to end. With his field glasses Eadie locates the machine gun and captures it single handed. Operating it himself, he mows down hundreds of Germans when they try to storm the Americans. The gun grows red-hot and buckles and Eadie, three nights and two days without food, sleep or rest, collapses.

The next day Eadie returns to his battery and is questioned by the Major regarding his absence. Eadie's explanations do not sound plausible to the hard-boiled Major, however, and he is told to consider himself under arrest awaiting an investigation. As Eadie is eating a meal, begged off the company cook, a shell bursts beside him. "A real wound at last," thought Eadie as the stretcher bearers carried him to an ambulance and thence to the hospital. No longer could they kid him about a "phony" wound stripe.

blowing in his face. His mind cleared at once, as though he had just awakened from sleep. The train had arrived at last, for the wounded were being carried out. Presently it was his turn. Two big men in slickers put their stretcher beside the bunk.

"Now, then," said one, "where you hit?"

Eadie tried to tell them, but was startled to find that he had trouble in speaking. The two stretcher bearers bent over Eadie's tag and then prepared to lift him out of the bunk.

"Now, then," said the man at the head, "put your arms around my neck, old feller, and just lie limp and we'll have you out in a jiffy."

"All set."

Tenderly they lifted Eadie, then swung him expertly onto the stretcher. The cool wind blew on his face as they bore him out. Eadie had a momentary glimpse of row upon row of low buildings, a wide expanse of barren muddy fields and a little red-roofed village just visible through the slanting rain. Then the stretcher was leveled out again and set down with a squash in the mud.

Eadie tried to raise his head so that he could see where he was, but found that it had suddenly taken on the weight of a cannon ball and so abandoned the attempt. He lay and watched the clouds driving by and let the rain tickle his cheeks and wondered if he would be taken inside before the blankets were quite wet through.

It was quite comfortable here after all, a thousand times better than that cursed train. He was disgusted and enraged to have his rest broken into by more voices, one conciliating, the other wrathful and loud.

"Damn it, there's no excuse for leaving these men here in the rain. I don't care what they told you! Go around and shove all the patients that can stand it into tents."

"I know, colonel," said the conciliating voice, "but there isn't an empty bed in the hospital!"

"Well, you empty some! That will be your job!" He went pounding vigorously away.

Another journey by stretcher into a tent, a long green affair, that was used to house wards in field hospitals, but which now seemed to contain some of the hospital personnel. The personnel or convalescents, whichever they were, had been sitting about on cots, fully dressed and with their overcoat collars turned up. They began to go away after Eadie had been brought in.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Hospital Life.

THEY transferred the sergeant to a bed near the door. The door was, of course, but a hole in the side of the tent, and the wind and rain drove in. A leg of the bed was broken and the sergeant's feet were higher than his head, while his body sagged toward the corner where the broken leg was. A young man, hardly more than a boy, who was probably the orderly in charge of the tent, came and stood beside the bed.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Rotten," answered Eadie.

"Tell me," asked the sergeant, "do I smell a little ripe?"

"Yes," said the orderly soberly, "you do."

"I haven't had my wound dressed for five days," said Eadie, "and it's a belly wound, too. I suppose it is a little high, but I don't notice it myself."

"I'm going over to the office," said the orderly energetically, "and tell them to look after you. There's a mistake somewhere. I'll be right back."

While he was gone Eadie began to suffer. A man's nerves breaks down after a while under the stress of pain as it does under the stress of battle. It was bitter cold in that tent and the sergeant was chilled. He was soaking wet from the rain or the discharges of his wound.

The orderly returned, but he had no news for the sergeant. The men in the tent went to dinner, they returned and smoked cigarettes, then some of them went away announcing their intention of going to town and seeing the sights. The orderly sent twice to the office and went again himself without result. Eadie suffered terribly.

A long time after dinner, when it was already growing dark, a fat man appeared with two stretcher bearers.

"Where's the sick man?" he called in a hearty voice.

Eadie scarcely felt himself being placed on the stretcher, nor the swaying and jolting of the journey to the ward.

ward they brought him to a brick-walled, opaque-windowed place. They slid the sergeant into a bed in a corner, covered him up and left him.

The sergeant felt really at peace with the world. Solid comfort, that was what he was enjoying, for the first time since he had been in the army. Let reveille be at five-thirty tomorrow, or at noon, he did not care, he would not have to go. Jake appeared and sat down upon the opposite bunk, where he lined his jaws with snuff and, producing a plug of tobacco, bit off a piece.

"I haven't seen you do that since we were on the transport," said Eadie.

Jake made no reply, but got to his feet and turned back Eadie's blankets with his hairy hand.

"Here!" cried Eadie. "What do you think you're going to do?"

"I'm going to dress your wound," said Jake.

"You'll play hell dressing my wound, you big jug-head!" cried Eadie, struggling to yell the way men do in dreams. "I wouldn't let you put iodine on a boil!"

Jake, however, continued his arranging of the blankets. Eadie, turning his head, discovered that there

was a nurse on the other side of the bed, holding a great basin and this nurse was abetting Jake.

"Are you all drunk?" cried Eadie. "Don't you see that this man isn't competent to do a dressing? God knows he knows as much about being a doctor as some I've seen since I've been in the army, but that's no reason he's fit to undo all my stitching."

The bandages and a number of pillow-like pads were removed from Eadie's middle and Jake, skillfully enough, was washing off the sergeant's stomach. Then he flourished a pair of tongs and Eadie, watching as though he were another man, saw the tongs take out a long section of rubber hose, a yard or so of gauze, and then a great number of balls of cotton. In would go the long tongs, in to the hilt, and then they would come out with a roll of cotton in their jaws. Eadie was fascinated. There must be some kind of magic here.

"Listen, Jake," he said finally, "let me see you take a rabbit out of there."

"If you were a well man," said Jake gruffly, "I'd slap your jaws for you."

"You'll make little ones out of big ones for the next couple of years if you make a pass at me. I'm a sergeant, sick or well, and don't forget it for a minute."

Jake irrelevantly began to roll dice on Eadie's stomach, rolling





The One He Did Not Get

A Short Short Story by John T. Kieran

MONTROSS reined in his horse among the group of firs. So this was the place that had brought Haldane so far North? There, in the open place before him, lay the cabin—the scene of the trouble. But where was Haldane?

It was two months since the other had left the post, bound for this isolated spot. The journey here and the return with the prisoner should not have taken over two weeks. What had happened? Why had he sent back no word explaining his delay? Of course, there were reasons why he might be so long. Perhaps his quarry had struck out into the vast regions around with Haldane dogging his trail. Haldane would do just that, for never once had he come back without his man. Or disaster might have overtaken him on the trail and no one had yet discovered it.

Montross swung from his horse and approached the cabin. There was no answer to his knock and he pushed open the door. Embers shone through the ashes in the large fireplace. Everything about the cabin was inviting, homelike and spotlessly clean. Without a doubt it was inhabited. Whoever lived in it might come in at any moment.

He seated himself and his eyes went over the place searchingly. He noticed a closet made by hanging curtains across one end of the room. Suddenly he arose with a tremendous quickening of the senses. A sleeve—bright scarlet like his own—showed between the folds of the curtain. He pulled the hangings aside. There was the coat. But most of the other clothing could belong to no one but a woman.

What did it mean? Into his mind crept a confirmation that something was amiss, amiss in a strange, inexplicable way.

It was an hour or so later that he heard footsteps. In a few minutes the door was pushed open and a man entered. Montross faced him, alert. Then his hand dropped away from his revolver. The man was Haldane. Silently they looked at each other a moment. Then Haldane's hand snapped into a salute. His eyes never wavered, yet strain tightened his face.

"Haldane, I was sent to investigate your silence. Will you explain why you—failed?"

At the word a slow red started up Haldane's fine features.

"I, I had nothing to report. I was sent to get my man, and I failed to get him."

Clearly this did not satisfy Montross, wise as he was in the ways of the North, and of the service—and of Haldane.

"This is the cabin of Georges Le Shiel, the murderer, isn't it?"

"It was his cabin."

"What do you mean? Where is he?"

"Georges Le Shiel, the man I was sent to get for the killing of Fansonne, the rich fur buyer, is dead."

Montross' eyelids flickered, but the rest of his face remained impassive.

"Who killed Le Shiel?"

"The North!"

Montross repressed a start. Had something unsettled Haldane's reason? Was this the queer note that ran all through the affair?

"The North?" he repeated.

"Yes. He set out immediately after the killing of Fansonne. The man had tried to force himself upon his sister, in this very room, thinking that Georges was far away. Georges thought, perhaps foolishly, that it would be impossible to defend himself against the friends of a man who had been so rich and powerful. And everyone knew they had been sworn enemies before the killing. Besides, Georges did not want to link his sister's name to any scandal. But in escaping he left too hurriedly. He took too little food, lost his way and the North got him."

Montross was silent. A very possible story, yet—"Why didn't you return or send a courier?" he asked.

"All this time I have been waiting the turn of events. It was only yesterday that we learned from the Indians that he is dead."

A smothered note, like a stifled sob, came from the doorway. Montross turned in surprise. There stood a girl, beautiful, like a painting in the frame of the doorway. Grief, uncertainty showed in her face.

"Le Shiel's sister?" Montross asked.

"Yes.—And my wife."

Then in answer to the question that leaped into the other's face:

"We were married a month ago by a missionary."

The girl stepped to his side. Montross walked to a window, staring out of it thoughtfully. Finally he turned back toward Haldane.

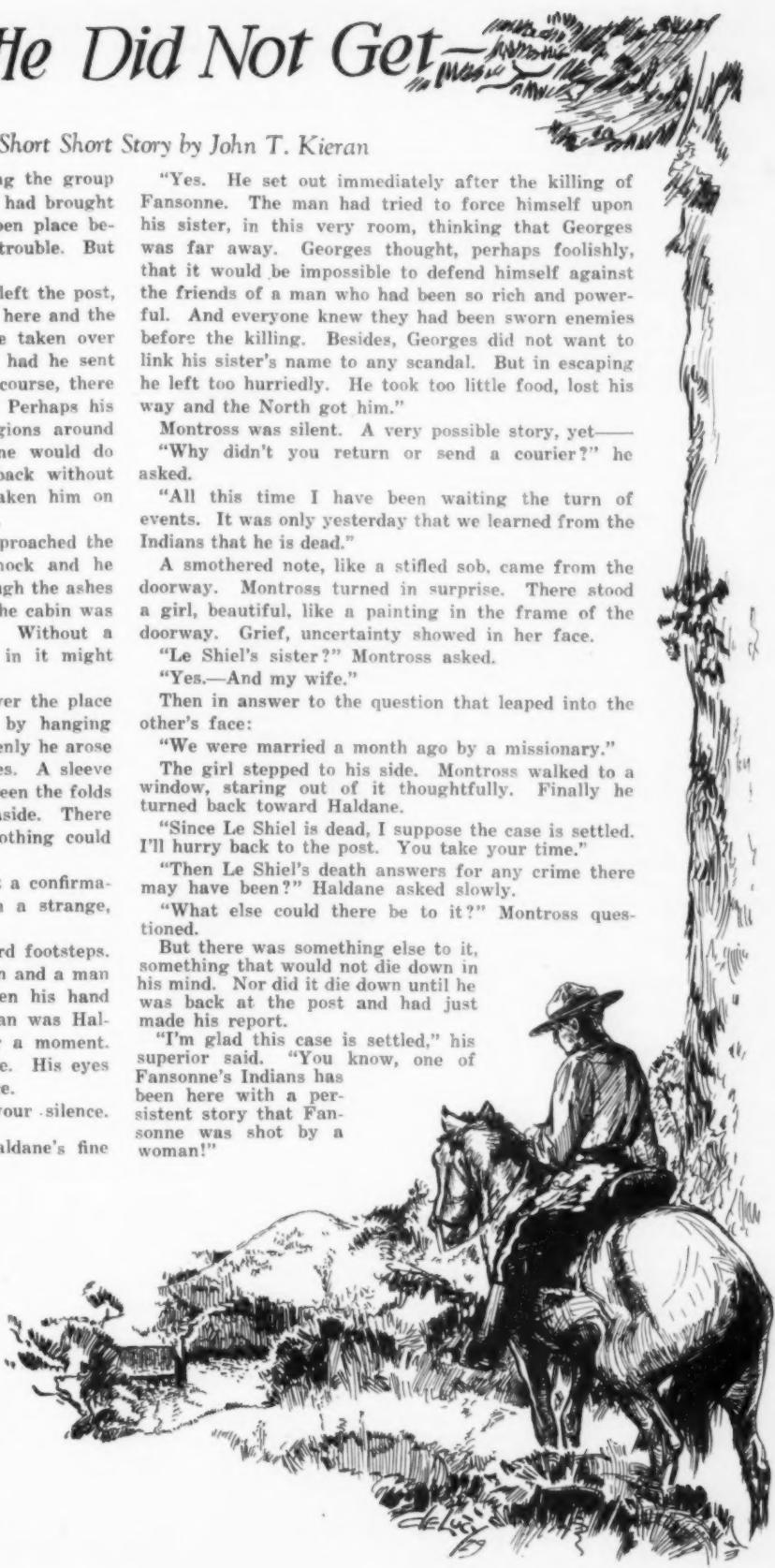
"Since Le Shiel is dead, I suppose the case is settled. I'll hurry back to the post. You take your time."

"Then Le Shiel's death answers for any crime there may have been?" Haldane asked slowly.

"What else could there be to it?" Montross questioned.

But there was something else to it, something that would not die down in his mind. Nor did it die down until he was back at the post and had just made his report.

"I'm glad this case is settled," his superior said. "You know, one of Fansonne's Indians has been here with a persistent story that Fansonne was shot by a woman!"



A FOOL AND SOME FOOLS' GOLD



DAD LANGSTON halted his weather-worn outfit in the scrawny shade of a desert-stained smoke tree, and shading his eyes from the sun with his gnarled hands, gazed out across the white sands of the desert with a troubled expression on his lean face.

"Must be some critter down out thar, Tar-back," he muttered, speaking half to the scrawny burro nibbling the scant herbage a few yards away. "Yessir," he continued; "more'n likely it's a human, too. Not likely that them danged pesky buzzards'd be actin' thetaway over a hoss or sheep."

Watching the wheeling birds of carrion for a few moments in silence, Dad Langston gave his burro, Tar-back, a resounding whack, more as a habit than anything else—and headed him in the direction of the bobbing speck, barely discernible far out on the desert.

As he drew nearer he made out the object as a man, staggering in circles for a few paces, then falling, only to rise and fall again. Hurrying to and kneeling beside him, the old prospector forced the neck of his canteen between the man's cracked and swollen lips.

After allowing him a few swallows, the old desert rat eased his head back upon the sand and began erecting a shelter as a protection against the blistering sun.

The shelter completed, Dad removed the packs from his burro and after hobbling, turned him loose to forage near by. He then examined his water bags to determine the amount of water he possessed, and finding he had enough to last until he could reach a water-hole the next day, began to bathe the other's face.

As he worked over him, Langston wondered who he could be. A young man, he could see. "Just a pilgrim," he concluded, as he finished his task.

As dusk descended over the desert, Dad gathered a pile of mesquite twigs and started a fire to drive away the chill of the night. Drawing a blanket about his thin shoulders he huddled close to the fire, prepared to watch the night through.

Somewhere out among the sand dunes, gleaming ghostly in the moonlight, a coyote pointed his nose towards the stars in a mournful howl; from a bunch of greasewood it's mate sent back an equally lonesome answer. Langston shivered slightly and drew his blanket more closely.

Dawn came at last, after what seemed an eternity. A faint penciling of orange, followed by a deeper hue; then the sun peeped over a far range of mountains—the same toward which the old man was heading when he stumbled across the wanderer.

Dad Langston prepared breakfast. The fragrance of boiling coffee and of frying bacon arose on the chill morning air with a savory odor. Unobserved, the sick man was awake, regarding Dad intently through half-closed eyes. Watching him for a while as he moved about the fire preparing the morning meal, the young man finally arose to a sitting posture and coughed slightly.

"Mawnin', Son!" greeted the prospector, with a cheery smile. "How yuh feelin' after yurh close call with th' desert yesterday?"

By Arthur F. Sliger



"Not likely that them danged pesky buzzards'd be actin' thetaway over a hoss or sheep."

"Feeling just a bit shaky right now, old man," the other replied. His shifty eyes avoiding the old prospector's direct gaze.

"'Lowed yuh might be," assented Dad, seating himself a few feet away and lighting his pipe. "It's an awful place tuh git lost in without any water, an' a feller kain't last more'n a few hours. I been out here goin' on ten year prospectin' fer gold, an' I've found more'n one feller jest about ready tuh cash in their chips. I wuz without water onct three days myself, an' it shore wuz hell, too, I'm tellin' yuh." Puffing contentedly at his pipe he continued, "whar wuz yuh headin' fer, son?"

"Maricopa. Started there to see if I couldn't buy me another outfit. You see, I lost mine day before yesterday. Damn burros wandered away in the night with their packs strapped to their backs. Forgot to take the damn packs off when I made camp," the man finished lamely.

"Sho' now, that's too bad," agreed Dad Langston sympathetically. "What's yore name?" he asked abruptly.

"Hartwell. Dade Hartwell. I came out here from Chicago to try and make me a stake prospecting. The climate didn't exactly suit my health back there, so I decided to come out here and try my hand at digging for gold." The young man laughed sneeringly.

"Well," Dad Langston replied. "They's lots of men who've tried fer gold in this old desert, son. But it takes years fer a man tuh git toughened enough tuh stand th' heat. It wuz mighty lucky I found yuh when I did. Another hour or so an' yuh'd a been buzzard bait shore."

"Yes, I guess I was lucky," Young Hartwell admitted. "I was so thirsty when you found me that I didn't have a lick of sense. I've had my experience of thirst and it's been more than enough. The thought came to him suddenly—why not strike up some sort of an agreement with this old desert rat. He had just barely escaped with his life. No use running the risk again. After all, if they discovered gold it would be easy to take it away from him. Aloud he said.

"No doubt you're heading for some spot to prospect now, aren't you, Old Timer? A man with your experience ought to find it easy. And I don't mind telling you that I'd like to go with you. Maybe we can strike up some sort of a bargain. I'll do my share of the work. How about it?"

When Dade Hartwell, one of the slickest crooks from the big city, wished to be polite, butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. His words were so convincing that Dad Langston readily accepted them; and, like all other prospectors, he welcomed companionship.

"Shore yuh kin j'in up with me, son," he heartily agreed. "And I don't mind tellin' yuh that I'm glad yuh asked me. A feller does git lonesome goin' it alone fer as long as I have."

Dade Hartwell heard every word eagerly. It was just as he had hoped for. He arose and threw away the half-smoked cigarette that he had lighted and moved forward at Dad's invitation to share the breakfast that was now ready.

The meal finished, Dad Langston began stowing away the cooking utensils in their respective places in preparation for an early departure. "Yessir, son," the wizened prospector said as he threw a diamond hitch on his pack burro. "I know this here desert like yuh know yore city back yonder whar yuh come

from. They ain't nobody knows her any better. That's why I've hung on here fer so long and am still alive. See that purple range at tother end o' this here plain? Rattlesnake Mountain it's called. Thar's whar were headin' fer now. They's a canyon up there with a sizeable creek runin' through it an', up at tother end I found indications of a rich pocket. Yessir! Quartz jest lousy with gold. An' that's whar we'll be come night, thout any mishaps."

Ten minutes later, the burro was packed and the two men were ready to resume their journey.

Mid-day found the two men at a small water-hole situated mid-way of their journey's end. Removing the packs from his burro, the old man hobbled him and turned him loose to forage upon the scant herbage fringing the water-hole. After filling all the water bags, Dad Langston rumaged in his pack equipment and brought forth a sack containing food. He handed a portion to young Hartwell, who began eating rapidly, gulping the food in large swallows and never saying a word. Suddenly his roving eyes spied a large bulging canvass poke, securely tied at the top with a piece of rawhide, lying atop the old prospector's camp equipment. Heaving himself to his feet, Hartwell approached the camp pack and picked up the canvass poke. He gasped in amazement at the unusual weight of so little a parcel. In a second, ignoring Dad Langston's protest at the invasion of his camp pack without permission, Hartwell had cut the rawhide thongs which bound the poke and was staring in awe at a glittering pile of yellow nuggets.

Feverishly, he clawed through the poke. Selecting one of the largest he held it up to the brilliant sunlight and stared at the precious metal. Although he had never prospected a day in his life, he knew that poke held a small fortune.

"All mine," the thought ran through his crooked brain instantly.

"Hell!" he snarled confronting Dad Langston, "yuh damned dried-up little devil, yuh done struck it rich ain't yuh? Tryin' tuh fool me wuz yuh, hey? Talkin' about knowing of a good place tuh hunt fer gold, and yuh already lousy with th' stuff." He advanced toward the old man threateningly, in his hand a wicked looking automatic. Gone was his suave manner; his polite form of speech. In a second he was transformed from a soft-spoken man into a gloating, leering killer. "Thought yuh'd put it over on me huh? Yuh don't know me, old man. I'm Dade Hartwell of Chi. One of the slickest gunmen and racketeers in th' game. They ain't no man livin' thet can put anything over on Dade Hartwell an' git away with it. Turn around while I tie yurh hands; no monkey tricks, either, or I'll rap yuh over yurh head with my gun."

Dazed by this sudden change in Hartwell, Dad Langston started at him in puzzled wonderment. Then, meekly, with a grin on his face that Hartwell did not see, he turned his back to the outlaw and thrust his hands behind him to be tied.

The instant that his back was turned, the gangster brought the automatic down on Dad Langston's head with a sickening crunch. The old man fell sprawling upon the sand in a curiously limp way.

A few minutes later, Hartwell was ready to continue his journey; but before he started he administered a contemptuous kick to the senseless man, sprawled upon the sand.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Yuh'll be buzzard bait fore long, yuh damned old skinny devil. When I raps a gent on his dome he's a long gone goslin, and I don't mean maybe."

With this parting remark he headed the burro south toward the distant range of mountains which Dad Langston had shown him earlier that morning.

Dad Langston lay where he had fallen when the outlaw struck him down, until the sun had dropped behind the western horizon. At sundown he moaned feebly and tried to rise, but

the pain in his head was too great. Turning over on his stomach, the old man began crawling along, inch by inch, toward the water-hole. Arrived at it's edge, he drank his fill then bathed his aching head and eyes.

When the ache in his head was assuaged somewhat he sat up and gazed about him in puzzlement for a few moments. Then as comprehension slowly dawned, he arose to his feet and went in search of his burro, Tar-back. But he quickly discovered the burro was gone; taken, no doubt, by Hartwell to aid him in his escape.

Characteristically, like the men of his kind, he took his loss calmly. "No use tuh git all het up about it," he soliloquized. "Twon't do a mite o' good."

He knew it would be impossible to trail Hartwell in the darkness; it would be a waste of time and exertion. He would wait until the morrow until the ache in his head had abated somewhat.

Feeling safe in the knowledge that he had left the old prospector unconscious, and possibly dead, Hartwell took his time in getting away. Scarcely five miles away from the water-hole, he stopped for a few moments rest, beside a bunch of mesquite.

For the past day his nerves had been on edge from the harrowing experience with the desert.

now, before resuming his trek across the desert, he would lie down in the shadow of the mesquite thicket, for a few moments. He had plenty of water, also, plenty of time, so why hurry.

He had scarce closed his eyes until he was sound asleep. The sun sank below the rim of a chain of mountains in the west; and a dense haze settled over the land, but still the man slept on, snoring loudly. A coyote skulking in the mesquite in search of an unwary rabbit heard the sound and crept forward cautiously. The things of the wild possess an uncanny sense of knowing when their enemy, man, is in a position to do them no harm.

Hartwell stirred in his sleep, and the coyote belied to the ground and lay motionless. So intent was the skulking beast upon watching the man that a rabbit passed close by unnoticed.

As the moon climbed higher the shadow in which Hartwell lay sleeping disappeared, so that he now lay fully revealed in the brilliant moonlight. The coyote, still in the shadow, lay quiet.

A huge diamond-back, attracted by the peculiar rasping breathing of the sleeper, glided from the underbrush on a tour of investigation. The coyote saw the rattler and an angry snarl issued from deep in it's throat. Hearing the sound, the snake coiled with lightning-like rapidity, it's tail buzzing an angry challenge to the coyote's snarl.

The sleeping bandit awoke and stared dazedly about him. His eyes encountered the coiled rattler a few feet away, even before his sleep-numbed brain registered the ominous sounds. Hearing a movement in the brush, he turned to face another terror; two eyes of green, living flame; two balls of fire staring at him from the mesquite thicket. His overwrought nerves gave way. With a scream of terror he tumbled backward, just as the rattler struck. Again and again, the huge diamond-back sank it's fangs into the man's bare arm. With a low moan of horror he stumbled to his feet, and fled wildly, blindly into the night.

Running until completely winded, Hartwell fell to the sand, his breath coming in choking gasps. Crazy as he was, he did not know that by continued movement he was exciting his heart to faster action, thereby pumping the virus through his system that much faster and ultimately hastening his own death.

Suddenly he began to feel queer, his head commenced spinning like a top; a burning nauseous pain had gripped him in the pit

(Continued on page 53)



"I'm Dade Hartwell of 'Chi'. One of the slickest gunmen and racketeers in the game."



COMMUNICATIONS from various detachments inform us that the membership contest is well under way, keeping step with the fraternal and social activity revival throughout the League. Local detachments are growing with the addition of new members and many of the old guard brought back into the fold, dances, stags and other forms of entertainment are in full swing and we take great pride in announcing the formation of the first auxiliary detachment of the League.

Regarding the membership contest we wish to remind you that the contest opened November 1 last and closes next May 1. There are numerous incidental rules which we previously published in this column and copies of which have been furnished by the National Commandant to the detachment commanders, but bear this in mind:

The first prize is a silver engraved shield, value \$50.

Second prize is \$25 in cash.

Third prize, \$15.

Fourth prize, \$10.

So pin back your ears and get to work. Not only for the sake of the prizes but to bring your detachment up to the standard which any Marine outfit deserves, among the leaders of the community.

ST. LOUIS STARTS WORKING ON THE 1930 CONVENTION

Capt. Rodowe H. Abeken, National Vice Commandant in charge of the North Central Division and Commandant of St. Louis, Mo., Detachment, has started to organize both his divisional and detachment forces to perfect plans for the Eighth Annual Convention of the Marine Corps League to be held in St. Louis next Fall.

Capt. Abeken has notified National Commandant W. Karl Latons of the appointment of Marine Abe Moulton, his personal aide as chairman of the National Convention Committee which will start to function as soon as the other members of the committee are chosen.

While present plans of course are only tentative, one of the big features on which they are working is to have the Washington Marine Band on hand and to this end they are being assisted by the management of the largest arena in the United States, which is in St. Louis. This column will keep you posted on further details from month to month.

COL. EASTERWOOD HEADS DETACHMENTS IN TEXAS

Col. W. E. Easterwood, Jr., past National Vice Commandant in charge of the Southwestern Division and present commandant of Dallas Detachment, has been appointed to the office of State Commandant for the Texas Area, Marine Corps League, by National Commandant W. Karl Latons.

Col. Easterwood has been active in

League affairs since the Fifth National Convention at Erie, Pa., in 1927, at which he successfully bid for the 1928 convention for the Lone Star State in behalf of Dallas. He is also prominent in international aviation circles, having sponsored the \$50,000 Hong Kong-Dallas flight offer and the Pacific flight in which the daring aviatrix, Mabel Doran, lost her life. He is also a personal friend of Col. Lindbergh. Col. Easterwood was designated as a candidate for governor of the State of Texas last year but the pressure of his business interests forced him to withdraw. He is a director of several banks and business corporations in his home town, Dallas.

DETACHMENTS WARNED OF BOGUS PROMOTERS

On account of the operations of bogus promoters who have operated in conjunction with various detachments of the League, and in some cases have left the detachment failing to live up to their agreements, and in particular cases being downright crooked, the undersigned for the protection of all detachments in the future is obliged to make the following ruling:

"That no active or inactive detachment of the Marine Corps League shall be allowed to enter into contract, either written or verbal, unless said contract is first submitted to National Headquarters with a complete list of all information pertaining to same, the names of persons conducting the campaign, their references, and their guarantee."

The only exceptions to this ruling are Mr. H. G. Metcalf and Mr. George McAllister who are the only organizers and promoters now recognized by National Headquarters. These men carry identification and papers of authority and have full permission to proceed on such business of promotion as directed. These two men are known as our National Organizers and have been in our employ for over two years.

There are men within the organization who are known to be capable and honest promoters, and while this ruling is not aimed at them it is best for the welfare of the League that they, too, register any attempts to raise funds for their local detachment.

If any attempt is made on the part of the active or inactive detachments to neglect or disobey this ruling, their charter will be seized and all monies deposited in the names of this detachment confiscated as prescribed by our by-laws.

(s) W. KARL LATONS,
National Commandant,
Marine Corps League.

Recorded this 9th day of February, 1930, as part of the By-Laws and Ritual of the Marine Corps League, at National Headquarters, Worcester, Mass.

(s) A. ERNEST BEEG,
National Adjutant and Paymaster.

FIRST LEAGUE AUXILIARY FORMED IN PHILADELPHIA

The honor of forming the first auxiliary of the Marine Corps League goes to the Major General L. W. T. Waller Detachment of Philadelphia. The ladies completed their organization and installed officers with impressive ceremony at a meeting in December. In forwarding their charter, National Commandant W. Karl Latons sent the following greeting to the "Lady Marines":

"It gives me distinct pleasure to advise you that your original charter for the Major-General L. W. T. Waller Auxiliary of the Marine Corps League has been issued, authorized and duly signed, and is being forwarded under separate cover via registered mail.

"We feel that you have been one of our pioneer organizations and merit considerable applause for your fine auxiliary and the help you have been to the men of the detachment.

"I hope you will do everything in your power to increase the membership in your city in both branches, and you may count upon Headquarters to cooperate to the fullest extent. This year we are trying to build up to a large National strength and at the same time provide more interest for each individual member.

"I wish that I might personally be present to offer this charter to you, but with the many details to be attended to at present in shaping the policy for the year, it is impractical at this time.

"However, may I wish your organization success for the coming year, and issue a warning that we expect you to urge the men on to greater accomplishments. I will be pleased to hear from you at all times."

The officers installed by the auxiliary were:

Mrs. Anna Karr, commandant; Mrs. Laura Rufe, first vice-commandant; Mrs. Sarah Palmer, second vice-commandant; Miss Evelyn Rufe, adjutant; Mrs. Mildred Greenwalt, paymaster; Mrs. Eleanor Buehler, chaplain; Mrs. Lina Reich, judge advocate.

The auxiliary meets on the third Wednesday of each month.

May we add our humble congratulations to the Loyal Legion of Lady Leathernecks and wish them every success in their venture as Merry Marinettes.

PAUL A. SHEELY JOINS THE NATIONAL STAFF

National Commandant W. Karl Latons announces the appointment of Paul A. Sheely, chief of staff of Capt. Burwell H. Clark Detachment of Newark, New Jersey, as Assistant National Adjutant of the Marine Corps League.

Paul A. Sheely applied for enlistment in the United States Marine Corps at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Dec. 10, 1918, and

was enlisted at Parris Island, S. C., on Dec. 19, 1918.

He served with the Sixth Brigade, Headquarters Company, in Cuba during 1919, and at Philadelphia from June, 1919, where he joined the 14th Separate Battalion on June 28th, 1919. He also served with Headquarters Company in this unit. He served at Quantico, Va., and on Nov. 17, 1919, was transferred to the 53rd Company in Haiti. He was appointed corporal, permanent rank, on April 1, 1920, and joined the 62nd Company on Dec. 12, 1920. He was appointed sergeant, permanent warrant, on March 18, 1921. He was detached from Haiti and joined the rifle range detachment in Quantico on March 10, 1921. He joined Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va., for further transfer to Mare Island, Calif. on Oct. 26, 1921. He was transferred on Jan. 1, 1922, to the Guard Company, Puget Sound; on Dec. 9, 1922, he was discharged with character excellent, with the rank of sergeant.

Sheely was an excellent marksman and his record shows that he qualified as expert rifleman on March 8, 1919, March 13, 1920, March 28, 1921, and March 26, 1922.

He served as coach on the rifle range in Quantico from November 5, 1920, to March 21, 1921.

Sheely won the Marine Corps cup on Sept. 11, 1921, at Camp Perry, Ohio, matches, he was at this time considered one of the outstanding shots of the Marine Corps team.

Sheely is well qualified for his present position, having served as detachment adjutant and paymaster for practically three years and having been elected as detachment chief of staff during the year of 1930, representing in each case the Captain Burwell H. Clark Detachment, located in Newark, N. J.

Sheely was one of the delegates from the northern States who attended the national convention in Dallas, Texas, during 1928, where he served as chairman of the By-Laws and Ritual Committee, which ritual was passed at that convention.

He is also a member of the Veterans Alliance of New Jersey and is assisting in the organization of Company G of the 19th Regiment, Volunteer Marine Corps Reserves, in Newark, N. J.

ONE MORE DETACHMENT IN THE SKEETER STATE

National headquarters has forwarded a charter to Morris County Detachment of the Marine Corps League, organized recently by Assistant National Adjutant Paul A. Sheely in the State of New Jersey. The organization meeting was conducted with elaborate ceremony and the following officers were inducted for the current year:

Albert Carruthers, of Morris Plains, commandant; D. V. B. Thomas, of Morristown, first vice commandant; Herbert Jerman, of Madison, second vice commandant; Frank L. Plant, of Morris Plains, adjutant; Paul P. Burke, of Morristown, paymaster; Joseph J. Mooney, of Morris Plains, chaplain; Harold Woodcock, of Morris Plains, judge advocate.

The detachment meets on the first Monday of each month in Morristown. The following are listed as charter members:

Albert Carruthers, Frank L. Plant, Harold F. Woodcock, Joseph J. Mooney,

of Morris Plains; Charles E. Miller, of Netcong; Herbert Jerman, of Madison; Richard T. Ducey, Paul R. Burke, Michael F. Rosso and Jewett V. B. Thomas, of Morristown.

And so we grow.

DETACHMENT BRIEFS

Major General Littleton W. T. Waller Detachment of Philadelphia, Pa., and its auxiliary will be hosts to National Adjutant and Paymaster A. Ernest Beeg at a joint meeting on Sunday, February 23, on the occasion of his official visit to that city. He will also be guest at a card party and dance on the previous evening given by the ladies of the auxiliary. During his stay in town Paymaster Beeg will also be a guest at the home of Edward J. P. Rufe, detachment paymaster. The detachment conducted a successful dance at the Y. W. C. A. building on February 8. Paymaster Rufe also reports satisfactory results from a new booster card recently sent out by the detachment.

New York Detachment No. 1 had a record attendance at their January ladies night dance at the Knights of Columbus Club-Hotel, following their monthly meeting. There was dancing, buffet supper and other refreshments. Paymaster Chris Wilkinson was in charge of the committee of arrangements and was ably assisted by Commandant Thomas F. Kilcommons, in spite of the fact that he wore spats (meaning Tom, not Chris). This affair was voted the best ever held by the detachment and will be continued every other month. Commandant Kilcommons is greatly encouraged with the progress of the membership drive and the campaign to raise funds for National and Marine Corps colors for the detachment.

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, whose membership takes in Albany, Rensselaer, Watervliet, Green Island, Cohoes, Troy and Schenectady, N. Y., is off to a very good start for the fiscal year, according to Adjutant Chris Cunningham, who says:

The annual dance, held at the Ten Eyck Hotel, Albany, on Dec. 12, was one of the finest affairs held in Albany in some time. About 400 were present. Punch was served and Gyrenes and their friends all had a fine time. A ten-piece orchestra under the direction of Gyrene Frank A. Schumacher furnished the music. A nice profit was realized from this affair.

The January meeting was well attended, thirty Gyrenes being present. Final arrangements were made for the steak supper on January 18, this being designated as Ladies' Night. About thirty couples attended this, the expense being borne by the detachment.

Hudson-Mohawk is going along good so far this year in its membership campaign, about thirty-five members being paid up to date. Last year at this time there were but nineteen paid up.

This detachment was one of the first to contribute to the Smoke Screen Club, recently organized by one of the local papers to furnish smokes to the vets at Tupper Lake and Castle Point hospitals. Our contribution consisted of thirty tins of cigarettes and two decks of cards.

The boys are getting ready for another stag. Those of our near neighbors who attended our last will be glad to hear of this, we believe. This will be bigger and better than ever. It is expected to be held some time in February.

The members were much pleased with the notices the league had in "The Leatherneck." Let's hope this continues and more of the detachments continue to send in their doings.

Laster-Lange Detachment of Waco, Texas, is going along at a lively clip. In addition to their well attended meetings which keep the spirit of the detachment at high pitch, the members were guests of the Waco National Guard at a stag smoker, company drill and boxing tournament at the local armory. The detachment assembled at Marine Hall, their meeting place, and went to the armory in a body. They enjoyed free eats and smokes, several corking bouts and other entertainment. During the previous week the members of the detachment were the guests of Marine F. W. deFriess and the management of the Waco Theatre where they witnessed that hectic Marine movie, "The Cock-eyed World." After the show there was a social get-together at Marine Hall. Says who? Says Charles J. Maisel, the hustling commandant of this live-wire bunch.

Worcester, Mass., Detachment's February meeting in the Hotel Warren was well attended and much was accomplished in the way of future social and welfare activities, according to Commandant Edward L. McAuliffe, who presided. This is the home detachment of National Commandant W. Karl Latons and Rudolph A. Trow, national vice commandant for the New England Division.

Spokane, Washington, Detachment has been going great guns since its reorganization last year. Several committees have been appointed to carry out an extensive programme of activities, the feature of which will be an elaborate ball during the month of April. Several hundred dollars are expected to be raised from this event, part of which will be used to equip a drill team which will shortly be organized. Edward Partridge is the detachment commandant.

Portland, Oregon, Detachment has been revived and is forging ahead under the leadership of Captain E. L. Russell, the new commandant. The detachment is making plans for several social events in the near future.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, Detachment, winners of last year's membership drive trophy is another outfit that has great plans for the future. Commandant R. C. Bradford has several plans under way with the able assistance of Sergeant Louis E. Turbeville, adjutant of the detachment.

Col. Alexander S. Williams Detachment of Youngstown, Ohio, organized in 1926 but dormant last year, has again become active under the able leadership of Commandant Thomas R. Martin.

Fort Worth, Texas, Detachment, one of the oldest detachments in the League, but inactive for some time, has also

taken a new lease of life under Commandant Barney Gantt, who assures us that the detachment will go along at top speed from now on.

Minneapolis, Minn., Detachment was issued a charter recently and is now well under way with E. J. Penning as its commandant.

Our good friend and former shipmate, Steve Brodie, adjutant of Burwell H. Clark Detachment of Newark, New Jersey, has forwarded under separate cover and in great bulk, several reams of copy concerning six meetings from October to January at the rate of two per month. After reviewing the huge volume we reach the following conclusion in summarized form. Says Steve:

"October 17.—Engraved certificates suitable for framing were presented to past and present officers by Paul A. Sheely, Detachment Chief of Staff. A testimonial letter signed by all members was presented to Prof. Basil H. Pollitt, Detachment Judge Advocate, on his entry into the business world. Credentials presented to National Convention delegates. Committee named for card party on Nov. 23. Tickets for Navy-Marine Smoker, Oct. 29, reported available by Chief of Staff Sheely. Adjutant Brodie asked for cooperation with New York Detachment's Hallowe'en dinner dance Oct. 26.

"November 7.—Chief of Staff Sheely, aide on parade committee of Veterans' Alliance, announced plans completed for Armistice Day. Brodie and McIlroy, delegates to National Convention, given vote of thanks. Invitation from V. F. W. of Elizabeth to participate in celebration Nov. 9 accepted.

"November 21.—Albert Schartoff of Irvington, Lawson F. Page of Maplewood, and Edward Franks of West Orange, elected to membership. Letter of commendation sent to Past Commandant Foley. Judge Advocate Pollitt spoke on the organization of the 19th Volunteer Marine Reserve Company being organized in Newark, and criticised Marines out of service wearing stripes and medals they do not rate. Marine Page spoke on the significance of service stripes.

"December 5.—Letter of congratulation to Past Commander Foley on his citation for heroism overseas read. Sheely and Brodie named on committee of Veteran Alliance to urge closing of schools on Armistice Day. Page reported on progress in securing use of Infantry rifle range. Pollitt and Sheely named delegates to State Legislative Committee.

"December 19.—Marine Bock of Dayton, Ohio, Detachment guest at meeting. Captain Collings and Professor Pollitt forwarded a letter to Heywood Broun, N. Y. Evening Telegram columnist, answering his criticism of Marines in Haiti. Board of Freeholders offer Professor Pollitt, as chairman of the Veteran Alliance Memorial Committee, the choice of two plots for a Veteran Memorial Building site. Sheely spoke on the special meeting in honor of National Commandant Latons and the welcome accorded him by the Veterans Alliance.

"January 2.—Letter of League information sent to First Sergeant Elmer B.

Smith, U. S. M. C., about to retire. Letter received from Marine Elmsdorf, commander of Tiger Post, American Legion, requesting information about League membership. Commandant Meyer declared post of "Captain of the Guard" open (whatever that might be)."

And then they adjourned.

COMMANDANT LATONS GROWS REMINISCENT

Do you remember at the Cleveland Convention when the League affairs were humming along at their peak, how Milton Solomon stepped into the chair and so ably handled all presentations? Good old "Doc" Clifford spun yarns and made an address that kept us all on the edge of our seats, that is, those who were able to sit up at all. Then, too, Blazcek and his gang made our life happy with the many events that they had planned, including the football game with John Carrol, and the never-to-be-forgotten banquet as a finale. Major J. C. Fegan led his happy warriors, and in addition to this took an active part in the business sessions. Then, also, the young whippersnapper from the Heart of the Massachusetts Commonwealth in the wilds of New England made his first appearance and startled the delegates by asking for a complete change in the constitution forming the offices as they now appear, and establishing the divisions. Little did he realize that a few years later he would be heading this organization and following in the footsteps of such illustrious generals. Nevertheless his practice in this event came from his following staff officers during the war, or just plain dog-robbing if you want to classify it as such. The boys from New York, Solomon, Kilcommons, Howard, and Lambert, took care of all social events and were ably aided by Pence and Haley of Canton, while Becker of Cincinnati refused the job of being water boy at the convention. Many detachments were represented and it was a grand and glorious occasion.

Next we came to Erie, and the writer was informed that Solomon would be among the missing, and that it would fall to his lot to handle the business sessions of the convention that year. We had been promised by Joe Raker, who was at that time elevated to the position of National Judge Advocate, that we could have everything in the city but the city hall, and inasmuch as Sheriff Tom Starret had designs on this piece of property, because a staunch friend held forth there, we consented to pass this up. We were glad of this decision, for Mr. Mayor came over at the opening session and thanked us for this generous viewpoint, and counteracted by promising us immunity for most anything, short of murder. Oh, yes, Joe Raker and the Erie boys kept their promise and made us walk the plank onto the old Wolverine, which was their official "drydocked" headquarters, which was in charge of one of our real old timers, who had

whiskers before most of us were born. I happened on the ship the afternoon before the melee was chartered to commence and fell in with Captain Charley Dunbeck, who had just returned after acting as custodian at Belleau Wood for us during the Legion convention in Paris; and he had some interesting tales to unfold. Before long the boys began to gather, and the fun was on, as Joe Gallagher and the rest of the mates knew the high spots of Erie on a more than passing scale. The next day scheduled the arrival of one Colonel Bill Easterwood, Jr., who had done considerable in the way of putting the League on the map of Texas, and like all Texans he talked so elaborately about Dallas and neighboring cities that he had us all pulling for his home State. Best of all was the arrival of our Honorary Commandant, "Johnny Lejuene," as the boys call him. And how we did run when we saw him alight from the train, and how delighted we were when he expressed sentiments to the effect that he wanted to perish when the boys stopped running to greet him. In spite of a hard trip and pressing matters he attended all sessions and the final banquet, and we were in our element to have him with us. It was to be the last convention he would attend as active Commandant of the League. Yes, and here is where we made the acquaintance of the boys from Albany, or Hudson Mohawk, as they insist upon being called. Hinkle and McConnel, from Pittsburgh, were there working for the improvement of the League, but, by far, all honors went to Culver of Schenectady, who could take more time and say less than any man I know. He was ably assisted by Ilch, now a vice commandant, and McNamara. Surely the Cleveland gang was there and all the old stand-bys, and the main complaint came when your chairman, through some stubbornness or error, refused to allow a session to adjourn and all the boys missed a first rate dinner at the Soldiers' Home and had to pay for their own. Some day if this same crowd will get together again I'll buy the dinner, and perhaps—but we won't go into that. And we had a parade with the Police Band and nobody missed a step but the congressman, who was seen the first hour of the convention and never made his appearance thereafter. Corbly, the National Adjutant of the Disabled Veterans' now, and at that time our Chief of Staff, managed to keep us on a level keel, and in spite of the fact that Cinney wanted the next convention, he presented, so ably, reasons why we should consider Texas, that we all took a long shot and voted Texas, the home of Colonel Bill.

And we are not sorry, those of us who made that trip to Dallas the next year. I did not expect to go, but I got a wire from Joe Fegan asking me to proceed to represent General Lejuene, and like a good Marine, I pushed my work aside, bought myself a good pair of shoes, and arrived at Dallas right side up. It's a long way to Dallas from Worcester, but what people! I don't know that I can compare their landscape with our hills and valleys, but they have beautiful buildings, clean from the absence of coal dust, men who are men, and women who are . . . well, just wonderful. The genial R. W. Barclay took the situation in hand,

(Continued on page 48)

The Marine Corps League section of The Leatherneck is conducted by Mr. Frank X. Lambert, 3671 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

SEVENTH RESERVE REGIMENT NOTES

By Albert A. Brown

The "Old Guard" of New York held their annual ball at the Hotel Astor on Friday evening, January 31. As the Old Guard is one of the oldest military organizations in New York State, this is considered one of the big social events of the season.

The grand march started at 12 o'clock, midnight, and was led by Major E. Have-meyer Snyder, commanding officer of the organization. Following him were his officers and then came the representatives of all the military organizations in the city and from many other parts of the State.

Colonel E. H. Greene, U. S. M. C., on the staff of Admiral De Steiguer, U. S. N., Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, represented the regular Marine Corps.

In the boxes and on the floor were seen the following officers of the Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Reserve: Colonel N. H. Hall, U. S. M. C. (retired); First Lieutenant H. S. Kiemling, U. S. M. C., commanding the Barracks Detachment at the Brooklyn Navy Yard; Major S. D. Sugar, U. S. M. C. R. (with his usual pocketful of good cigars); Captain M. L. Krulewicz, U. S. M. C. R., commanding officer of the 303rd Company, F. M. C. R., with his junior officer, Lieutenant W. E. Donovan; Lieutenant M. F. Kessenich, U. S. M. C. R., with his junior officer, Lieutenant H. W. Houck, U. S. M. C. R., and Lieutenant E. C. Johnson, U. S. M. C. R., of the Seventh Regiment.

Major Sugar informed us that First Lieutenant B. S. Barron, U. S. M. C. R., the president of the New York Chapter of the Reserve Officers' Association, and First Lieutenant R. B. Fisher, U. S. M. C. R., both of the Seventh Regiment, were present, but it was impossible to locate them in the crowd.

Seventh Regiment Headquarters was represented by Corporal K. H. Boynton, U. S. M. C., and the writer, who after staring his eyes out at the multicolored uniforms of the old Militia organizations, and occasionally getting a look at the gowns on display—which for once were outshone by the uniforms of the men—had a hard time to distinguish the few Marines in the crowd.

At the close of the grand march attention was sounded and a spotlight was played on the colors which were slowly lowered from up under the roof as a very beautiful prima donna sang the "Star Spangled Banner." I missed the name of the prima donna in the excitement.

Music for the march was furnished by the Old Guards Band and they assisted a civilian orchestra in playing for the dance afterward. The old fellows played mostly the old time tunes, but they certainly knew how to jazz them up.

The party broke up about sunrise (the

first one I had seen in a long while) and all hands declared it a howling success (especially my feet).

304TH COMPANY

By Wm. Mck. Fleming

On February 3rd Lieutenant Kessenich, commanding officer, distributed medals for sharpshooters, etc., to the various 304th men who qualified on the range at Quantico last summer. Patience is a virtue.

Lieutenant Houck had a dream that Major Sugar, the Long Island realtor, died and went to Heaven. There he was, regaling a group of new friends with a vivid tale of sub-divisions he had sold for a million dollars. "And if I had held it for another six months, I could have cleaned up double that sum," he was saying dramatically. A bronzed individual rose, snorted and walked away. "Who is he?" demanded the major. "That," he was informed, "was the Indian who sold Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars." "Ho-hum, life's like that," said another, who had just finished reading Judge.

"Salty" Dean, who is officially known as Sergeant Perry K., enlightened some of the boys the other night about the various duties of a "Bell-hoppin'" Marine aboard ship, and confirmed our belief that he knows his "battlewagons." And while talking about this crystal-buttoned individual, we have just been informed that Perry is contemplating the "Aye-do" act in the near future. That he has been instructing her about the significance of such terms as "bells," "deck," and "chow," does not surprise us, but what does impress our land-lubbin' minds is that the "chawming couple have already purchased a ship's clock for their coming quarters." All of which makes us feel that when Perry becomes "anchored" the organ will play "Sailing O'er the Bounding Main," and the bridal party will do the Sailor's Hornpipe under the canopy.

Private First Class Hassett has been working down in Wall Street for quite some time and has never shown any signs of worry—even during the recent crash. When asked why, he answered: "I never play the market." Muy bien, senior.

Corporal Cafferty and Private First Class ReGan have "merged" and now have their own company for the installation of oil-burners. They will pass around the Corona-Corona cigars next Monday evening, being well on their second million.

Private First Class Schwedleson and Private Masserwitch are on the eighteen-day diet to keep their many figures. The only trouble is that "Schwedley" eats the eighteen-days' quota each day. He says it's all a matter of taste.

A lot of New Yorkers think all the crooning and saxing is confined to Rudy Valee while right here in the armory we have two Pfc.'s whose ukelele singing and saxophone artistry patiently await

Broadway recognition. Teddy Heiser and George Schavel could, with Private Joe Walsh at the Aeolian, form a three-man band and call it "The Leathernecks of Melody." If we're wrong, sue us.

On these chilly nights we find warmth in soothing memories of those week-end cruises we took last Summer under the coxwainship of Sergeant Stenhouse. The boys are looking forward to this Summer and Jim promises wetter trips along the Sound with plenty of sand bars—to miss—we hope.

Among the many things this "Cock-eyed World" will never see are the following: Pfc. Levy with his own whisk broom . . . Corporal Gilmartin lose an argument . . . Private Anderson told to "pipe down" . . . Private Willis without a sense of humor . . . Sergeant Dempsey sit still during a rendition of "On the Shores of Waikiki" . . . Lieutenant Kessenich, our C. O., turning down an opportunity to see any sporting event . . . Private Lyons show up late for chow . . . Sergeant Barrett get "too technical" . . . Corporal Anderson miss drill . . . Corporal Maus take things lightly . . . Private Schulkin take things seriously . . . Corporal Malloy in a hurry . . . No, siree, never!

ANNUAL DINNER—U. S. M. C. R.

By "A" "E" Dubber

On February the fourth the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve held their annual banquet at the Earl Restaurant and Tea Shop, in Washington, D. C. As usual, it was a highly successful affair, and afforded that long awaited opportunity of getting the old buddies together to gab about all the good old days. There were somewhere in the neighborhood of eighty reservists at the banquet proper, and many more came in to dance after the dinner was over.

At the speakers' table, during the banquet, were 1st Lieut. Paul Sullivan, who had charge of the arrangements for the banquet; Vice Commander K. P. Greenlow, of the National Capital Detachment; Paymaster Frank Ach, national adjutant, and Paymaster A. Ernest Beeg; Capt. William G. Stott, of the M. P. F., who is the past commander of the National Capital Detachment, and Frank O. Brass, past post paymaster.

Among the honored guests of the reservists were Capt. "Heinie" Miller, who is too well known to need identification here; Congressman Melvin J. Maas, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Samuel G. Mawson, Gy-Sgt., U. S. M. C., retired who is the oldest living Marine. Gy-Sgt. Mawson, who is quite well and active despite his eighty-odd years, retired after thirty years of active service long before most of us thought about enlisting. He is now a Department Commander of the D. A. R. Capt. Heinie Miller, sitting behind a huge cup, officiated as toastmas-

(Continued on page 48)



VIRGIN ISLANDS NEWS NOTES

R-r-ready on the right? Ditto on the left? Ready on the firing line! Exclamatory phrases such as these, together with a vision of a pin-point bull's-eye, have been very prominent in the dreams of more than one Virgin Island Marine since the beginning of the New Year. Yeh, we're firing the range over St. Croix way. How did you guess it? Over half the command has fired to date, with excellent qualifications due principally to the expert coaching of Capt. G. D. Miller (range officer), Lt. Marshall and Chief Pay Clerk Raybolt, assisted by Corporal Bates, Private First Class Stout and Private Martin, the latter two men are among our highest scores so far with both rifle and pistol, not to mention the automatic rifle. Corporal Roby Reeves was also right there with a good score all around, but he can't forsake his job as post exchange steward for duty as a coach. The reader will no doubt remember Roby as the bozo who took first place in our inter-island rifle match last year. But to return to the present, Sergeant Ferguson is strutting his wares as "portable" mess sergeant for the boys over at Santa Cruz, while "Dutch" Hinrichs was the hash slinger until a few days ago. We couldn't do without him in St. Thomas so Private Palm was sent over to relieve him, and incidentally to fire for record. We will now sing the chorus of that beautiful hymn of Sergeant Fullers' composition: "I'll be darn glad when it's over over there—in St. Croix." Mr. Fuller, who, besides being police sergeant, has also been utilized regularly for O. D. duty, isn't finding life so sweet these days. Among his many other worries he has only about half the usual number of men available for police work, hence his song of woe.

Friday, 24, turned out to be more than just an ordinary field day for we St. Thomians. First the White Star liner "Calgaric" put in about seven a. m. and dropped anchor for a six-hour stay. She was loaded with American tourists, most of whom were from Indiana.

Governor Waldo Evans, who also hails from the "Hoosier" State, held "open house" for the visitors. We have a number of Marine "Hoosiers" here, too, of which Private First Class Palmer and Private Grindle are the most enthusiastic. 'Twas a mortal pity that Palmer had to be away firing the range. "Sall right, we told 'em about you, 'bag-ears."

But the tourist boat wasn't our only caller that day—not at all! The British cruiser "Wistaria" came galloping in

about five p. m. to the tune of a twenty-one gun salute fired by Colonel Meades' "gyrenes." Right on her trail came the German training sloop "Gross Herzogin Elizabeth" under full sail. They both settled down for a several day visit and proceeded to give us the once over. Hinrichs, Hoffman, Roller and Wendl, our most pronounced "sausage Marines," immediately started making themselves useful to their countrymen off the Eliza-



This ingenious "K. P." is putting his gas mask to practical peace-time use while he disrobes the powerful onion.

beth, as guides, interpreters and what not.

On Sunday following the two vessels' arrival, Colonel Meade extended an invitation to the officers and men of the "Wistaria" to partake of some Leatherneck chow at the barracks. Approximately twenty "Limeys" answered Tpr. Smiths' chow bumps that day and every one had a scoffing good time. In the afternoon two trucks were put at the disposal of all who wished to go swimming and we adjourned to Mosquito Bay with our guests—the Englishmen had the honor of teaching us (or trying to) one of their favorite games, water polo, at which they excel. Personally, we Marines would just as leave indulge in an old-fashioned ducking contest. There isn't any difference the way the Limeys play, except that one bats one's opponent in the face with the ball before ducking him. "Mac" McCurry, our dashing young post exchange salesman, says it was a very interesting game, what he

learned of it, which was to duck when he saw one of those huskies making for him whether he had the ball or not. That may not be the idea of the game at all, but "Mac" is of the opinion that it was a darn good idea on his part! Don't let it worry you, "Mac," the rest of us were in the same boat. Well, be that as it may, and is, a rollicking good time was had by all (including 1st Sgt. McClay and Goulette, who took the Limey master-at-arms in for something on the side—we won't say what). And the Britishers went aboard their ship that evening with what we hope and believe was an excellent impression of Marine Corps hospitality.

The next day, which happened to be Monday by some strange coincidence, the "Reliance," of the Hamburg-American line, brought another cargo of tourists and the streets were again thronged with the travelers, intermingled with Cha Chas selling grass dresses, and home-sick service men. No, No! We don't mean the Cha Chas were selling service men. But they were home sick, those Marines and sailors. That's the only draw-back with these tourist visits. Somehow they always make a fellow think of babbling brooks, talking movies, or hoot owls—whatever he was used to before signing up with Uncle Sam.

On the 29th our visitors from the old country weighed anchor and departed after a stay of five days. When the German sloop got underway with all sails set to the wind she was a spectacle to remind one of the days when pirates roamed the Caribbean with St. Thomas as their headquarters. The three-masted "Elizabeth" might well have been one of those same pirate raiders sailing forth for an attack upon some richly laden Spanish Galleon. Maybe it's just as well that she wasn't what she looked like or we would have been forced to take the "Grebe" and go after her.

On February 3rd the German tourist ship "Statendam" put in here on her trip around the Islands, for a six-hour stay. Among the notable visitors was Mr. A. H. Findlay, an official of the Wanamaker stores in Philadelphia, more famously known as the man who introduced the game of golf to the United States, more than forty-two years ago. Mr. Findlay has been in St. Thomas before and is greatly attracted to our island. While here this time he called on Colonel Meade, whom he knew through mutual friends in the States.

The Marines here had the pleasure of hearing the famous Marine Band, over the radio, broadcast through the National

Broadcasting Station, New York City. The concert was most enjoyable to the Virgin Islanders and especially the trumpet solo played by one of the bandmen.

The civilian population, also the different service people living in Saint Thomas, have had quite a lot of difficulty in getting good reception over their radios, and quite some comment has been going around about the wonderful reception that the Marines are getting. We have a very fine set here and have been getting very good reception.

A list of the Marines who are due to sail on the next "Kittery" follows: Corporals Darr and Mitchell, Privates 1st Class Palmer, Stout and Laughlin and the "Sandion Trio," Privates Borel, Carter and Grindle. Won't someone please meet them at the dock when they land in Norfolk and sorta steer 'em clear of stray ash trucks, street cars and unlicensed bootleggers? Palmer and Darr, especially, will need a little assistance until they get used to their new stamping ground. They have well over two years service in the tropics and we're sure they will appreciate your kindness. Thank you. We only hope someone remembers to put in a good word for us when our turn comes, eh, Kurz?

In closing there are just a few words to say regarding promotions and then we'll let you turn the page. Corporal Budzick was promoted to sergeant. Goullette and Williams to corporal, and Stout, Laughlin and Geissinger to private first class. "Adios, amigos, adios."

FEW FOREIGN BORN IN MARINE CORPS

Washington, Feb.—Nearly all of the recruits who enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps in 1929 are native born, according to a report of enlistments for the calendar year compiled by Marine Corps headquarters here. Of the 5,622 enlistments, only 149, or less than three per cent, are foreign born.

Each State contributed its quota of recruits, Pennsylvania leading with 385, New York next with 356, and Georgia third with 282. Illinois, Missouri, Massachusetts, North Carolina and Ohio produced approximately 250 each, and the remaining States fewer numbers. Nevada's quota was only three.

Thirty-two of the sea soldiers came from Canada, eighteen from Russia, sixteen from Italy, ten from Germany, an equal number from Ireland, and nine from England. Several countries are represented by only one recruit each, among them, Bulgaria, Lithuania, Greece, Bohemia and Belgium.

In recent years only native born or fully naturalized citizens have been accepted for an original enlistment in the Marine Corps. As a result, the proportion of native born to those of foreign birth has been increasing steadily.

POETIC TRIBUTE TO MARINES

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a poem entitled "The Leatherneck." It was composed by Rev. John M. J. Quinn, a curator at St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y. C., and director of the "Cathedral Pickaninny Minstrels" for the past fifteen years.

On January 17, 1930, Master James J. McCahill, 3rd, recited this poem at Cathedral High School Auditorium, Lexington Avenue and 50th Street, before a representative audience, which included Major Joseph D. Murray, U. S. M. C., to whom the poem was dedicated. Father Quinn and Major Murray were buddies during the war, having been associated at U. S. Naval Detention and Training Camp, at Deer Island, Mass., and Wissahickson Barracks, Cape May, N. J., after Major Murray had returned from overseas service in many battlefields in France.

During the past fifteen years a striking feature of the Cathedral Pickaninny Minstrel has been the recitation of poems which Father Quinn has written. Noteworthy amongst these compositions that lend themselves to boyish elocution has been "The Toy Sailor," "Let's Go!" "Be Brave!" "What do you mean—American?" "The Legacy of the Unknown Soldier," and "The Leatherneck," are dealing with patriotic subjects and scoring



Father John M. J. Quinn as Chaplain, U. S. N.

ing bigots and disloyal members of the country. Other poems have dealt with various public servants, such as "Brave Fire Laddie," "The Bravest and the Finest," "Jimmy Walker, the Pride of New York," and "Al, the Mighty Smith."

One hundred and thirty-five boys comprise the membership of the cast of the Cathedral Pickaninny Minstrels this year, about that number has been the average during the past years, and from its alumni have come many who have taken their places amongst the leaders in many professions, including law, medicine, and the church.

After the war the National War Council of the Knights of Columbus awarded a special medal to each member of the troupe in recognition of the wonderful service rendered by the boys for their entertainments at Naval Stations and Army camps. Although the ages of the boys range from 8 to 18, they have rare talents and the excellence of their performances, now numbering over 225, have caused many critics to hail this youthful band of minstrels as the leading amateur organization of the land.

CAPE HAITIEN MARINES

By Stanley Field

Well, folks, it has been some time since you have heard from the "Ol' Cape Haitien Marines," so we surely have plenty to talk about.

Lieutenant Colonel Clinton, our old commanding officer, has returned to the States and we are now commanded by Lieutenant Colonel R. O. Underwood, who is certainly liked by everyone of us. Major Butler, our executive officer, is still with us, but he is getting to be a short timer. However, there are rumors around the post that Major Butler will extend. We hope so. First Lieutenant Presnell is our company commander and post exchange officer. The Lieutenant came down here on the November "Kittery," and he was sporting a lot of nice shiny new medals. He surely is a "Dead-Eye-Dick" with either the rifle or pistol. They also say he is quick on the draw.

First Lieutenant Kane is our Q. M. officer, and fellows, Lieutenant Kane certainly knows his stuff. Lieutenant Heil, our morale officer, is tennis champion, but he never seems to be able to beat Lieutenant-Commander Arbuckle, our doctor. The doctor plays a nice game of tennis, and, boy, he can still murder a baseball. Ask the boys on the "Kittery." Lieutenant Van Orden is mess officer, and what a feed he can put out! At present he is ill with fever and we are all wishing him a speedy recovery.

On January 4th the non-commissioned officers celebrated the New Year by holding a dance. Everyone was invited and all were present. Among our honored guests were: Congressman Perkins, of New Jersey; Lieutenant Colonel Underwood and Mrs. Underwood, Major Butler and Mrs. Butler, Lieutenant Kane, Mrs. Kane and their daughter, Barbara; Lieutenant Heil and Mrs. Heil, Mrs. Fegan, wife of Colonel Fegan, commandant of the Garde d'Haiti at Cape Haitien.

The hall was nicely decorated. Red and gold streamers of crepe paper hung from the ceiling and regimental flags and banners decorated the walls. Music was furnished by the post band, and several popular numbers were played. Sandwiches and punch were served between dances and during the intermission.

The non-commissioned officers in charge of the dance stated that they were going to try holding monthly dances. The committee was as follows: Q. M. Sergeant Moore, First Sergeant Mitchell (a new arrival from the States on the last "Kittery"), Gunnery Sergeant Miller, Sergeant Spader and Corporal Via.

First Sergeant Mitchell is one real "Top Kick." He has twenty-two years in the service. Gunnery Sergeant Miller is sporting one of those DeSoto roadsters. Sergeant Farrell is our mess sergeant, and he surely can put out the "beans and buns." You should hear Sergeant "Poppy" Spader tell us all about the "Old Marine Corps."

Our latest arrival is Sergeant Wigmore of Quantico football fame, and he's no slouch at company drill either. Corporal Via, by the way, is our police sergeant. There are plenty of working details now. Via, better known as "Viaski," said that it was too cold up in Wisconsin so he shipped over, and now we know he is good for thirty years.

Our old Oshkosh Kid, Sergeant Germer (former police sergeant), has left us. He has been transferred to Port au Prince. In all probability he will be sporting a new set of first sergeant's chevrons. He is acting as top kick for a motor transport company. Good luck, Old Oshkosh.

Corporal Coskie is one of those good looking boys from New York. Incidentally, he is our mail clerk. Corporals Pelletier, Haggart and Pfc. Hulburt, who left their home at the N. A. D. at Yorktown, Virginia, to see the sights in Haiti, are still looking for them.

Corporal Pelletier and Pfc. Berryman are our M. P.'s, and they are also in charge of the boat crew. Pelletier goes back to the States on the next ship. Don't we envy him!

Corporal Tufts, who hails from Canada, can be seen every day at liberty call hurriedly leaving the guard house. Someone intimated that he may be courting. Better start studying your Spanish lessons, Tufts.

Those of you who know Corporal Rerth from New Jersey, will no doubt be pleased to learn that he is our company clown—and a good one at that.

The Quartermaster gang is headed by Q. M. Sergeants Moore and McGraw. Their assistants are Corporal Shannon and Privates First Class Fox, Puts, Lynch, Swift and Kelly. Lynch, the blonde headed schoolboy from Boston, is being transferred to Port au Prince for further instruction in flight training. Good luck, Vin, we are all rooting for your success.

Pfc. Frieburger is in charge of the garage, with "Peggy" Pagonis and Gilbert as assistants. Grunder and Cornell are the post mule skinnors. These two ambitious Marines sure make a fine team.

The galley force is in charge of Pfc. Puckett, assisted by Bassett and Riley. Everything is OK except some of the beans that Riley cooks. Privates Zwostetky and Woods are the "doughboys." "Ski," as he is better known, has not dropped a fly ball since he has been here at the Cape. The glue supply is running low; wonder what will happen then?

Privates Ruppel, Nelson, and Marks are the post carpenters. They sure know their lumber.

The post exchange is in charge of Ser-

geant "Chick" Snellings. Private Harry D'Ortana is his soda jerker. Girls, "Smiling Harry" sure does know his stuff when it comes to blushing.

Pfc. Mienczal is our flower girl. He will have some fine flowers if we don't have many ball games, or if the mules don't get hungry.

The post band is headed by First Sergeant Thomas. He certainly can get a lot of funny sounds and noises out of his boys. But they sure get hot when "Little Mickey" Friedman, "Dutch" Nobles and some of the others get started.

Well, we hear that fifty men are arriving on the next ship. The old timers are sure glad to hear this because it means that they can go back and find out what these so-called "Talkies" are about.

Well, fellows, we hope you will be pleased with this news from Cape Haitien. We will endeavor to tell you more about ourselves next month.

AVIATION FIELD, OCOTAL, NICARAGUA

By E. R. Wetzel

Just a few lines from this little detachment to say "Howdy." How is the weather in Los Estados Unidos? We are having a dry spell here; and I mean just that. It's as dry as a four-hour lecture.

Commanding our detachment is none other than Gunnery Sergeant "Uncle John" Leiter, of the thirty-year list. Good luck, Gunny.

Do you know these would-be aviators? Red McLaughlin, Pollock Siwiak, "Down for Double" Smith, Abie Winer, Leasure, Wetzel, Rumery and the "Honorable Swede" Larson. If you haven't met them yet you still have something to live for.

We have completed the reconstruction of our quarters, and they sure look "nifty," or whatever you call it. We can boast of the best field in the boondocks of Nicaragua. And I think the pilots of the Fokkers will agree without a doubt.

We are wondering when this so-called evacuation is going to start. We are all standing by to go where ice cream cones are a nickel and coco cola is five cents. We get tired of drinking beer all the time, especially at forty cents.

MARINE BARRACKS, PEARL HARBOR

By Cpl. Harry A. Weber

This is station Y R U broadcasted located at Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, T. H., in the heart of tropical Hawaiian verdure, pineapple plantations, cane fields and Pacific Oceans, two thousand miles from home sweet home and further than that from the island of Guam, Lord help us.

The first announcement on today's program will be the weather forecast for Pearl Harbor and adjacent terra-firma. From all indications, including our own personal opinion, this sector of landscape may expect the present moist condition to prevail, which will mean an abundance of wet-water-soaked rainfall. This, it is hoped, is the rainy season of the year, for should it not be, there is hardly sufficient floatable material available to effect a safe rescue if a damper season should come along. The space in rear of the barracks has become a body of water surrounded by a few buildings and a cane field, and could easily be misconstrued for a good-sized duck pond.

It is believed that authority would be granted to anyone desiring to fish from the barracks windows provided the water does not rise above the third floor within the next few days. This moistened condition in the atmosphere makes things rather disagreeable for us here in Pearl Harbor. It is really very annoying to be deprived of the pleasures of standing parades, doing physical drill under arms, and holding other formations which are dependent upon fair weather. As a medium of transportation for orderlies and messengers, the Post Quartermaster is considering the purchase of out-riggers to replace bicycles. It is hoped there will be a let-up soon, but it is unofficially rumored that an amateur draftsman in the post is drawing pictures of a vessel which closely resembles a Biblical expedient used in times of great floods and piloted by a bearded gentleman whose name sounds like Noah. "Let it Rain!"

Our next topic of interest to Leathernecks in general and those who, at some remote, semi-remote or recent past, have necked in Pearl Harbor, has to do with the comings and goings, transfers and joinings, changings and stayings-put, and other movings about of the personnel attached hereto and serving thencefrom: New officers recently arrived are First Lieutenant Benjamin W. Atkinson, Jr., First Lieutenant Arthur G. Bliesener, Second Lieutenant Charles Popp and Chief Marine Gunner Emory T. Ozabal. Recently departed for the States are First Lieutenant George D. Hamilton, Second Lieutenant Donald G. Willis and Chief Marine Gunner William Liske. Sergeant Major Cummins returned from a thirty-day furlough in the mainland. Corporal Frederick W. Witt and Private Earl D. Bray returned to the States recently, the former for an "own convenience discharge" and the latter for a "dependency discharge." Corporals William W. Vines and Orville U. McKeeby, and Privates David B. McNeely and Reynard B. Norman were transferred to the mainland for discharge via the U. S. S. "Chamont." Recent promotions include Sergeants Frank E. Fox, Hugh I. McGilivray, Arthur Miller, and Corporals LeRoy O. Fuller, Lee D. Bolander and



Planes flying over the famous Monotombo, Nicaraguan Volcano.

George Bishop. The developing of a winning rifle team for the spring matches on the west coast commenced out on the range the other day and with Gunnery Sergeant Morf, 1st Sgt. King and two crack shots from the mainland, together with good material among the men in the barracks, Captain West contemplates a championship crew.

But the big racket and the topic of all conversation around these parts at the present moment is basketball. We've got a mean team here, and the way they are zipping along through all contenders for the Sector-Navy championship is just no fool'n'. Right now we're in the lead—1000 per cent. We've beaten 'em all but Fort "Kam," and if betting is any criterion as to the outcome of that game, our next, their scalp is already under our belt. Three snappy cheer leaders, Sergeants Slocum and McGillivray, and Corporal Sult, bring out a quality of rooting from the Marine rooting section that would put the fighting spirit in any team. And, what with a couple of practice periods each day before a game, the explosions from the Marine rooters just about bring down the roof. No stone is being left unturned to cop this year's service championship. Last year's mishap is another story.

This, good friends, concludes the program of the present broadcast, altho it might be of interest to add that our mascot recently had a litter of puppies. The next stroke of the gong will indicate next Tuesday, two o'clock.

MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

By "We"

We think it is about time the Marine Corps Schools Detachment is breaking into print. Each month we read "The Leatherneck," but nary a word from our outfit, so just to show the outside world there really is a detachment by that name, we will make this effort to tell you a bit about our dance, Friday, January 24, 1930, at the Post Gymnasium—and what a dance!

It is estimated that eight hundred guests attended, and that about two hundred and fifty of these came from Washington, Alexandria, Fort Humphries, Dumfries, and Fredericksburg.

The hostesses, Mrs. E. W. Sturdevant, Mrs. C. F. B. Price, and Mrs. R. H. Jeschke, did much towards making the dance a success. The committee, consisting of Staff Sergeant L. A. Theodore, as chairman; First Sergeant G. L. Owens, Sergeants C. M. Duke, A. E. English, W. H. Shimp, Privates First Class B. J. Schultz, and J. W. Rodney, ably assisted by the detachment carpenter, Private "Don" Allison and the acting police sergeant, Corporal C. F. Shaw, did a good job in decorating the spacious gymnasium. Many compliments were paid, especially in regards to the orchestra stand and the detachment emblem. The latter was a large electric sign with the letters M. C. S. D. brilliantly illuminated and placed in a position to be seen from any place in the gym.

During the intermission chow call was sounded, and then the fun began! "Minute Man" Gorgon and "Pollock" Cheslock did a splendid job of juggling ice cream; and "Hogie" Welch and "Curley" Emch dished out java with REAL MILK.



First Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "Pensacola," 1st Lt. Stewart B. King commanding.

Before the dance the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, in a hard-fought game, defeated the Quantico basketball team to the tune of 21 to 18. Two of the stars of the home team are members of the schools detachment, Privates First Class "Benny" Schultz and "Barney" Barnett, the latter having scored nine of the losing team's eighteen points.

It is felt that our write-up would not be complete without first extending thanks to Mrs. Underhill and Mrs. DeBoo for helping make the dance the success it was.

Would like to make this story a bit longer, but for the past ten minutes the police sergeant has been yelling, "All hands outside to shovel snow!" so until next month we will bid you all "so-long."

MARINE DETACHMENT, NAVAL HOSPITAL, GREAT LAKES, ILL.

How Doo, ladies and gentlemen of the air, this is Radio Station C-U-C-U, owned and operated by the Marine Detachment, Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Illinois. As this is our first appearance on the air, please permit us to introduce the personnel of this post. First and foremost we have First Sergeant Ed Vahey, who recently arrived from the Pay Department at Washington; another non-com is Sergeant Emil Hahselbruck, nuff sed! Corporal John Baker, the boy from the sunny South, is a short timer, but he is thinking about extending and going to Nicaragua. While we are on that subject, we might mention that nearly all the men at this station are former Nicaraguan citizens.

Next we introduce none other than Corporal Georgie (Curley Locks) Baker. He gets paid off in April and wishes to thank the Marine Corps for all the valuable instruction he received in farming and livestock while in Bluefields, Nicaragua. Georgie says he is going back to the farm life. This is a loss to the girls of Chicago, not us. Next is Corporal Buck (Little Freddie) Bissinger, also from the east coast of Nicaragua. Little Freddie weighs only 199 right now, but he claims he has hopes.

We have also Corporal Snively of Marine Corps football team fame. Snively joined us just the other day so we will omit any comments until our next appearance on the air. Next we introduce one of our two original IT boys. Pri-

vate First Class Charles (Greta) Paulsboe. Boy, how the girls work the telephone operators here at the station calling our little Greta. Next in line is Private First Class Hayden (Moon Beam) Merrell, the mail orderly here. He is running around with fifty-one months in and is trying to get in a full cruise.

The other Pfc. is none other than Hank Kampen. Hank just returned from the Philippines, shipped over and joined us the other day. We will give you more dope on him next time.

The remainder of the station consists of Privates Paul (Baby Blue) Gruszecki, the other IT boy and former citizen of the east coast of Nicaragua. I really don't know what the girls of Chicago, Oak Park, Kenosha, and Waukegan will do if Greta and Baby Blue ever get transferred from this post.

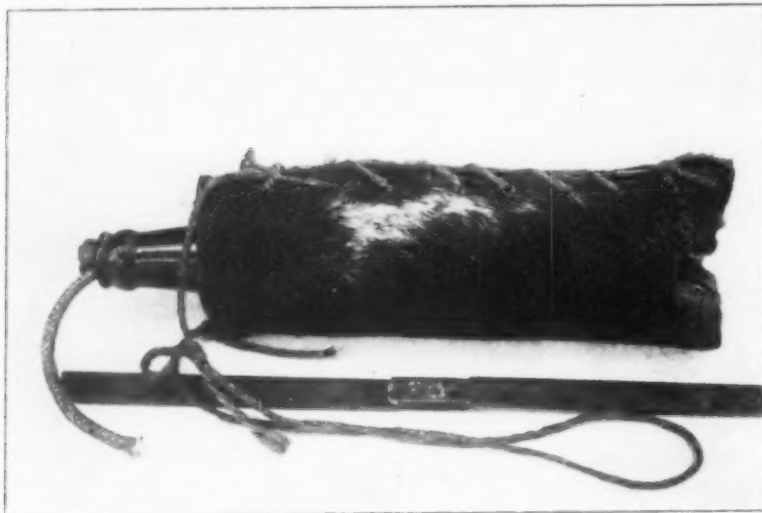
Urette (Aba Daba) Dunn, who claims the blanket pressing championship of the Marine Corps, is also with us. Charlie (Radio) Ferver, the rifle team man, is also in our locality. Lester (Speed) Heath, now private, ex-corporal of western Nicaragua, is among us. Boy, is that guy speedy! Ask us—go ahead, we dare you!

Freddy (Big Freddy) Risch is also here, but we seldom see him as he is busy driving the captain around and going to Milwaukee. We haven't found out much to say about Freddy, so will leave that until later.

Then we have Oscar (Turn Key) Stultz, who is spending most of his time these days keeping track of all the wayward hospital corpsmen. Robert (One Way) Smith and the great artist John (Big Money) Valley are here too. Last, ladies and gentlemen, but by no means the least, we present, and take great pleasure in doing so, Private Abie (What a Man) Swineheart, Art Shires' only rival. We won't say any more for this time concerning Abie, but will write a special article in the next issue, which is more than he deserves.

We're having what might be termed snappy weather. It seems like 27 below zero and it's getting colder right along. Oh, well, one can always go back to the tropics, eh, what?

This station has an authorized strength of twenty men. That's plenty when we



Nicaraguan outlaws' beer bottle dynamite bomb captured by Marines.

have them, which we seldom do. Right now we are struggling along with thirteen duty men, the remaining four are our local politicians. The entire personnel of the Marine Corps is cordially invited to visit us, and if anyone sees three lost privates hanging around please direct them here. We have had three men coming up from Quantico since the sixth of January. We are still waiting for them.

Well, folks, our time is up and we ask you to please stand by for our next broadcast. Comments on the program will be appreciated. Station C-U-C-U, the Tropical and Asiatic Marines from the Great Lakes Hospital now say good-bye.

QUANTICO'S MID-WINTER CARNIVAL

By Ike and Mike

On Friday night, January 31, Quantico had its mid-winter carnival, and snow and ice made the outside setting all that its name foretold. Upon entering the carnival grounds, generally known as the gym, one would never suspect that a motion picture show had been run the previous night.

As we came into the carnival the first sight that greeted our eyes was the outside of a big tent, the side show de luxe. A barker was telling the crowd what he had inside for their amusement, and all for the price of two thin dimes, or four nickels, and if you were not so very big it cost you only one dime. We let the show go on without our help for a while and decided that we should see what the rest of the grounds held in the way of excitement for the wayfarer.

The Sandwich Islands drew our attention first, and there we found hamburger, ham and cheese sandwiches, coffee, and, in fact, all that the Islands offer in actuality to the shipwrecked Mariner. Next to them was Nicaragua, the land of the monkey and macaw, and in the top of the hut were two brilliantly colored birds, continually calling in their native way to the persons pausing for pop-corn, peanuts, and the carnival's own soft drinks. The monkey was no less attrac-

tion than the birds, and the gentlemen and ladies within could easily be transported to the land of Nicaragua, and there disappear in a throng and never be noticed, as far as their costumes were concerned.

We next found ourselves in the land of ice and snow, not outside, propelled by someone's booted foot, but in an Eskimo's igloo, with a huge sign telling us we were gazing on the North Pole with all its glory. Ice cream, iced cakes, iced candies, in fact everything that is icy, except the smiles of the ladies who served us, could be found in this booth.

Then there was Dead-Eye-Dick's place of business, the Klondike, and he was there himself to look after the trade of the evening. Here we had a chance to change dimes into half dollars, but, strange to say, that wheel would never stop anywhere we wanted it to. It was worth the price to hear the fur-clad Dead-Eye-Dick call his patrons of chance to his place. Next to him was the Den of the White Elephant, and with our experience with the use of that word as a name for anything, we wish to say that our definition has been slightly amended. The White Elephant was anything but a slow affair. In fact we were offered everything from shoes to baby hats. Needless to say we needed neither, so we went further in quest for a good time.

Ah, Mexico next met our wandering selves, and true to that country there is no 18th Amendment in vogue. Neither was it here. We were served beer, "near," we will admit, but all the same it was beer; served by a gay Mexican in an establishment that might have been moved en masse from some small border town south of the Rio Grande. France was just around the corner, still in a war-torn condition, as some of us had last seen it. We were invited to sit out in front of this reconstructed cafe at quaint tables and eat all the pie and pastry that our pockets would allow us to indulge in. The gay mademoiselle even gave us the impression that we would be welcome that long, but our attention was drawn to the Bucket of Blood.

What a fantastic name! still it was all there, and the wheel of chance gave the

lucky ones boxes of candies and coated cookies. They were good, even though the name was not so savory. And then we found the Monte Carlo of the Carnival—horse racing. To be sure they were wooden horses, but just the same they traveled up and down the gaily colored track, spurred on by the pleadings of the betters. And Ace High; truly the only thing that was lacking was a roulette wheel, and then we would have been in the original Palace of Chance.

A bugle call held our attention, and upon investigating into the why and wherefore of the disturbance, we found ourselves being led toward a Chinese garden. The floor was waxed to a high polish, so we drew the conclusion that it must be a dance floor. It was, and it was Chinese, because when we came up to the proprietor, sitting at a little table in the entrance, he said: "No tickie, no dancie," holding out his hand. Then we knew it was Chinese for a certainty. Charming dancers, dressed in Chinese costumes, were ever eager to act as hostesses for the dancers, those without partners. The garden was surrounded with fantastic Chinese signs. No one knew what they were telling the world, but we surmised that it was a notice of a new tong war soon to break, and from some of the dances later in the evening, we must have guessed correctly. Huge shades and ornaments, together with a little pagoda, wherein the exalted musicians gave forth those foreign strains, at times they were all of that, added to the atmosphere of the place.

We were interrupted in our admiration of this scene by hearing the most unheard of sounds called music, a wailing of instruments as if someone were in the grip of death. We went the way of the rest, not away from it but towards it, feeling sorry for the persons in such condition. We were stopped soon with the announcement that here gathered were the greatest actors of all times, the greatest clown band that had ever been gathered together for exhibition. Incidentally their music upheld all the claims that were made for them, and the barker was at his best. We were told that we were about to feast our eyes upon the most wonderful, most entertaining, most stupendous vaudeville show that had ever been given in the history of the arts of the world. Well, he was convincing, to say the least, and to the amount of twenty cents per person; and in we trooped, or, to be exact, we were pushed in to witness this remarkable show. It was all that was promised, and we are here to say that we have seen much worse shows that have cost us more than one dime and two nickels, we didn't have two dimes.

About this time we looked at the two tickets we had purchased for the sum of two bits per on a Majestic Radio, not to see if we had won it, someone had already done that, but we wanted to settle a debate as to the color of said tickets. The gentleman who sold us the tickets, or rather the one from whom we got them, was so honored only because he looked at us in a kind of funny way every time we passed him. Therefore, we got the two tickets just to be able to walk around and see the rest of the place without having that funny feeling as well. You know the feeling I mean, you have had it when you had a pint in your

pocket and a policeman stopped to ask you what time it was.

We decided to have our fortunes told about that time, but you, too, would have changed your mind if you had seen the line that was passing in review. We never did see the Fortune Telling Lady, but we do know you couldn't get near the booth with fixed bayonets. And we wanted so much to know whether we were going to get locked up for this epistle or not.

But, all in all, that Carnival was a huge success in every way, and everyone who was fortunate enough to be there had a most enjoyable time. For us the evening was marred by only one omission. We searched every booth and asked all our friends, and some who were not our friends, as we found out at the time, and even inquired of the officer of the day, but to no avail. Finally we decided that our quest was all in vain. If we could have found that one thing the evening would have been perfect. But it is often said that nothing in the world is perfect, so also was the Carnival, we could find not even a drop of PINK LEMONADE anywhere.

SECOND NICARAGUAN CAMPAIGN MEDAL

The Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal will not, due to unavoidable delay, be ready for distribution for some time.

Applications for this insignia will not be acknowledged but will be held until the medals can be distributed.

Since the appearance in the press of notice that the Secretary of the Navy has authorized the award of a campaign medal for services in Nicaragua, a number of letters have been received, asking whether certain specified operations were included within the terms of the General Order designating the personnel to receive the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal.

The first class of these inquiries refers generally to isolated operations prior to the date set as marking the commencement of the campaign while the second class has to do with incidental services rendered subsequent to the inauguration of the campaign.

Early operations are not within the terms of the General Order now in the hands of the printer, as these instances were in the nature of individual and isolated operations planned with no further end in view than meeting the then existing emergency embracing the particular locality concerned. They were not a part of the general campaign which developed subsequently when the determination was reached to pacify the whole of Nicaragua, in accordance with a well-considered plan, involving many vessels, a considerable armed force, and embracing the entire country. Their nature and growing frequency over a considerable period of time lead ultimately to the initiation of the general campaign which followed but they were not a part of it.

An example of this kind is the operation at Bluefields, Nicaragua, in May, 1926, at which time fighting was in progress between native factions, a landing force was put ashore, a neutral zone established, and order restored. The landing force was withdrawn prior to 27 August, 1926.

The second class of inquiries usually has to do with services of supply rendered subsequent to 27 August, 1926. Such services, as has been stated in the press, are not included within the terms of the pending General Order, for although rendered after the opening of the general campaign they were incidental to it rather than a part of it. The award of the medal has been restricted to personnel serving ashore in Nicaragua in actual or potential danger to life and limb and to personnel of ships in Nicaraguan waters operating under orders of the Commander, Special Service Squadron, and engaged in direct measures designed to secure the pacification of the country so as to afford protection to American life and property.

An instance of the type of service of supply subsequent to the opening of the campaign not included within the terms of the order are the operations of the U. S. S. "Argonne." This vessel made several voyages with personnel and supplies for the forces in Nicaragua and at different times during the campaign was in Nicaraguan waters for a total of several months. The other extremes of service of this kind are the visit of a vessel whose contribution to the campaign consisted in landing some minor supplies while in Nicaraguan waters for a part of one day, and the making of periodic calls at Nicaraguan ports by several other vessels as a part of their regular operating schedules.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By Lem

With the familiar strains of "My Carolina Sunshine Girl" floating through the short distance from there to here, we again take up the monthly correspondence to our friends at home.

Much news this month. We've had some basketball since the last letter. 1st Lieutenant Bare, post morale officer, has interested himself in a post team and the boys have each evening gone out on the concrete court for instruction and practice games. Since the coming of the fleet

we have had games with the U. S. S. "Vestal" and U. S. S. "Milwaukee." On the 22nd January the "Vestal" won from the locals, but the following day we evened it up with the Navy by defeating the "Milwaukee." McClellan of the QM. and Pfc. Peebles, the fleet-footed carpenter, have proved a pair of seagoing lads that always guard closely. Michael Barry and Corporal Wehrly also have played with credit during our games. We have more games coming and with Mannen Chico, Sergeant Wilbanks, and H. H. Smith (five Smiths here) on hand the lads in the bay will have to keep that ball moving if they want victory every time. Lieutenant Bare has been seen in playing uniform a number of times, thus showing he is as keenly interested in the game as the boys on the squad and this is appreciated by the men of the command who turn out to every game. Corporal John S. Cassel is our cheer leader and has inaugurated the college rah-rah system. John has such elegant hands and arms for waving cheers from his audience—from the throat out. Sergeant Witt has obliged with timekeeping a number of times and is regarded as a dependable timekeeper which means the new mess sergeant is up against it for surely timekeepers are scarce in this country—judging from the way the hunt went one day here for one.

Corporal Barry comes in for mention again. Our grinning Red has actually completed a Spanish course and been awarded a diploma from the M. C. I. and all hands envy him. But nobody has dubbed him Professor—yet. Red doesn't show off his wares nor cuss in Spanish in his sleep but we look for an outburst before the tailor or some Cuban on the station some day. Sergeant Frank L. Howell says he can warble German fluently so that makes two. Hey—Caffarella, what's your favorite "other" language? The librarian with his new encyclopaedia is trying to encourage things a bit and some of the arguments have gone to settlement by way of its pages.

In the dim evening we hear the programs wafted through the waves of ether



Small Marine Patrol operating in the Nueva Segovia Territory, Nicaragua.

from Estados Unidos by way of the new loud speaker installed in the movie booth, compliments to QM. Sgt. Haakenstad. Corporal Deck connected her with Hack's quarters and Radiola and we have Amos and Andy nightly. This is a great treat and enjoyed, too.

The post exchange Marines have been hitting it up extra since the fleet arrived. Sergeant Hendrickson, Corporal Gould, Privates Piaskowski and R. R. Allen are the busy boys of camp, selling their wares and receiving new stock. The post exchange is the donor of the new water slide which was installed on the swimming dock recently. Captain Morse was one of the first to holler "Whoopie!" and slip toward the salty waves in the grand style. This may take away some of the water shyness—such an alluring idea to encourage swimming. Pfc. Bass, one of our long-distance floaters, has pronounced it a whopping success.

We looked to the unhappy loss of Buster McDaniel, our handy man with the barber tools, but Buster has given forth the glad news that his titorial ability will stay with the place for a little bit more. Many are the happy heads that hear this.

The shooters are at it in practice for the matches. Gy.-Sgt. Fisher is trying to develop some shooters for the Marine Corps team this year. It seems the course has been changed, and as the gunnery-sergeant says, the men who go to the States will have to be experts in the art of "holding them" on the "A" target, which now is used for rapid fire instead of the old silhouette. Some out for the West Indies competition are Sergeant F. M. Davis, Corporals Kenneth Deck, L. A. Walker, Steve Disco, Pfc. John Burns, Privates M. T. Bauserman, H. Owsley. QM.-Sgt. Hack and Gy.-Sgt. John Turney are also daily firing and Hack is showing the boys what can be done while Gy.-Sgt. Turney with his aim on the bull's-eye keeps the younger hands striving lest they lose out in the race for the Guantanamo Bay team places.

Sergeant Reeves and the telephone centrals report all's well. Pvt. S. P. Jones is back on the job again and happy.

Seems like Bergher will never rejoin his old buddies again—but a good central is priceless.

Harp is back with the other boys in the company. We had troop last Saturday and Corporal McNeil, a new addition to Guantanamo Bay, turned out shined up in real seagoing style. Corporal Stuckey says he is going to get some pointers on shoe shining from Mack.

Winters of the boat crew is now corporal. We have Corporal Ritchie doing straight duty now, formerly Carpenter Ritchie. Schilling, how could you let him go? The gang is back in the regular mess hall with chief messman Larson serving. Geiger and Pfc. Anderson are filling the galley cook's job at the station. Geiger is the easiest going Marine without being lazy, that we've seen yet. Every day is sunshine and he doesn't belong to the Pen Pals Club either. Silas Poff, Barrow and Bond serve as cooks at Fish Point and their dainty dishes give the boys that satisfied feeling.

The dope is that the U. S. S. "Salt Lake City" is due here on the 14th with 25 men or on the 25th with 14 men, we aren't sure which. But we look forward hopefully. Want to start baseball practice soon, Lieutenant Greer says. Maybe we'll get some good ball players.

We'll close now, Broadcast. Wishing you 28 happy days this month, we are, LEM.

RICHARD J. KING

Richard J. King, formerly of H. Q. Co., 4th Regiment, Shanghai, now thought to be somewhere in Oklahoma, is requested to get in touch with Max Mallick, 609 N. Austin St., San Marcos, Texas.

RETIRE AFTER THIRTY YEARS

Two more old timers have completed the long cycle of years that entitle them to retire with utmost honors. On February 12, 1930, Sergeant Major Charles S. O'Connor was retired at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.

His records show that he has completed thirty years and fifteen days service in the Marine Corps.

On February 28, 1930, Quartermaster Sergeant Monroe L. Smith, Marine Headquarters, Washington, D. C., was retired after thirty years, five months and eighteen days in the Army and Marine Corps.

The entire Corps extends well wishes to these men.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "PENSACOLA"

By H. G. Cluen

Well, here we are, the best detachment that ever boarded Uncle Sam's new cruiser, the "Pensacola," and if you don't believe that, ask Sergeant Joseph Pifel. He said he could prove it.

First Lieutenant Stuart W. King is our commanding officer, with First Sergeant F. H. Stephenson handling the paper work and bearing all the worries. Gunnery Sergeant J. A. Gustavson is trying to get our new guns in shape so that we will be able to fire them sometime this year. Sergeant Raymond F. Neel is our acting chaplain and consoles the boys at meal times, saying that if they don't knock off some of the noise he would ration out the chow.

Corporal Leroy Hudson, our police sergeant, who is also in charge of property, mail, laundry and all other odd jobs that can be found, desires to extend his heartfelt sympathies to all police sergeants. Corporal Charles O. Powell, who joined us from the Naval Prison Detachment, Portsmouth, N. H., extended his enlistment for a period of two full years so he could see the world (through a port hole). We think Powell has had a grudge against Hudson ever since the latter broke his rifle stock trying to do port arms.

Private Jaffee, our erstwhile violinist, is one of the compartment cleaners, and he surely makes the fellows step around when he starts on one of his many wandering searches for the ship's band and never finds it. You should go and see Chaplain Neek for consolation, Jaffee.

Whenever you look for Dickson, DeFoe, or Johnson, all you have to do is look up the first Rummy game and you will see any one of them trying to squeeze off a low card.

There is still plenty of work to be done before the ship is ready for her shake-down cruise, but when all is completed we will be able to boast of having the best Marine compartment afloat. Laugh that off, you Sea Soldiers. The boys who were in the China War have nothing on us, for we have more brightwork than a brass monkey.

We have a very good Marine detachment aboard. Our music is Trumpeter Whalen. He says it is time to sign off because he is going to blow quarters in a few minutes, so we'll see you again next month, and by that time we may be under way. Hope so, anyhow.

JIMMY W. LEWEISKY

Your old pal, Jim (Irish) Kenny, wants you to drop him a line. He is with the Barracks Detachment, First Regiment, Quantico, Va.



Commanding Officer and non-commissioned officers, Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Pensacola."

NAVY MINE DEPOT, YORKTOWN,
VIRGINIA

By Jimmy

Have been trying to get the gray matter a-percolating, but there doesn't seem to be anything doing. Perhaps later, who knows? Marine Gunner Slingluff just walked in and when I suggested that he elucidate something—anything—for publication, he said: "Writing is a helluva job," and making a smart about face, beat a hasty retreat. I wonder—?

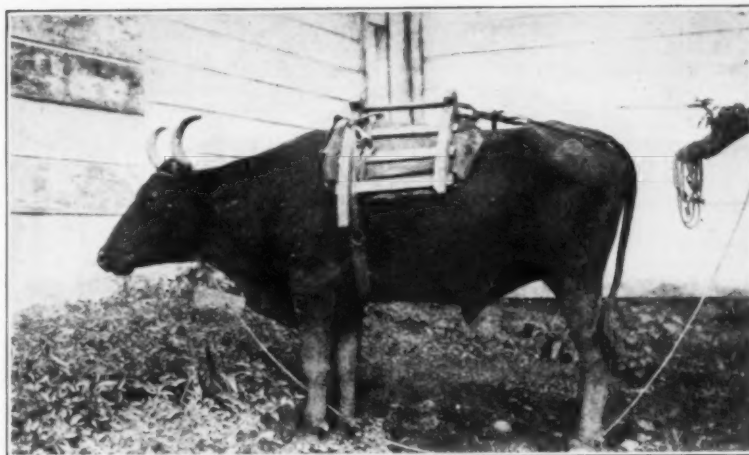
Discharges, joinings, re-enlistments and promotions have been so rapid during the past month that I've had to consult the office files to make sure I hadn't died, deserted, re-enlisted, or been served with a diet of "cake and wine" in the interim. But thank the powers that be I find myself still pure and simple—mostly simple, sez you. Here's the muster to date: Discharges—Corporal Bedford, Private First Class Popwell, Privates F. I. Williams, Lauderdale, C. E. West, Hatch, T. (Spud) Murphy, Hepfer, Bauer, T. W. Johnson, and Bellamy. Joined: Trps. Goodwin, Shinn; Privates Stoughton and Seeker. Re-enlistments: Lauderdale. Promotions to Private First Class only: C. E. Rodgers, W. E. Runge, N. E. Russel, A. W. Seeker, P. O. Stoughton and C. O. Williams, to rank from February 10th. The more the merrier, but that depends on how much "snapping out of it" is done in the near future.

Talking pictures in the service may soon be a reality, we hope; but not many posts can boast of selective musical programs during the movies. We can, since the boys teamed together and purchased an Atwater-Kent, seven tube, console model radio. It has been installed in our movie hall, ball room, or what have you. We all enjoy it and it proves how much more pleasant a post can be with a little team work and effort on the part of members of the detachment.

Our monthly enlisted men's dance on February 4th went over in great style—plenty of chow, good music furnished by the Navy Yard Orchestra from Norfolk, and the dance recessed at 1:00 a. m. until next month, with everybody happy long before the old familiar tune of "Home Sweet Home" drifted slowly from the instruments of the orchestra.

A word now about a few of the gang. Sergeant Caven is holding down the storeroom and—sleeping. "Ding How" Beardsley continues to wrack his brain trying to find out how in 'ell he can police the barracks, play the radio, beat "Red" Volkman to the chow at meal times and still get sufficient corking-off to properly preserve his fatal beauty. We offered to present him with a gift toupe, but he claims no hair can ever cling to a billiard ball so he declined the gracious offer.

We have a brand new barber in the person of one Private Shropshire. A few days ago he elected to attempt his luck at cutting the hair of Private Clark. That was at 11:00 a. m., and at 12:30 p. m. Shropshire had his tongue between his teeth and Clark was wondering what the penalty is in Virginia for homicide—oh, yes, justifiable, of course. Needless to say, they both missed chow. Shropshire got a little more experience in the tonsorial art and Clark is a sadder but wiser—much wiser lad. Anyway, the latter growled for a week. It was



Bull pack-saddle devised by Marine Quartermasters for use in Nicaragua.

frightful. The hair cut? Form your own opinions, gentlemen.

Lieutenant Crawford and Marine Gunner Allan decided on a hunting trip to Hog Island recently and promised to bring back some bear meat. I wonder what causes such hallucinations? If the bare facts are to be known, Hog Island was seemingly barren of bear during the particular trip under discussion.

Sergeant Jimmy Hunt and Corporal "Red" Volkman are going on guard and meeting themselves coming off as sergeant of the guard, and the competition between them that rages daily in the mess hall becomes more interesting each day. However, Hunt is only a healthy eater and eats slowly, while Volkman eats enough to ration a regiment for two months and eats fast—at every meal.

Wishing you all luck, until next month.

"HEADQUARTERS DOPE"

By TaBar

Staff Sergeant Carley and Private First Class Barnett are the proud papas these days. A boy and girl respectively. Congratulations.

Day by day, in every way, Spring gets nearer and nearer. In evidence of this statement, notice the old golf clubs that are being salvaged from hither, thither and yon, and being put in first-class condition for the long grind to come. We will expect to hear of some medal scores from our prominent gold enthusiasts.

Our fourth annual ball is a thing of the past, and as usual went over in true A & I fashion, which is saying much in very few words.

Did you know Claude Thigpen danced? Well he does. Glad to see Mrs. T. and him at the ball.

Prizes, donated by Mr. Barr, consisting of a vanity case and cigarette case and lighter, were won by Leona Fisher and Harry Vaughan respectively.

When it comes to knowing how to "anoit" the wheels of a function at the Barracks ballroom, Paddy Doyle is there; everything was just where everything should be, and the boys he selected to help him are to be congratulated; everyone spoke highly of their being on the job "as only a Marine can be."

We thought the Grand March would be a "flop"; and admit our error; our

hats are off to Bob Finucane, who managed this feature. It was so good it was too short.

Good music was promised to all who came, and doggoned good music it was; thanks to Fred Wilkins and his generous sized band of jazz boys. They are better every time we hear them.

"Sweetie" Mix showed how a person can work and play at the same time. She "worked" on the reception committee and "played" on the dance floor like a "Deb" on her first time out.

Tommie Miller, chairman of the dance, read a radio from Bob O'Toole, extending his best wishes. When they started the Paul Jones we missed Bob's "ladies in the center, gents on the outside, let's go."

Virgil Howard "staggered" it, and was ready to take care of the "wall-flowers," but the reception committee reports this variety was unusually rare; everybody was dancing.

Ann McGoldrick, as usual, was here, there and everywhere.

We missed several familiar faces; they missed a good time.

Don't believe Margaret Shaughnessy missed a dance.

While every effort was made to give all present more than enough for their money, thanks to cooperation of all, it was possible to turn over a donation of \$23.41 to the A & I sick relief fund.

Weren't the refreshments good? Punch galore, sandwiches and java. Our chow committee, headed by Jane Blakeney, aided and abetted by Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Brannon, Mrs. Kinnear, Miss Dittler, QM.-Sgt. Thomas and Staff Sgt. Carley, were responsible.

Richardson in his frequent bulletins wouldn't let anyone forget the dance.

Ruby Gillum was there, and of course someone was with her. Yes, she is wearing a new ring, purchased by someone in the Pay Department. Such is life, when one is young.

Ralph Henshaw, now a full-fledged Sergeant Major, was there with his family. He always comes to our affairs, when he is in town.

Charlie Herd had his better half with him.

George Benson tried to win a prize, to keep up the example set by his wife last year, but it couldn't be done.

General Lane had with him two of his daughters and a son-in-law, all of whom were welcomed; we missed Mrs. Lane, and her cheery greetings and pleasant smiles.

Saw Major Ostermann on the floor once, but don't believe Major Randall "stepped out."

Jane Blakeney and "Little Arthur" were there; both of them are always on the job and know how to enjoy themselves.

I told you Foster could dance; now you'll believe it. He had the Mrs. and a party of folks with him.

While Charlie Browne's daughter and her friend were dancing he was busy glad-handing everybody, with his committee, including Mrs. Mix, Miss Niner and Mr. Fowler.

Sharpnack's floor committee certainly worked efficiently; he was assisted by Staff Sergeant Keller, Sergeant Foster, Private First Class Finucane and Mr. Benson. Of course, Leer was on the door, and "all was well."

McCabe was in charge of tickets, and is to be congratulated on the manner in which they were distributed, and on the quick settlement for them; a final report in full, with complete returns, was made the day after the dance.

Must congratulate Tommie Miller as an efficient chairman. He kept all committees in close liaison, and is due much credit for our successful affair.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Kinnear are back from Panama, and reported that they enjoyed every minute of the trip.

The Navy Team of the Girls' Federal League still maintains its position out in front of the pack, and are going strong.

Sergeant Emerson W. Giles receives congratulations on his promotion. Giles says its an awful comedown from senior Private First Class to junior Sergeant.

"Sweetie" Mix and "John" Shaughnessy were week-end visitors in Quantico. Sweetie is losing interest in those high flyers down there. She has a real

good looking dentist working on her and she has a date with him whenever possible.

Guy Williams is teaching Mrs. Bradley how to write shorthand. The rest of the A & I Department advises and supervises.

Charlie Hunter is still at home with a bad cold. We hope that the prospective spring will fix him up.

Miss Creath got her grade 2, and is well established in her corner.

You know, George Myers and Ann McGoldrick were the complaint committee at the last dance. We had no complaints.

Since Giles traded in the old flivver for a Model A, traffic cops in Hyattsville are keeping an eye on him.

Sharpnack doesn't have to trade his 1917 Ford coupe. He left Tower Drive (Radio, Va.), at 8:40 a. m., and arrived at his desk at 8:38 a. m. Can you beat it? Faster'n telephoto, eh, what?

Daniel Thompson had an accident the other day and it looks as if he would have to work for the garage to pay the bill.

Thomas is playing with the seed catalogue, another sure sign that spring is just around the corner.

McCabe is trying to figure out how much more it costs him to live than he earns. He will appear before the joint Congressional Committee on pay legislation.

On January 31st our old friend Batchelor was retired, after completing more than thirty years' service. General Lane read the retirement orders to the assemblage in the big room. Batchelor was presented with a smoking stand and pipe, and hosts of good wishes for his future.

Another old timer will soon leave our happy family. Orders have been issued transferring Quartermaster Sergeant M. L. Smith, our chief messenger, to the retired list, effective February 28th. Our best wishes will go with him.

Freddie Moore, that inveterate golfer, was caught in the act of showing Major

Ostermann some of his favorite golf sticks the other day. Can't be long now.

We notice that Charlotte Bacot is a busy little lady these days. In the mornings she acts as Major Brewster's (the Athletic Officer) right bower, and in the afternoon holding down her regular assignment. Good things come in small packages.

Team	Won	Lost	Avg.
A & I.....	33	21	611
Q. M.	30	24	586
P. M.	23	31	425
Comdts.	22	32	467

The Marine Corps Bowling League has only three more weeks to go and things are getting pretty hot.

The two leading teams are only three games apart with nine more to roll. The last two teams are one game apart and naturally a battle is in progress to keep way from last place.

Since the last issue of "The Leatherneck" some records have been made. Ross of the Paymaster's team beat high game (149) by gathering in 158 maples to his credit. The same evening the Paymaster's team as a whole wrested high team set (1584) from the Quartermaster with 1598, and Ross' set lacked one pin of tying Ray Lawrenson's high set of 373. Of course, Ross won the weekly necktie with such a score, and he said that he thought he was entitled to a new car or at least something more than a mere necktie. That's proof of a Scotchman for you.

McCabe took another tie with a score of 145, and brought his average back to 100-plus. We note he wore black glasses the following day. Don't strain your eyes, Mack, we hope you get up into the money before the season ends.

The boys are certainly grateful to Major Brewster for his donation of the weekly prize, and they are all looking forward to having him present during one of their maple spilling events before the season ends.

Major Clarke was a recent visitor, and looked perfectly natural as he strutted around the office. It wasn't hard to imagine that he was still an A & I. Glad to see you, Major.

Valentine Day was a red-letter day to Bill McKelden, as his Mobile friend sent him the nicest valentine that ever was. He may not tell her, but we know he was tickled pink; we might say it was perfectly "O. K.," and we were hoping a photo would drop out of the envelope.

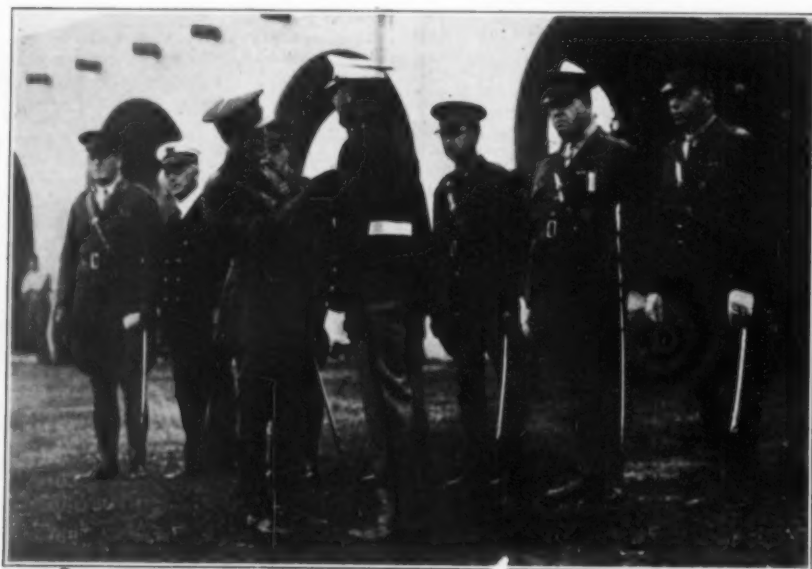
Mr. Holland of the Research Section was the subject of congratulations on February 14, 1930; on his 70th birthday. He has been with the Marine Corps in various capacities for over 30 years, and looks good for many more.

SERGEANT HARRY GAYER IS AWARDED NAVY CROSS

By Don Haislet

While a regiment under the command of Lieut. Col. Chandler Campbell paraded in his honor, Sergt. Harry Gayer was awarded the coveted Navy Cross and a citation by Secretary of the Navy Charles F. Adams by Brig. Gen. Robert H. Dunlap at the San Diego Marine Corps Base on Saturday, February 8.

The ceremonies were largely attended by civilians. Sound picture companies were on the grounds with all equipment and the event was one of the largest parades to be held at the West Coast Base



Brigadier General Robert H. Dunlap pins the Navy Cross on Sergeant Gayer.

in recent months. The cross was awarded "for extraordinary heroism while on duty in Nicaragua on Dec. 7, 1928."

At the time mentioned in the citation, Gayer was a member of the Second Brigade, with headquarters at Managua. Following the reading of the citation and the award of the medal, Sergeant Gayer reviewed the troops with the general and his staff. The citation from Washington follows:

The Secretary of the Navy,
Washington,
December 10, 1929.

Sir:

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Navy Cross to Sergeant Harry Gayer, U. S. M. C., for service in Nicaragua as set forth in the following citation:

"For distinguished service in the line of his profession as the commander of a small detachment of the Second Brigade, U. S. Marine Corps, operating in the vicinity of the Santa Rita Mountains, Nicaragua, on December 7, 1928. On learning that a large bandit force had laid an ambush for our forces, Sergeant Gayer proceeded over very rough country to the spot and disposed his men with such acumen and strategy that the bandits were taken entirely by surprise. In the ensuing engagement his leadership, courage and skill were of such high order that the bandits were eventually dispersed after a stubborn and well-planned resistance. So effective were his dispositions and so skillfully was the attack executed that the bandits suffered two killed and eight wounded in addition to losing many animals and a large supply of stores and ammunition while there were no Marine casualties."

For the President.
C. F. ADAMS,
Secretary of the Navy.

THE GARDE D' HAITI

Some four years after Haiti became an American Protectorate an itinerant writer, Harry A. Franck, journeyed the length and breadth of the Black Republic in search of material for his book. In the subsequent record of his travels he expressed justifiable surprise at the efficient manner in which a mere handful of Marines, officers in the Gendarmerie d' Haiti, protected large areas from bandit attacks, controlled the native constabulary, and dispensed justice with the judicious foresight of Solomon.

If Mr. Franck were to retrace his steps of ten years ago his surprise would be even greater. The Garde d' Haiti has become a necessary integrant, functioning almost independently and with no little ability. An Esprit de Corps has evolved and each member of the organization is proud of the enviable traditions and achievements of the unit.

It is probably to the Marine leaders that most of the credit belongs. It is they who have taken the embryonic army, nurtured it and fashioned it after the designs of their own organization. Some of them have been in Haiti many years. Captain Richard Shaker, assistant Chief of Police in Port au Prince, has served in the Garde for the past decade. He is peculiarly qualified for his position, being a fingerprint expert, and having introduced into Haiti the system of criminal identification and classification used by the New York police.



A group of Marines attached to the Constabulary Detachment, Port au Prince, Haiti. Sitting, first row, left to right: Capt. Richard Shaker and Lt. Otto Poland. Sitting, second row, left to right: Lt. John Fitzgerald-Brown and Capt. Louis Bertol. Standing, Lt. Joe Darmond.

Lieutenant Otto Poland, fire chief of Port au Prince, is also experienced in police work. He was formerly attached to the National Penitentiary and has established a reputation of efficiency in the hills and sub-districts.

Lieutenant John Fitzgerald-Brown, British by birth, has spent most of his time doing outpost duty in the hills. While on leave recently he was married to an English girl, whom he brought back with him to Haiti.

Captain Louis Bertol, who for the past six years has been the personal aide to President Borno and commandant of the Palace Guard, has exceptional ability in the French language. He has been decorated with the Medaille Militaire.

Lieutenant Joe Darmond, also awarded the Medaille Militaire, speaks both French and Spanish with easy fluency. He has spent considerable time at Hinche and has been an instructor in the Haitian Officers' Classes.

SAN DIEGO MARINE BASE HAS LARGE MUSIC SCHOOL

By Don Haislet

The largest field music school to be maintained on the west coast for a number of years now is functioning under the direction of Lieut. S. S. Valentine, who also supervises the Sea School of the Recruit Depot under the command of Maj. Ross S. Kingbury. Lieutenant Valentine has command of the Trumpet School which is under the direct tutelage of Corp. Ernest Desanti, formerly of the Base Band.

Corp. Leslie Robinson, Trumpeter Walter Sonnenburg and Pvt. Raymond Brenner act as assistant instructors. During the regular drill hours the field musicians practice on the beach or work on marching and drills on the parade ground. An average of three parade drills per week is rapidly developing the class into a real musical organization and one which will add much to the parades held quite frequently at the base.

Lieutenant Valentine states that an

average of 12 musics per month is developed at the base and the men are supplied for sea duty and foreign service as the requests come in. A tour of duty aboard ship requires two years of service, and with two trumpeters per ship the turnover from the school is quite rapid, he said.

MISINFORMATION OF THE NORMAN MARINES

By Russell and Lloyd

To the sea school at Norfolk go all the 57 varieties of Marines. About the first of September the cream of the Sea Going College was skimmed, canned, and labeled the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Salt Lake City."

Our detachment is most efficiently commanded by First Lieutenant James S. Monahan, well known and liked by all those who have had contact with him. He comes to us after a number of successful years with the Naval Intelligence Bureau, Washington, D. C.

We shall head the roster of our enlisted men with First Sergeant Fred Stinson, late of Annapolis, and an old salt from the U. S. S. "Cleveland." Our Gunnery Sergeant Frank J. Smith, hails from Quantico, China, Haiti, Panama, Philippines, or what have you! We mustn't neglect our two three-strippers, Sergeants Groubkaitis and Johnson. Many of you will remember Grub as the half pint mess sergeant of the "Hills of Nicaragua," and I guess everyone has seen the Marine Recruiting poster of the tall, handsome young man walking post along some dock—Sergeant Johnson was used as the model.

Then we have Corporal Robert Howey, of "when I was on the U. S. S. 'Rochester'" fame, and who handles very efficiently our police and property sergeant work. From the "Mayflower" we recruited Corporal "Biff" Hoffman, our heavyweight pugilist. Corporals Russell and Lloyd (ye lowly scribes of this article), hail from the sand dunes of Par-

(Continued on page 28)



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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant W. E. Maxwell, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost, Sergeant Frank H. Rentfrow, Sergeant Harry E. Hesse, Corporal Walter E. Whitcomb, Corporal Gordon E. deLucy, Corporal Arthur Rosett, Private Paul D. Horn, Private Colin R. Stuart.

"Good-bye, Boys"

A Farewell to "Doc" Clifford

FOR the past decade Marines all over the world have acknowledged a thrill of pleasure when they clasped hands with "Doc" Clifford and listened to his fraternal greeting, "Hello, Boy." And now should they chance to meet him it would be "Good-bye, Boy," for "Doc" is leaving the Marine Corps. Of course, he is not, actually, for "Doc" will be a Marine until he dies, but March 1st saw the dissolution of his office as Y. M. C. A. Secretary to the Marine Corps.

For some months the Army and Navy Department of the Y. M. C. A. has been facing the difficult task of continuing their heavy program of activities for Service men with a constantly decreasing financial income, for which there has been less and less opportunities of appeal. Much of the work, therefore, which has existed outside the direct operations in the splendid Army and Navy buildings has had to be abandoned, and to the sincere regret of its leaders, the department of activities represented by our friend "Doc" Clifford has now been affected by a discontinuance after March first. In announcing the news to "Doc," Mr. F. A. McCarl, in a letter at the end of December, states: "Your service has been most commendable, and we wish it could be continued. Were we able to secure special funds for our budget there would be no difficulty in that problem."

Brothers may separate, sons may seek to know the far corners of the world through their own eyes, but family ties still remain. So it is with Marines, and no truer Marine ever lived than "Doc." They may stray from the Corps, but they never leave it. Such bonds as are fashioned in the Service are too strongly welded to be shattered by mere separation.

"Doc" has been with us for a long time. He knows the wheat field at Chateau Thierry, the bloody tangles of Belleau Wood, and the scrubby pines around Blanc Mont. He has hungered and shivered through the cold, dripping nights, and he has spilled his blood on French soil as did his comrades in the ranks.

In speaking of his first contact with the Marines, "Doc" wrote, some four years ago, in the Marine Corps Gazette:

"It was back in the days of 1917 to 1918 when I first made real acquaintance with these splendid soldiers of the sea. It was hardly a case of love at first sight, and I was considerably taken back by their attitude. They were then, as they are today, particularly averse to what is known to many as uplift or welfare work or workers; and the thought of such a thing considerably ruffled their feelings. A Marine does not wear his heart on his sleeve, although his feelings are somewhat near the surface, and if roused are instantly expressed in the plainest of terms. He nevertheless is passionately outspoken in his admiration of sincerity, and a square deal always appeals to his highest and best ideals, to which his response is of the warmest character."

That is characteristic of "Doc." He doesn't tell how he felt when his every move was met with open hostility, nor how he felt when after a tedious struggle he awoke one morning to find the Marine insignia pinned on his collar and that he had been "adopted" by the Corps. Nor does he make mention of the morning of June 8, 1918, when word came that Colonel

Catlin was lying seriously wounded in the front line of Belleau Wood.

"Doc" called a corporal to aid him, and seizing a stretcher he dodged along a shell-swept road. Creeping yard by yard across an open stretch, with machine gun bullets crackling in their ears, the two finally reached the colonel.

The volume of hostile fire increased, and for more than an hour their retreat was cut off. The colonel was badly wounded and growing weaker every moment. To save his life it was necessary to get him to a dressing station as quickly as possible. Heedless of the murderous fire they bore the stretcher across the field and down the road to safety. It was upon returning from this mission that "Doc" was wounded.

There is something paradoxical about "Doc." He is a man of peace amongst professional warriors. He is a minister to whom creed is secondary, placing truth and righteousness above the teaching of other faith. To him race, color, or creed matters little. It is the man beneath that he calls brother.

Thus we can't quite find it in our hearts to say "Good-bye." That conveys a depressing finality, the suggestion of a permanent separation. So we'll bid him farewell in the same manner we have so often done when he was leaving for a trip to another post: "Thanks for all your kindness, 'Doc.' So-long and good luck. We'll be seein' you soon."

Status of Pay Bill

THE only definite progress on the passage of the Pay Bill recently has been the appointment of a joint Congressional Committee for the investigation of the service pay situation. The committee consists of ten members, that is, five members of the House of Representatives and five members of the Senate. Those appointed are:

Senator Wesley L. Jones of Washington.
Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania.
Senator Tasker L. Oddie of Nevada.
Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida.
Senator Edwin S. Broussard of Louisiana.
Representative Burton L. French of Idaho.
Representative John G. Cooper of Ohio.
Representative William B. Oliver of Alabama.
Representative Robert Crosser of Ohio.
Representative Henry E. Barbour of California.

The Joint Committee held its first meeting on February 12th and decided to call on the six branches of the United States Services for data on pay conditions affecting each of the services. This data is now being prepared and will be submitted to the committee.

There seems to be a consensus of opinion among the members of the committee that they should not attempt to make any definite recommendations until the return of Senator Reed from the London Conference. It is well known that Senator Reed is very familiar with pay requirements for Service Personnel, and he has always been an ardent supporter of legislation for pay increase.

We regret that we cannot report any further progress on the Pay Bill at the present time, but we will keep our subscribers posted on any definite progress that is made.

Change of Address

IT is very gratifying to note that since our last article on this subject, a great improvement has been made in our Circulation Department due to a large increase in the number of our subscribers who are keeping us posted on their change of address.

At the present time we are getting change sheets from San Diego, Quantico, Parris Island, Norfolk and Hampton Roads. We have requested change sheets from Haiti, Nicaragua and the Fourth Regiment in China.

With the far flung personnel of the Marine Corps, and with so many Marines on foreign service, it is most important that you keep us posted on every change of station. This is very necessary in the case of those who are transferred to small posts, from which we get no change sheets. Too often men in the service feel that everyone knows where they are transferred from one post to another when, actually, "The Leatherneck" has no way of finding out unless you let us know or unless we see your name on a change sheet.

We ask you to cooperate with us so that you may receive your copy of "The Leatherneck" promptly every month.

SHORT TIMERS--

ATTENTION!



Have you taken advantage of the educational opportunities offered by the Marine Corps Institute?

Have you prepared yourself for a position in civil life when you are discharged from the service, or have you "put it off"?

In either case you will be interested to know that by joining the Marine Corps Reserve you can continue to take advantage of the FREE educational courses offered by the Institute.

Special Privileges Extended To Reservists!

Members of CLASS II, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE and members of ORGAN-

IZED FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE COMPANIES are eligible for enrollment with the Marine Corps Institute in the same manner as men on active duty.

Members of CLASSES III and IV—a FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE and CLASS VI, VOLUNTEER MARINE CORPS RESERVE who were enrolled as students of the Marine Corps Institute prior to their discharge from the active service are permitted to complete such courses as they were previously enrolled in.

See your Company Commander and ask him to explain to you the many advantages to be gained by joining the RESERVE. If you are an EX-MARINE see the NEAREST RECRUITING OFFICER.

Why not write for full information about the course in which you are interested?

Are you the type of man who would take advantage of a bargain? Would you jump at the chance to secure \$100.00 worth of honest value for \$1.00? Would you be even more eager to secure the same value FREE? We know that you would.

Then WHY don't you take advantage of the correspondence courses offered by the Marine Corps Institute? The average cost of these courses to a civilian would be \$100.00. To you, a MARINE, they are FREE. Without spending a single dollar YOU can secure \$100.00 worth of HONEST VALUE.

Check the subject in which you are interested on the coupon below and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute—NOW, BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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- ☐ Contractor & Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ Chemistry
- ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ Automobile Work
- ☐ Aviation Engines
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ Agriculture & Poultry
- ☐ Mathematics

Name _____ Rank _____

Organization _____

Station _____

THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 25)

ris Island. Russell taught 'em to hold 'em and squeeze 'em, and Lloyd was counting cadence for "boots" at the old east wing.

Among our privates first class we have J. E. Kenny, just off recruiting duty at Baltimore, H. G. Gardner, the detachment sheik from Key West, Florida, and A. Brooks, the acy ducy champ of China and the east coast. Trumpeter H. C. Morgan does his duty by disturbing the crew's siestas at odd times of the day and night.

On the 14th of September, 1929, we arrived at Philadelphia Navy Yard to stand by to board our ship, which was being completed at the New York Ship Building Company, Camden, N. J. Our first shake-down cruise was in two old G. M. C. trucks to the Bryn Mawr Horse Show, where we gave an exhibition drill that was well received.

Monday, December 9th, we moved into our spacious quarters on the ship, and on the following Wednesday the ship was formally put in commission by Rear Admiral Latimer, commandant of the Fourth Naval District. At this time the ship was presented with a silver service set by Mr. McKinsey, representing the mayor and citizens of Salt Lake City, Utah.

January 20th we pulled away from Philadelphia on the first leg of our REAL shake-down cruise, arriving at Gravesend Bay, N. Y., on the morning of the 21st. We remained until the 24th, loading some 8-inch shells and small arms ammunition, then to Newport, R. I., for torpedoes and war-heads. At 6 p. m. on January 29th we shoved off for Philadelphia, to have a few repairs and changes made before completing our cruise.

Our itinerary from here on will be made up of stops at such places as Guantanamo Bay, Culebra, Rio de Janeiro and Bahia, Brazil. We expect to stay in the last mentioned places for some time. Guess the cry when we arrive will be "Give me liberty or give me Death!" The scouting fleet will be honored with our presence on or about the 31st of March. In our next article we will endeavor to tell you all about our trip across the line and of our stay at different ports.

FOURTH REGIMENT, SHANGHAI, CHINA

R Kohs at the Mike

The mail is in. Mail day is quite an event to every Shanghai Marine. We do not get it every day, but when we do, it comes in bunches like bananas—from two to a dozen letters per man. It is the only item we cannot share equally. Marines who have not had the luck to be stationed with the Fourth in Shanghai cannot possibly understand our reason for not being anxious to return to the States. Asiatic? Well, call it what you like. The growls come only from the war lords fighting amongst themselves. It is a great war. The Marines occupy grandstand seats to watch their undefeated

rugby team beat all comers, while the folks back home read the latest news of war in China.

At the present time our tour of duty is thirty months, which may be voluntarily extended not to exceed three years. It is a fact that, when the "Henderson" arrived from San Diego with replacements (400 men), there were not enough men in the regiment who had completed their tours of foreign shore duty, to offset the augmentation caused by the replacements. In order to make more room for the new arrivals, a call was quickly circulated asking for volunteers desiring to go home; which call was as quickly ignored with silent Asiatic stares. As a last resort, men had to be drafted to make the required number for the home-going detail. They did not want to leave the regiment and China. To give all the reasons why would take too much space, so I will name a few: First, Colonel C. H. Lyman, our commanding officer. Second, plenty of excellent food makes anybody content. Third, the billets, private residences, our home. Fourth, duty is easy, drills short, parades few, guards plenty off days. Fifth, all night liberty, with choice of civilian clothes, blues or greens. Sixth, Shanghai, the Paris of the Orient.

There is nothing to be desired more by the Marines here than to be forgotten about by headquarters of the Corps and be permitted to stay from now on. The non-commissioned officers and privates have their own clubs where both native and foreign meals, with pre-war refreshments are served at very reasonable prices. The clubs are not clubs in name only, but in actual fact. At the present time, the non-commissioned officers' club is under the able direction of First Sergeant Van Chamberlain (president), and the Privates' Club under the direction of Private First Class Robert W. Blythe (president).

Competition—we are strong for competition in this outfit as we have learned by experience that keen competition keeps the morale of the men at an exceptionally high standard.

The Mess Pennant—the mess sergeants of the various messes fight for this pennant, which is awarded monthly to the company, or billet having the best mess. Quality and quantity, the food served, cleanliness of the mess hall and service is taken into consideration by the committee which visits and inspects the various messes several times during the month. The winning mess keeps the pennant for one month, or until some other mess sergeant captures it. The mess sergeants, with their cooks and messmen, strive for this pennant, which is displayed with pride in their respective dining rooms. Napoleon was right when he said "The Army moves on its stomach." A roster of the best mess stewards in the Corps would certainly contain the names of Charles Nissen, John Schuh, Edward Stein, Carl G. Schmidt, Jesse G. Davis and Thomas W. Wallace, Jr.

The Inter-Company Rifle Championship resulted in a tie between the 28th M. G. and Howitzer Company and the 19th Company, each having a grand total of 833 points. However, the provisions and conditions of the match were, in case of a tie, the total score resulting from rapid fire would decide the winners, hence

the 28th M. G. and Howitzer Company won. Their rapid-fire score being 20 points higher than that of the 19th Company. Members of the winning team were: Sgt. J. E. Hill, Sgt. Felix Szalkevics, Pvt. J. T. Shegoskie, A. J. Cole and W. K. Baker. High individuals of the match were Sgt. T. B. Crawley (an old Marine Corps team man), 19th Company, 184 points; Pvt. V. T. Shegoskie, 28th Company, 175 points; Pvt. T. O. Knifton, Hdqtrs., 3rd Battalion, 175 points.

Basketball.—During the month of December we staged inter-company basketball games to compete for a beautiful silver loving cup presented by the Shanghai Mercury, the oldest (Est. 1879) evening newspaper in Shanghai. This cup was won by the 24th M. G. and Howitzer Company team composed of Cpl. W. Conyers (captain), Pfc. R. M. French, Jr., Pvts. H. B. Williams, H. M. Gover, H. Brownfield, L. Richie, E. W. Morris, B. Hawkins, and C. A. Metz. This team lost no games during the competition.

A loving cup was awarded to the 27th Company, 1st Battalion, for having the best decorated billet in the regiment in a manner to convey the Christmas spirit to the men. The Jean D'Arc Billet, which is a part of the 3rd Battalion, was second, and the others followed in close order.

In the realm of sport in Shanghai, the activities of the regiment have placed the U. S. Marine Corps Athletes on an exceptionally high scale. The regiment has teams entered in rugby, basketball, volley ball, bowling, swimming, boxing, track and shooting. To date our rugby team has not lost a game and they have met the strongest opposition that Shanghai can offer. The "Thundering Herd" as they are appropriately called, have swamped all comers with exception of the Shanghai Interport team which game resulted in an eight all tie. The Interport team composes the cream of Shanghai Rugger who have played the game for years. Just now the Marines are looking for new fields to conquer. Our athletic officer, Captain C. B. Cates, has been in communication with some of the leading colleges in Japan, trying to get games scheduled. It seems that they do not care for any of our team's medicine. In a recent issue of a Shanghai daily newspaper (British) the Marine team, was hailed as the best in Shanghai. This is a most favorable acknowledgement coming from people who have seen and played this game all their lives.

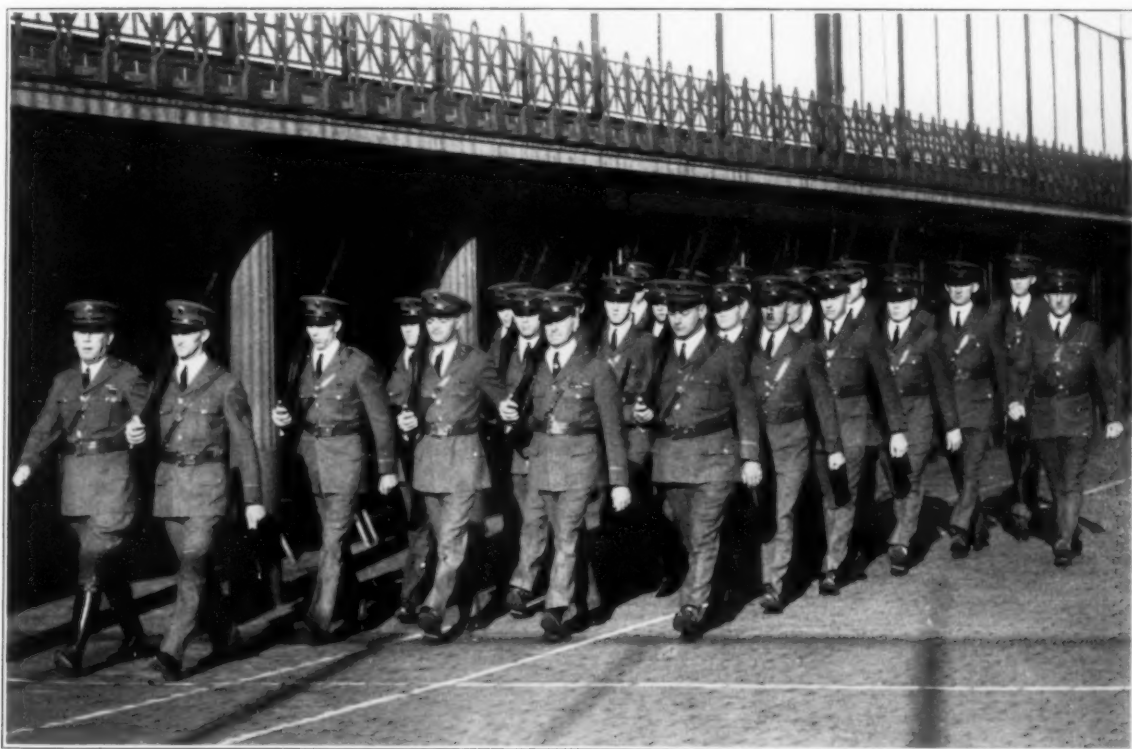
Our basketball team, however, did not have as easy sailing as the rugby team. With the loss of old players by reason of their transfer to the U. S. and attempting to build a new team in the middle of the season, our team is holding down third place against the strongest competition in basketball ever witnessed in Shanghai. The team, under the direction of Lieutenant M. L. Shively, is in good shape now and in the next league which opens shortly, we should be able, without much difficulty, to get to the top and stay put.

Our fighters are carrying on in the recognized Marine style, winning about ninety per cent of all the fights. The Shanghai squared arena recently lost the Pride of the Fourth, "Rudy" Benton. Benton was transferred home side via the transport "Henderson" with the

(Continued on page 41)



Patrol of Marines and Nicaraguan Volunteers Leaving Ocotal.



Detachment of Bank Guards, mostly Ex-Marines, at drill atop the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland, Ohio.

...at the masquerade it's

COSTUME!



Chester

SUCH POPULARITY

... in a cigarette it's
TASTE!

A cigarette cannot honestly masquerade as anything else. It is, or ought to be, *a good smoke* — always!

Chesterfield's better taste is the result of sticking to that one job — making a good smoke. Day after day, Chesterfield will give you added enjoyment — sparkling flavor, refreshing mildness, fragrant "character", unfailing good taste — simply because the thing you want in a cigarette is exactly what we work for:

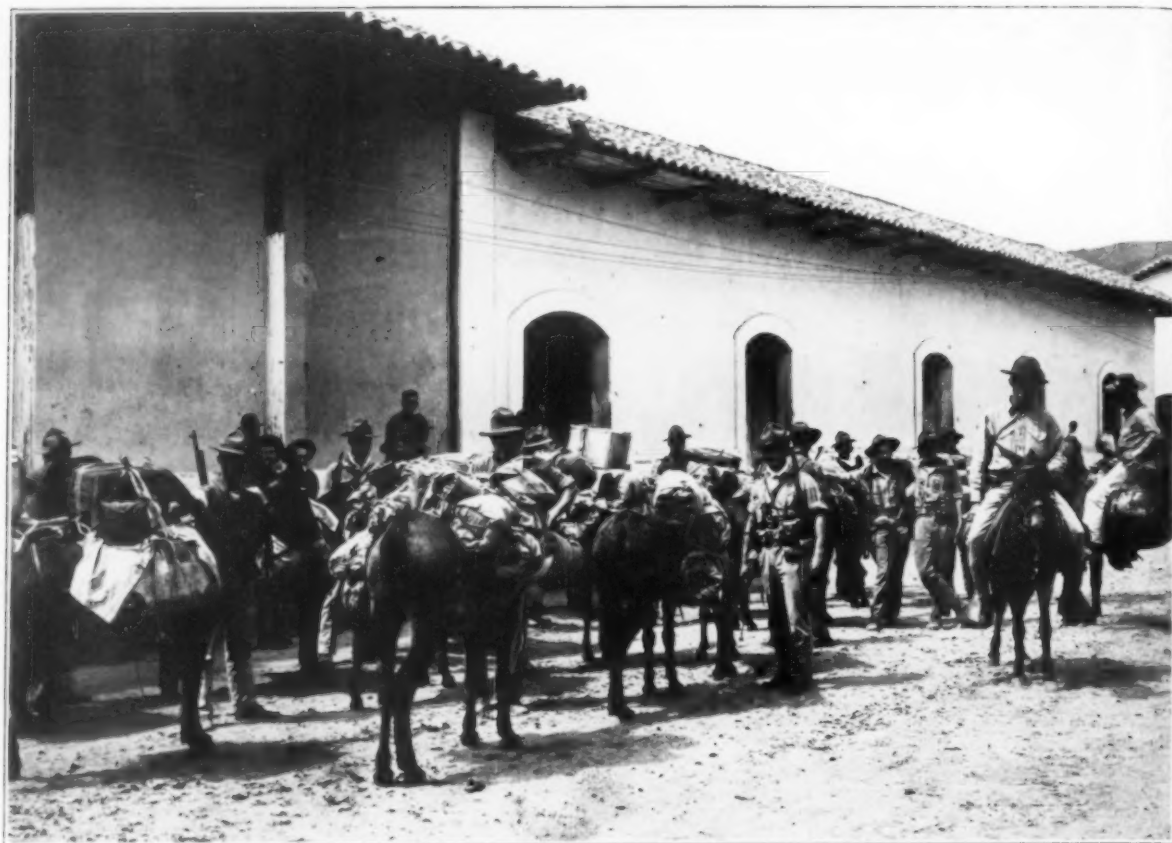
TASTE *above everything*

efield
MUST BE DESERVED



MILD, yes... and
 yet **THEY SATISFY**





Marine Patrol with Pack Train of sure-footed quadrupeds equipped for an extended patrol into the Nicaraguan hills.



Colonel Logan, U. S. M. C., at Headquarters, Second Brigade, U. S. Marines, Managua, Nicaragua.

The Marines Have Landed-



AND HOW!! Don't blame ol' Slumburner for heav-
ing you out when you smudge up his galley with a
pipe that smells worse than a Shanghai alley. Break off
being an eight-ball. Swab out that ripe crusted old briar,
stoke 'er hold with Sir Walter and put yourself in right
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AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford
(Dawson Photo)

Passing through a small town in Florida I asked a fellow-passenger "What is this?" His reply was, "You are right." I could only gaze in a bewildered fashion and imagine that he had misunderstood when he laughingly stated that "The Indian name for this place is Nocatee, meaning 'what is it?' and although I was born here, and am a Florida cracker, I am still asking as I occasionally pass through it 'What is it?'"

Some day someone will find it and without asking questions will take it in hand and the corner store, with scattered houses and shacks surrounding, will become the center of a community of worth-while interest, while the lovely land around that district will then become one of Florida's beauty spots.

Going through a nearby city, Arcadia, I found two Marines of the 1921-22 vintage, both doing well and proving to the citizens of that place that Marines profit by their training, and when out of active service their fellow citizens become proud of their association.

Did you ever meet Q. M. Sergeant Lewis Grinberg? He is in Parris Island, and to my inquiry concerning his work, for I met him in the tailor shop, he smilingly but very cleverly replied: "By nationality I am a shop keeper." How could a man be found in any other place in the Corps?

Another sergeant, Ellison S. McAdams, recently visited Savannah. As a rule when Mac goes from the Island he likes company, but on this occasion he rejected all offers, saying he had received a phone call and couldn't wait. Such visits call for speculation, but not for long, for the next day's "Savannah News" carried a note concerning a license and the name of Miss Lucille Lambert of Fort Worth, Texas, figured in it. Congratulations and best wishes, Mac.

The redoubtable Lieutenant W. J. Mosher, after two years in Nicaragua, has returned to the United States, and now occupies the important position of Chief Forester and City Planner for Parris Island. The lieutenant delights in the open air life and there is plenty of work to keep up the standard of beauty around the Main Station and Recruit Area which General Lee has always aimed at.

Gunnery Sergeant Cain of the Prison Farm is a good friend to know if you require either information or assistance about or in plants, flowers, or trees, and thus the lieutenant naturally became good friends with Cain. I may say that Cain is no relative of a former Cain, but

a real tiller of the soil, like the old Cain's brother. The farm and its work is a wonderful tribute to the sergeant's efficiency and to the fine loyalty of those who work with him to make it a success.

Although my special work as Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for the Marines has ceased with the ending of February, I am still hopeful that it will be possible to keep in touch with the men and officers of the Corps by correspondence and thus "Galley Fires" may still burn brightly if my expectations concerning "ways and means" are realized. During the years of my labors with the Corps, the Army and Navy Departments of the Y. M. C. A. have splendidly provided for the expenses of the work done and have never failed in times of stress and trouble, as in the disaster at Dover, N. J., and at a special call for help, to give the invitation that I must "go the limit" for the extra needs. The last two years, however, have been seasons of depleted incomes, and it has been with difficulty that the headquarters have been able to provide funds for the necessary budget, and it was with great and sincere regret that during the Christmas holidays I was notified that it would be impossible for the board to provide the necessary sum for the continuance of my department of activities after March 1st. I am glad to say that the splendid work of Mr. Ellis, of Peiping, China, will go on as heretofore, and the Marines will still find the warmest of welcomes at the numerous association buildings provided for service men. Bremerton, with Storey and Erikson, the latter having been a Marine; San Pedro, with Stainforth and Alexander; San Diego, with Eastman and Eddy; Honolulu, with Andrews. All these on the west coast carry a real and genuine touch of home and friendliness for the Marine and sailor, while on the east coast and in Panama the same spirit of brotherhood is extended in the most wholehearted fashion by McDougall and Barrett, of Newport; Clarke and Hazard, of Boston; Tisdale and his staff in Brooklyn; Evans and the Norfolk group of workers, and Tom Shields of the new Navy Building in Philadelphia. In New York, around 34th Street, too, at the lovely Sloan Memorial Building you can ask for Hoffmire and an outstretched hand of greeting and the best of a good time will always be yours.

It has been a great privilege for me to have been with you and to have been accorded the opportunity of serving you, and though the personal touch may have come to an end, I trust that you will not forget that I shall be delighted to hear from you. My address will be for the present: 303 29th St., Bradenton, Florida.

And the poem I have selected for the month, I trust, will be of help to you as it has to me.

"Traveling With God"

My plans were made, I thought my path all bright and clear,
My heart with song o'erflowed, the world seemed full of cheer,
My Lord I wished to serve, to take Him for my Guide,
To keep so close that I could feel Him by my side,
And so, I traveled on.

But, suddenly, in skies so clear and full of light,
The clouds fell thick and fast, the days seemed changed to night;
Instead of paths so clear and full of things so sweet,
Rough things and thorns and stones seemed all about my feet,
I scarce could travel on.

I bowed my head and wondered why this change should come,
And murmured, "Lord, is this because of ought I've done?"
Has not the past been full of enough pain and care?
Why should my path again be changed to dark from fair?
But still I travel on.

I listened—quiet and still, there came a voice—
"This path is Mine, not thine, I made the choice;
Dear child, this service will be best for thee and Me,
If thou wilt simply trust and leave the end to Me."
And so we traveled on.

If you want a selection of names, both proper names and nicknames, a visit to the Parris Island Rifle Range Detachment will furnish you all you require. The two "Bills" are the old reliables, First Sergeant William E. Safley and Gunnery Sergeant Henry M. Bailey. Both these Bills run true to form and can always be accounted as above par value. Thirteen years of faithful service runs parallel also with that of Sergeant Ellis T. (Skinny) Walter; although why anybody living at such a splendid mess as provided by the R. R. mess sergeant should be called "Skinny" rather puzzles me. Another sergeant is known as "Jimmie Legs," but why Harry McHenderson should be so described has not been revealed, for I had not known that any of his twelve years service had been in any other than the Marine Corps. Sergeants Thomas O. Lowery and James R. Tucker run neck and neck with eleven and ten years, and when you see and talk to them you feel lots better and more at home when you can simply as a friend know them as "Tom" and "Tuck."

Otis M. "Rebel" Davis, Verna Dickey, Otto J. Gumaelius, Fred Martin, and Bruce Wilson make up the sergeants' roster of eleven men, tried and true. Of the corporals, a mighty bunch, more anon.

Lieutenant H. N. Kenyon left the Island to go to the U. S. S. "Denver" recently, but was wonderfully excited the evening before departure on receiving a phone call from Charleston notifying him that a bouncing baby boy had arrived and that mother and baby were in splendid condition. Lieutenants Ryan and Hollingsworth also left for Asiatic stations, the former will find it quite a change from his last appointment.

Gunnery Sergeant John A. Gustafson was surprised at sudden orders to proceed to the new U. S. S. "Pensacola," but Lieutenant King will be pleased to get the efficient and loyal help that "Gus" is always known to give, whether on land or sea.

Amongst the new arrivals on the Island were Lieutenant Culpepper, Lieutenant Byrd, and Marine Gunner Holloway.

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: You who weren't on hand on the "Pensacola" the other day when she was commissioned, can't imagine what you missed. Despite the counteracting effect of hot coffee in the ward room, by the time the ship had been properly turned over to Captain Howe we were envying Commander Byrd down somewhere near the South pole, in a nice, warm igloo. We aren't generally superstitious, but when the coldest, bitingest wind of the year blows up just about the time the "Pensacola" is christened, we can't help but think of some of the old Nordic lore we have heard about, how "the ice god lent his armor, and the north wind gave his lance." It is sort of a nice idea anyhow, for those old Nordics were fighters and seafaring men, and what could be a better omen for a brand new cruiser than to think that all of their gallant old gods had gathered at its christening to lend it strength and invincibility. It is a handsome ship, and a gallant ship, and it represents a lot more than just a beautifully and strongly designed unit in our naval defense. It represents the sweat and work of the men who gave of their strength and ingenuity from the time the forging of the first steel plate started, up until the Navy Yard turned it over to its commander the other day. It represents even more than that, it represents the farmers out in the middle west reaping great wheat harvests so they can pay their part of the taxes; it represents the wheels of countless factories turning round so that the owners and their employees can each pay in their share of the taxes that build and keep the "Pensacola;" it represents the thousands upon thousands of Americans in offices, schools, shops, department stores, and homes that give each their part toward keeping up our Navy, and who, after all, even more than your C. O., and the man above him right on up to the President himself, employ you to defend them against possible foes, and who, though unseen, you obey when you carry out each order given you. Compared to the "Pittsburgh" and the "Texas" and the "Rochester" and even the "Saratoga" the "Pensacola" is a very young ship. She has got to take her "shakedown" cruise yet, and she has got to get hold of herself in a lot of ways. There is that fine, intangible something called "ship spirit" that has got to grow up in her. Her men have got to make records in athletics, and in marksmanship, and in engineering, and perhaps in that more serious and gruelling contest of actual fight, so that she may have tradition and grow into the hearts of her crew, so that when they are in the furthestmost part of the world from her the mention of her name

will bring the heart throb that only a man knows when he hears the name of "his ship," the ship which he has been proudest to serve on and has given his best to, mentioned. All that and more is before the "Pensacola." But from what we saw of her officers and her crew we believe that when she starts out for her trials, that there won't be a cruiser in the Navy with a better all-round complement of men aboard.

Passing along the deck in the biting wind we saw the Marine detachment drawn up, for orders. Lt. S. W. King, who commands the "Pensacola's" detachment, was addressing his men and we had a chance to observe both the men and their officer carefully, and the "Pensacola" has nothing to be ashamed of in her detachment of Leathernecks. They have our good wishes for a "bon voyage," and to the "Pensacola" herself we extend the same good wish, and also congratulate her upon the detachment of Marines she has on board.

Now, the next thing is a logical nickname for the "Pensacola." She can hardly be called the "Pennsy," although it does sound like the most logical, for the "Pennsylvania" has that already cinched. We are, accordingly, listening in with much interest, for there is more in a name, especially a nickname, than most folks admit.

The aviation show caught us, deafened us with its whirring motors, blinded us with the glare of its bright lights and the ambitious things that it set before us in aviation's program for 1930, and the huge Brunelli passenger plane finished us up by smothering us into a feeling of infinitesimal nothingness when we stood under one of its huge wings and looked up. We felt very much like a cricket must feel when an owl swoops over it, and we didn't begin to get our equilibrium back until our escort (who is handling the publicity for the show) ex-Marine Corps Lieutenant Frank Malen, took us over and introduced us to Mr. and Mrs. Sloan Taylor, of the Telegraph, that swanky sports newspaper that sells for 10c. Mrs. Taylor, who had no place to sit other than in the huge red airplane that was the Telegraph's exhibit, had surrendered her seat to sundry war pilots, whose heated conversations reached us in broken bits of—"and then, just when I got in position to drop a bomb—I hit an air pocket and my ship went out of control—one of my wings was torn and I jammed the stick like this—"

"They have so much fun that I couldn't dislodge them" said Mrs. Taylor, and a little later, "I think I could qualify to write the aviation history of the World War."

Capt. Jack Swaab, third ranking ace in the U. S. strolled past us with a jaunty air. Chamberlain lounged nonchalantly against the side of the giant Brunelli. New York's flying cops, in their spick and span new uniforms demonstrated the blue Savoia Marchetti, one of the three planes which will keep New York's ether free of law breakers. One man explained the principles of the frail looking gliders, while we watched another busily playing with the toy airplane that is

operated like a real plane, with a nice humming sound of motors.

U. S. Marine Corps posters were there in plenty, and in a corner, looking for some reason rather disconsolate, sat an Army sergeant and corporal on an anti-aircraft gun. Knowing nothing at all about aviation other than the tickling sensation we got in our stomach the first time we flew . . . in one of the old type of planes that made up the Gates Flying Circus—we don't like to remember how long ago—we left the exhibit with the ideas firmly fixed in our mind that a new type of house would have to be invented if there were going to be many giant Brunellis flying about—and that we preferred the type of plane with an open cockpit and only two wings, for that would give us two less wings to worry about falling off.

Col. E. A. Greene, commandant of Marines at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, has gone into the movies. Just how it came about was in this way. The morning that King George's speech was broadcast it was so very early that it seemed very few people were going to be awake and hear it. So few, in fact, that the Colonel decided that rather than have the King think we were a disrespectful nation, he would get up and tune in on the speech himself. Some movie photographer heard about it, and presto! there was Colonel Greene in the movie news giving a representation of just how wide awake our Marines generally are when anything worth while is happening.

Over on the city desk at the Brooklyn Eagle they have an ex-Marine, but it doesn't keep them from making a mistake like this one which we clipped from their story of the christening of the "Pensacola":

The "Pensacola" cost \$11,000,000 to build and her officers and crew total 00.

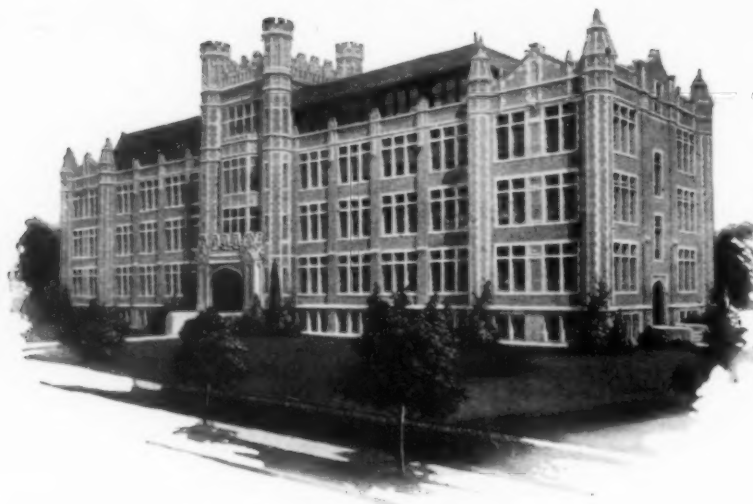
With spring at hand a lot of fellows who put in for transfers to get away from Lakehurst last fall will begin to reconsider. After having spent the winter hauling onto the "Los Angeles" ropes, they probably feel that they have earned the cooling zephyrs that are supposed (note I say supposed) to play about this part of the country during the warm weather by people who have not spent a summer up in this part of the country.

OUR FIRST MARINE OFFICER

The Columbian Centinel (Boston), September 8, 1790, and the Boston Independent Chronicle of the following day, carried the following notice:

"Died—at Philadelphia, Major Samuel Nicholas, late of the American Army."

Major Samuel Nicholas was the first American Marine Officer ever commissioned by Continental Congress. The date was November 28, 1775. Not even an American naval officer's commission can be produced today with an earlier date. He was never an Army officer though he did command a battalion of Marines at the Battle of Princeton in Washington's Army.—Second Brigade News.



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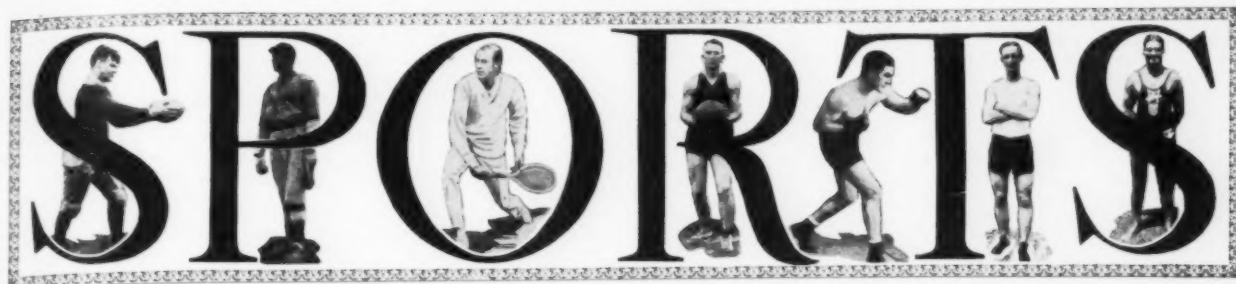
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4TH REGIMENT RUGBY TEAM REMAINS UNDEFEATED

Piling up a score of 198 points against the 11 totaled by their various opponents, the rugby team representing the 4th Regiment of Marines, Shanghai, China, is making a reputation throughout the Orient. Twice they clawed the Wiltshire Regiment, 22 to 0 and 24 to 0. They sunk the team from H. M. S. "Kent" 41 to 0, and beat the Shanghai Scottish 62 to 3. The Shanghai Club Interport team held them to an 8 to 8 tie, and the Armored Car aggregation went down before them to the tune of 41 to 0.

Rugby isn't exactly an American game and it is no little achievement for the Marines to establish themselves as they have. It is always difficult to beat another man at his own game, most people won't try it; but when the Marines discovered that they could get no opposition in American football they decided to try out rugby. The result is gratifying.

"CALIFORNIA" MARINES FINISH TARGET SEASON

With battle practices completed for the year, the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "California" have turned their attention toward athletics. The whaleboat crew, in charge of Sergeant Ermon Hensen, is hard at work daily in the waters of San Pedro Bay; and from all reports the boat will give a good account of itself this year.

Baseball, enjoyed in all seasons out on the coast, is beginning to show itself and the detachment team is fast rounding into form for the inter-division meets, which are always looked forward to by the crew while on the southern cruise.

Captain Evans O. Ames, our new skipper and athletic booster par excellence, is a daily visitor at the ball diamond, and from the pointers received by the gang from the skipper, all hands agree that he has more than a passing interest in the great American game.

Recent transfers in the guard took many of the older detachment to the Marine Base at San Diego. In return the detachment received many likely-looking prospects for next year's gunnery practice, which starts immediately after the cruise south. With New York as the focus point, the guard is anticipating a very enjoyable cruise through the Panama Canal. The Big Ditch will offer the new men a splendid opportunity to break out their cameras.

First Sergeant Nolan Tillman, of the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team fame, relieved First Sergeant Haggarty on the first of the New Year and has the situation well in hand. While not new to ship duty, the first sergeant admits that newer ships are quite the duck soup in the way of comforts and convenience for the crew.

1548 Neches,
Beaumont, Tex.,
January 26, 1930.

The Leatherneck,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs: At last I have received the January issue of the Leatherneck, after many maneuvers it has found its hovel. I hope I don't have to wait as long for any of the future issues as I have for this one. But we are straightened out on my address now and I don't expect to experience any more trouble in getting the best little magazine in circulation.

I have meant to write you a few jots which might be of interest to some of my old buddies in the Corps and let them know of my good fortune since I left the good old Corps, and also to give credit to the Marine Corps for being able to take advantage of a break which came my way after I was discharged last September.

Following my discharge from the service, I was playing baseball for a semi-pro organization in Alexandria, Virginia, where I obtained a tryout with the Washington Senators and they liked my prospects well enough to sign me up for one month of last season and also this season. I go south to Biloxi, Miss., with them for spring training next month. Had it not been for the opportunity I had while in the service to develop I would never have probably played baseball at all. But thanks to the two years while a Leatherneck I advanced far enough to get this high and I hope to be a full-fledged major leaguer in three or four more years. I contribute all my success to the coaching efforts I received from Lieutenants Davies, Bailey and Coach Keady.

I am at present employed here in Beaumont by the Magnolia Petroleum Company, and incidentally playing basketball for them got me my job with them.

I would like to hear from all of my old buddies in the service and it emphasizes that old adage "Once a Marine, always a Marine." I still have a longing to come back.

I hope you will find a little space in your magazine for this, and may I wish you continued success in your efforts to make the Leatherneck what it has always been, "the best of service magazines."

Very truly yours,
(s) PFC. ARTHUR A. FREEMAN,
U. S. M. C. R.

MORE VICTORIES FOR PHIL HARDY

By Don J. Leonard

Since the last publication of "The Leatherneck," Phil Hardy has won three bouts, all of them by the knockout route, and all against good boys. Phil Hardy says that he hates to disappoint the cash customers by not knocking out his man, so he puts them to sleep as quickly as possible, his motto is, "I aim to please." And he does that and more.

I'll go into the history of Phil Hardy for the benefit of the boys that don't know the "Fighting Marine." He served aboard the U. S. S. "Galveston," and was a member of the famous Coco River patrol in Nicaragua.

Since coming to Philly he has done as much as anybody could ask, and all the men at this post are as interested in him as when Gene Tunney held up the spirit of the Corps. He is working hard every day at the Olympia Gym in Philly and he knows that only through hard work will he be able to realize his ambitions.

We're all pulling for "Phil" here in Philly and were going to keep the Corps and ex-Leathernecks posted on his fights through "The Leatherneck," so watch "The Leatherneck" for the results of his future fights. And don't forget about that challenge to any Marine his weight.

By the way, Phil's home town happens to be Buffalo, New York, and some day he wants to make this town as proud of him as it is of Jimmy Slattery today.

HAGESTAD WINS FROM SAILOR

Pearl Harbor, T. H.—In a whirlwind bout of four rounds Corporal Vernon C. Hagestad, elusive featherweight Marine, won a decision over the Submarine Base's flash, F. C. Harvey. The bout was the feature go of the Sub-Base Smoker, and those who stayed to the finish of some twelve or thirteen conflicts of varying degrees of interest, were well rewarded by the speed and fury of this last bout.

Since his enlistment at San Diego in November, 1926, Hagestad has taken many victories for himself and the Corps. In San Diego, on board the "West Virginia" and, for the past year and a half, here in Pearl Harbor, those who have seen his fights know their calibre and speed. Leather flies plenty fast in each of his bouts, and the final bell leaves no doubt in the mind of his opponent as to whether or not the affair has been a tea party or a boxing contest.

Hagestad's fight with Harvey was the first of this season's contests, and the fact that he twice horizontalized the perpendicularity of this clever little sailor, something no other man has been able to do, nor Hagestad himself in previous battles, seems to indicate considerable

improvement which should take this scrappy Marine to the top of the Sector-Navy championship this year.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

An International Game Played by U. S. Marines.

By Lt. G. E. Monson

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles by First Lieutenant G. E. Monson, U. S. M. C. He is well qualified to write on the subject, having played rugby at school, and during 1928 and 1929 he was athletic officer of the Fourth Regiment at Shanghai. In the latter capacity he had much to do with the successful introduction of Marine rugby activities in that city.

The sport pages of American newspapers have frequently carried mention of rugby football here of late.

Papers of New England and New York published news concerning the adoption of the game at Yale and Harvard, as an additional fall sport. For the 1930 season, inter-college competition is to be limited to teams made up entirely of British students attending the two schools.

Lud Wray, new Penn coach, has expressed himself to the news gatherers as interested in the adoption of the rugby style of passing for use in lateral passes. He gained his ideas from witnessing a few rugger contests.

A few years ago, Howard Jones, the famous coach of U. S. C.'s Trojan warriors, imported a rugby coach from Australia to teach his boys how to successfully convert goals. Several of his "big" games had been lost due to failures on tries for conversion points, and a very noticeable improvement followed the rugger type of instruction in this department of our own game.

The foregoing facts are mentioned in support of an argument advanced by the writer, that the rugby code of football is gaining favorable attention here in the United States. In this connection the Marine Corps numbers in its personnel more young Americans who have played, and are playing, rugby football than is the case with any other group or organization. Some fifteen years ago,

rugby had a vogue on the Pacific coast, but the men who learned the game at Stanford, California, Santa Clara and St. Mary's universities, and played before just as enthusiastic crowds as now turn out on fall Saturday afternoons to watch "big" games throughout the country, are now engaged in pursuits far removed from the call of the pigskin. Their playing days are behind them, and such names as Charley Austin, Pretty Lachmund, Fat Muldoon, Chalk McKim, and others of Pacific Coast rugger fame, are unknown to the present day sports columnists.

About nine-tenths of the readers of this article have never seen a rugby match—the other tenth being those fortunate enough to see the Marine rugby squads of 1927-28, 1928-29, and 1929-30 in action against the best teams of the Far East. Lest that "best teams of the Far East" qualification be misunderstood, and to correct any impression that same consisted of a group of returned laundrymen, or of any other hastily gathered together teams, let it be known that British Army and Navy teams, some of which were rated among the highest in "home-side" service rugger, were played, in addition to the interport teams of Shanghai which have a rugger history of a half-century of organized competition. For instance, the captain of the 1927 Oxford University team played against our Marine squad in 1928-29 and he was not the best player of his side at that.

To Captain Harry Liversedge, well-known in Marine Corps sports annals, belongs the credit for getting the Marines a place in the rugby "sun." He played rugger while an undergraduate at the University of California and was an outstanding player for the Golden Bear fifteen. When rugby was abandoned on the coast, he switched to the American game, and was no less successful in the latter variety of the pigskin sport.

After the initial arduous duties incident to the occupation of billets by the 3rd Brigade in Tientsin, China, the usual penchant of Leathernecks for sports activities asserted itself. When the fall season of 1927 arrived, a large number of men desired to play football, but no equipment was available, nor was there any outside competition to be had even

though a team was formed. Without such competition, no Marine sports calendar is complete, and accordingly the outlook was anything but promising. However, a rugby football league composed of units of the British, French, and Japanese defense forces and a civilian team, was in process of formation, and in usual Marine fashion the "Marine can do anything" spirit manifested itself, and under the leadership of Captain Liversedge a Leatherneck rugby squad was organized and a Marine team entered in the league. The very successful record of this Marine team and of the later squads, will be described in detail in a second "Leatherneck" article. The Marines soon had the rugby situation well in hand and made, and are making, rugger history in the Far East.

As we all know from experience, Leathernecks are in a way "citizens of the world." "Marines travel" is not simply a recruiting slogan, and Marine athletes have carried the standard of American sportsmanship to many lands. In connection with our many sports activities, certain major sports stand out as being "international" in the sense that they are played under many flags without basic change of rules or playing conditions. In this class are numbered swimming, tennis, boxing, track and field events, soccer football and rugby football. Contrary to the opinion of the uninitiated, soccer and rugby are not related, and there is just as much difference between them as between the soccer code and our own American football.

Rugby well earns its classification as an international sport, for it is played in most of the countries of Europe, in the Far East, in South America, and in North America. It has gained a place as a fixture in the Olympic games program, and in this connection, Mr. Marine reader, how would you like to see the following headlines printed on the sports pages of the national press in 1932: "MARINES WIN OLYMPIC RUGBY TITLE FOR U. S."? Wouldn't you get a real kick out of news of that sort?

Think that over, whether you have ever seen a rugby match or no. Such a feat is not impossible, nor is it even far fetched if steps are taken to hold our rugby players together and to form a U. S. squad this coming fall and next. Plenty of competition is available from Canadian teams, and if the squad was trained in New England, no doubt matches could be obtained with the Yale and Harvard fifteens. Also we have exchanged felicitous greetings with the Royal Marines, and the members of both these famous organizations would welcome the exchange of something more tangible and satisfying—say, for instance, an exchange of kicks and passes on a rugby field.

The bringing of an American team to England to play their own game on equal terms with them, would be a sensation, and if that team could more than hold its own resultant favorable publicity for our Corps would be incalculable.

Next month an article will tell of the actual record made by our rugby teams, and of the outstanding players who have proven their ability in this sport. Rugby is a real man's game, one full of fight and spectacular play, and is the sort of a game that fosters sportsmanship of the highest order—in other words, it is an international game for Marines.



Fourth Regiment Rugby Team, 1929-1930, at Shanghai, China. Back row, left to right: Captain Cates, Burke, Stokes, Slusser, Colonel Lyman, Felt, Clark, Lawless, Lieutenant Baylis. Sitting: Morgan, Williby, Smith, Travers, Cogsdell, Lewandowski, Fiese, Maris, and Jurgens.

MARINES TAKE SERVICE TITLE

The Northwest Service basketball championship was won by the U. S. Marines from the Navy Yard, Puget Sound, Washington, in a tournament held at Fort Lewis, Washington.

Teams in competition were from Fort Lewis, Fort Lawton (Seattle), Vancouver Barracks, and the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Puget Sound.

Each team was to play the remaining teams one game, in doing this a three-way tie resulted, with Vancouver Barracks, Fort Lawton, and the Marines still running.

An elimination was decided with Vancouver and Fort Lawton playing off for the Army championship of the district, the winner to meet the Marine team for the Service championship of the Northwest District.

The final game, Vancouver Barracks vs. Marine Barracks, was hard fought and thrilling. The Marine team was favored to win and were forced to the uttermost by a team that was determined not to lose. In the final three minutes a rally was staged that brought the score from an easy win to a very narrow victory.

The score with three minutes to play was 28-20, in favor of the Marines. Shay, Vancouver forward, made three sensational shots from near the center of the floor, bringing the score to 28-26. Time was taken out by the Marines and it was found that there was just one minute of play left.

When the game was resumed the Marines made certain that no opportunity was allowed for a shot to be made from any position and the game ended with the teams making a desperate fight for the ball in the center of the floor.

At the conclusion of this game a beautiful cup was presented the winning team, with silver basketballs for the players, coach and manager. The presentation was made by a representative of Brigadier General Joseph Castner, commander general of the Northwest Division of the Ninth Corps Area. In presenting the trophies the representative expressed the congratulations of the general and commended the winners and other competing teams on the fine spirit shown throughout the tournament.

Summary for the final game of the Service Championship of the Northwest District:

U. S. Marines		Vancouver Bks.	
Player	Pts.	Player	Pts.
Gerard, f	12	Shay, f	8
Brown, F.A., f . .	6	Gallant, f	2
Brown, H.C., c . .	6	Beigaj, c	12
Fritz, g	2	Harryman, g . . .	2
Leifer, g	2	Funk, g	2
	28		26

The members of the Marine team making the trip and to whom the silver basketballs were presented were: Second Lieutenant Archie V. Gerard, coach and forward; Sergeant Earl S. Ross, manager; Corporals Sydney A. Leifer, guard; Glenn S. Wilson, forward; Private First Class H. C. Brown, center; Privates Fred A. Brown, forward; A. W. Fritz, guard; R. A. McCartney, forward; H. C. Schrader, guard and center; Robert Reid, forward, and John F. Peterson, guard.

Earlier in the season the Marine Barracks won the 11th Naval District cham-



Marine team from Puget Sound, winners of the Northwest Service Trophy.

pionship in a very decisive way. At present the Marine team is representing the 13th Naval District in a City League at Bremerton, Washington, and are one of the outstanding teams in this league, in which some very interesting and good basketball is being played.

PEARL HARBOR MARINES DEFEAT ARMY IN FAST CAGE BATTLE

By Harry A. Weber

Honolulu, T. H., Jan. 10.—In as fast and thrilling a basketball game as Marines anywhere have ever witnessed, the speedy Marine team from Pearl Harbor nosed out the much-touted Fort Shafter hoop artists by the narrow margin of two points. The score was tied several times, at 33, 35 and 37. Then, with the gun poised in the air for the final shot, Lieutenant Alan Shapely, coach and star center of the Marine quintet, released a high, arching shot which swished through the net for a lead of two points and victory for the Marines, 39 to 37.

The value of this victory can be better appreciated when it is realized that the Fort Shafter team is composed of the best basketball players among approximately 14,000 Army men, while the scrappy Marine team is of local material, selected from a command of only 350 men. The result of the game was a decided upset, for the fans believed that the Shafter's strong offensive game, centered around Vichules, Ghan and Wagner, would cause the artillerymen to win by at least ten points.

The Marines, especially Thompson and Petty, were extremely fast and they knifed back and forth through the Shafter defense for shots that kept them in the lead during the greater part of the game.

The defensive work of Wetja and Harris, a new man on the team, was nothing

less than spectacular, as the Army was held to the small sum of two goals through the first half. Lieutenant Shapely, playing a stellar game at center against Ghan, who is considered the best center in the Islands, repeatedly broke up the Vichules-Ghan-Wagner combination upon which the Army pinned its hopes.

Each branch of the service was well represented and the rooting sections were in a constant uproar. At times the noise was so terrific that the referee was forced to call time out in order to sufficiently quiet the rooters and enable the players to hear his whistle. At the final gun the Marine supporters rushed out on the floor and hoisted the players on their shoulders.

It was a great game, well-played, hard-fought, with good sportsmanship throughout and one that will be long remembered by all service men in Hawaii.

BASKETBALL—PHILADELPHIA

By L. A. Goodwin

Now that the season for our favorite winter sport is closed, we turn toward the best indoor sport—basketball. Several weeks ago the Clerical School organized a team from the few members of the class who knew anything about the game at all, and to date a very creditable showing has been made; especially when considering the limited number of men from which to chose. Most of the games have been played with outside teams, composed of men who have been playing together for several years. Sergeant McDowell, in charge of the dispensing of clerical knowledge, was the head and spirit of the team. Often they ran short of players and it was necessary to turn elsewhere for them. In instances of this sort, Corporal Leidloff, of the Quartermaster School, was called upon,

and toward the latter part of their season he became a necessary unit to their efficiency. The U. S. S. "Pennsylvania" team was among their victims.

We very recently had an opportunity to see the Post Team in action. Action is plenty right. As in the case of the football team, the young lieutenants of the Basic School have a big hand in the basketball team. After only a few days of practice the Barracks Team went in against the basketeers from the U. S. S. "Vestal," a five that has defeated everything in this neck of the woods for some time. I, at least, did not concede the Marines a chance, for I had seen the sailors in action several times before, and they looked pretty tough. The whole ship, from the commanding officer down, is behind that team, and for a good reason; they had been playing real basketball until they bumped into the gang from Philly. I gathered from here and there that they expected to meet a bunch of big, rough football players who would depend on off-tackle bucks to gain points. So the "V" players started right off by being rough. I felt sorry for that referee, he certainly had his hands full in the first half, calling fouls and broadcasting warnings against rough tactics. In the first ten minutes of play two fights developed and the game was halted for a spell. Finally it got started again.

I never saw such a fight as those two teams put up. Due to poor condition, the Marines were forced to use numerous substitutes and thus their coordinating efficiency was impaired somewhat. At the end of the first half the score stood: "Vestal" 9, Marines 6.

McCaffery, Moe, Roberts, Toomey, and Allen put out some mighty good playing. There were several new faces in the line-up who were as much responsible for the fine showing of the Marines as anyone, and no doubt these men will be

heard from later on. The line-up was changed so often that it was almost impossible to keep track of those whose faces were unfamiliar.

Six minutes to play, the score stood: "Vestal" 22, Marines 15. Thirty seconds to play, the Marines had fought themselves into a position that threatened the "Vestal's" lead. A final basket brought the score up to "Vestal" 23, Marines 22. The ball was under the Leatherneck's basket and they were fighting like mad to make just one more goal—when the whistle blew, ending hostilities.

The "Vestal" is going South soon and the chance of another game between these two teams appears to be slim.

SHANGHAI SPORTS

A Gymkhana was held by the China Association Motorcyclists at the Canidrome. The regiment was ably represented by two entries, Chester Larson and Dave Adix. These two men took six first places and one second, winning seven cups and trophies. The presentation was made at a ball given by the association to all the contestants.

Basketball

Fourth Regiment vs. Shanghai College

From start to finish the Marines kept the ball going in the direction of the Collegian's basket. Score at half time stood at 22 all. Wetherbee of the Marines was high point scorer of the game with 21 points to his credit. Conyers followed him with 16 points. Williams and Wetherbee from the center tip-off made the best combination that has been seen on the local courts this season.

Final score—Marines 51, Shanghai College 38.

Fourth Regiment vs. St. John's College

The Marine five started with Wetherbee and Conyers forwards, Dillon center and Rassmussen and Williams guards.

This combination worked as smooth as could be expected. Score at half time stood at 19-10 in our favor. From here on the Collegians went on a scoring spree and at one time the score was 19-18. The Marines promptly turned the table which brought out some brilliant playing from both sides.

Final score—Marines 39, St. John's College 29.

Third Battalion Cagers Win Navy "Y" League Title

The Navy Y. M. C. A. Basketball League finished on January 18th with a whirlwind when the 3rd Battalion nosed out the Marine "B" team in a game that demanded one extra period. It was anyone's game right up to the last minute. The crowd that attended went wild, as the defeat of the 3rd Battalion would have meant a three-cornered tie. Therefore the fans' interest was particularly keen. The Third Battalion team won every game, the players were: Swank, Smith, F. A., Slusser, Perkins, Rassmussen, Knifton.

Shanghai's Open Girl's Basketball League

Regimental Ladies vs. XI's of the American School

Mrs. Cresswell was the individual star of the game, making a total of six field goals. Mrs. True piled up a total of three, while Mrs. Fiske came through with three at crucial periods of the game.

Final score—Marine Ladies 27, XI's American School 19.

Regimental Ladies vs. Chiang Nan

This game was very close. Each team was very good at guarding. Score at first quarter stood at 8-7 for the Marine Ladies. With two minutes to play the score was 18 all. The Marine Ladies scored a basket and a free shot just before the whistle blew. Mrs. True was the high light with 12 points. Mrs. Fiske second with seven points.

Final score—Marine Ladies 21, Chiang Nan 18.

The Fourth Regiment Ladies basketball team is composed of: Mrs. Cresswell, Fiske, True, Mason, Smith, M. D., and Miss Stamper.

Volleyball

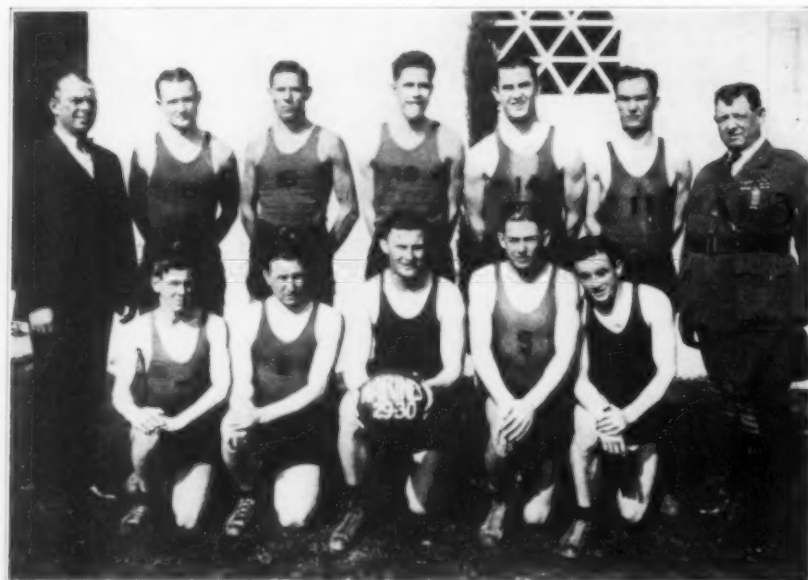
The Foreign Y. M. C. A. Invitation Volleyball League was officially opened on January 18th. The Fourth Regiment team clashed with the team from the Community Church. The match was all in favor of the Marines, winning their games by scores of 15-3, 15-8 and 15-1.

Marine line-up: Lynch, Burke of Rugby fame, Smith, Supanchis, O'Connor, Jehan and Meaney.

TIENTSIN MARINES IN WINTER SPORTS

The Marines at Tientsin and the Army stationed there have tangled in a basketball series which the Leathernecks romped home with three victories out of four games. After downing the soldiers in the first two games, 52 to 20, and 20 to 17, the Marines doped off and dropped the third, 31 to 18. They came back strong in the fourth, however, and tucked it away to the tune of 29 to 14.

In ice hockey the Marines divided a pair of games with the Tientsin Juniors. The Juniors won the first one 6 to 4, and dropped the next to the Leathernecks 5 to 4. Two extra periods were required to settle the last game.



Basketball Squad, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif. Standing, left to right: Coach John H. Blewett; Beeson, f; Craig, c; Barthel, c; Neil, g; Donnelly, g; Captain Harry V. Shurtliff, athletic officer. Kneeling, left to right: Littrell, f; Straub, g; Trees, f; Adams, g; Smith, f.

THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 28)

lightweight championship of China tucked away in his seabag. He K. O'd Sammy Cockle, idol of the British forces and who held the championship for a short while (just long enough, in fact, for Benton to hear about it). To make a clean job of it, "Rudy" took on Joe Sacramento, the next best which the promoters could offer, and Benton chalked up another victory. The rest of our fighters are doing fine, thank you, and at the present time a fight is being considered for the welterweight championship, between Marine Perstein and one Chuck Creighton, British Sailor on duty in Hongkong. We have an idea that the latter, with the help of Perstein, will change his mind pronto. Our stable consists at present of the following under the capable direction of Lieutenant Con D. Silard: Corporal Raymond W. Redford, Privates Herbert Perstein, Cris Miranda, Bert Cameron, William W. Blackwood, Benjamin Chaves, William H. Bird and J. C. Barnes.

The Fourth Regiment Rifle Teams, of course, won the Shanghai Rifle Association cup. The Regimental Team (Sergeants Barnhill, Harker, and Corporal Rumley) won first place, with Sergeant Harker high point man in the match. This team piled up a total of 260 points while the American Company of S. V. C. placed second with 257 points. The Third Battalion team (Sergeants Rich, Crowley and Tassler) won third place with 256 points. Captain Snow was coach for both teams. Teams represented every nationality in Shanghai, and from the troops of the British, Japanese, Shanghai Volunteer Corps, Swiss Rifle Club, police teams from both concessions and several civilian clubs. The colonel's office, where all the cups are kept, continues to look like a branch establishment of Tiffany.

We lay claim to being the first Marine regiment to run a beauty contest. Have so many sheiks whose good looks were being eulogized by the Shanghai papers, etc., that a contest was held to decide who should hold the title of "Mr. Fourth Regiment." One entrant from each company was permitted and the judges (Lieut. Col. Barker, Captain Passmore, and Lieutenant M. D. Smith) selected First Sergeant Van Chamberlain of the Regimental Headquarters Company as the perfect specimen of what a good looking Marine should look like.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL ROSSELL AND LIEUTENANT RIDDERHOF DECORATED

Brigadier General Dion Williams, commanding general of the Second Brigade of Marines, made two presentations of the Navy Cross to officers of the Second Brigade recently at La Loma Field, Managua, Nicaragua. The officers who received this honor were Lieutenant Colonel Joseph A. Rossell and First Lieutenant Stanley E. Riddehof.

Lieutenant Riddehof was presented with the Navy Cross at a review and inspection of all available troops in Managua, held on La Loma Field on the afternoon of January 15. Prior to the

actual presentation, General Williams and party made an inspection of the troops.

The decoration of Lieutenant Colonel Rossell took place two days later at a similar review and inspection. General Williams made the presentation and accompanied by his staff inspected and reviewed the troops.

The citations for which the two officers were awarded the decoration read as follows:

Lieutenant Colonel Rossell: "For distinguished service in the line of his profession throughout the seventeen months of continuous service in the Northern Area of Nicaragua as Regimental Executive, Eleventh Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, and Northern Area Executive, during which period he planned and executed missions against the bandits at a time when the Area Commander was absent. For having, during the period that he served as Executive, shown particular ability in August, 1928, on a repatriation board during which he successfully induced many Nicaraguans to return to their homes from Honduras, and for acting as a member of a commission of reconstruction which did much to restore the confidence of the natives of Nicaragua in the good intentions of the Nicaraguan Government and the American Government to maintain an effective, just government in the Northern Area. Lieutenant Colonel Rossell displayed great efficiency in performance of his duty connected with the presidential elections in Nicaragua on November 4, 1928."

First Lieutenant Ridderhof: "For distinguished service in the line of his profession during continuous active service in the Northern Area of Nicaragua from April 1, 1928, until June 30, 1929. First Lieutenant Ridderhof participated in and led many combat patrols that had numerous engagements with the bandits, during which he distinguished himself by his gallantry. On one occasion he led his patrol deep into unexplored territory, capturing and destroying an enemy supply dump containing food and clothing sufficient for one hundred men for one year, thereby inflicting heavy material damages on the bandits. As operations officer of the First Battalion, Eleventh Regiment, and later as adjutant of said regiment, he distinguished himself by his active, continuous and willing service. He displayed the qualities of leadership and efficiency in administrative and executive duties were exceptional."

PEIPING MOURNS JEROME STEWART

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of Jerome W. Stewart, Jr., a member of the Marine Band in Peiping, China. Stewart became ill shortly before Thanksgiving Day and his condition grew steadily worse until his death, January 18, 1930.

Stewart was born at Flemingsburg, Ky., where he attended public schools, being a senior in high school when he enlisted in the Marine Corps. He had also spent a year at Brackstone Military College, Brackstone, Va.

Stewart is survived by his parents and one sister, Miss Dorothy Filson Stewart, Flemingsburg, Ky.

MARINE DETACHMENT, NAVAL ACADEMY CLASS, NAVAL TRAINING STATION, SAN DIEGO

By "The Admiral's Strikers"

There are four Marines here, and we have dwelt in almost obscure silence these past three months. It isn't because we haven't thought about the rest of the Corps, but our studies keep us too busy for anything else. We feel that a word or two should be broadcast about our school, and perhaps some of the aspirants for a military career shall be interested to know of this splendid chance offered by Uncle Sam. Every fellow under twenty years old, if he has had two years of high school, is eligible to the class. If one decides to take advantage of this opportunity he had better make up his mind to face a trying ordeal for a period of six months—and then four years at Annapolis. That is just what it amounts to in earnest effort and diligent study. Classes are held six days a week; our only liberty being on Saturday night. Our course is a careful resume of the major subjects of high school, and the mathematics are rather advanced. Everyone is here for business, but we do have lots of good times when the occasion offers. With seventy sailors present, we fellows have some job of upholding the Marine Corps, but we do.

Our Rudy Vallee, Pfc. K. A. Humphrey, from the U. S. S. "Saratoga," is the greatest of N. A. C. social celebrities. In fact, the gay night life proved so alluring on one occasion recently that Kenny missed a stage from Los Angeles—and now he is staying aboard each weekend, studying most diligently, and shall be doing so until school is out in April. Now that his social career is over temporarily, he is not neglecting the old books, and his shipmates all wish him continued success in N. A. C. and during his time at Annapolis also.

From the good ship "Colorado" we have Pfc. T. B. Lenhart, original wisecrack and big growl man from Portland. We believe he lies awake nights thinking up original jokes and puns. All his sweethearts in Long Beach sighed when they heard that an act of Congress was going to make him a gentleman.

Lenhart is the pride of our English professor, seeming to have read and understood all of our required teachings—which is more than we can say for ourselves.

The Orient has its representation in Private (we call him "Corporal") E. C. Clayton from Olongapoo, P. I. He is the recruit ideal of the old timer, with his eight expert medals, two rows of campaign bars and a fouragere. He is studying hard and we hope to see him wearing a Sam Browne belt before long.

John Gilbert, who answers roll call as J. E. Weber, is also present. He came from the good ship "Lexington," on which he gave the captain his valuable advice as to how a ship should be run.

In command of the class is Lieutenant James Fife, U. S. N., and a better officer could hardly be found for the position. It is a trying task keeping these fellows under control, and we are all together in saying we appreciate his efforts and cooperation to the utmost.

The N. A. C. Gyrenes are signing off now. Next time you hear from us we hope to be in the Naval Academy, and well under way for a successful cruise.



QUANTITY PRODUCTION

Proud Citizen: "That factory on our right is the Smith Manufacturing Company."

Visitor: "I often wondered where all the Smiths came from."

—Foreign Service.

"Hey, you!" yelled the traffic cop at the amorous driver, "why don't you use both hands?"

"I'm afraid to let go of the steering wheel," grinned the irrepressible youth at the wheel.—Motor Life.

Hostess: "Why didn't you bring your wife along with you, Mr. Edmond?"

Guest: "Darn it! I knew I had forgotten something, but I couldn't think what it was."—Snappy Humor.

She: "I read somewhere that Dickens sometimes worked two weeks on one line."

He: "That's nothing. My uncle worked twenty years on one sentence."—Open Shop News.

School Teacher: "Who was the first man?"

Johnnie: "Washington."

School Teacher: "No, it was Adam."

Johnnie: "Oh, well, if you want to count foreigners."—Sans Gene.

Nurse: "You should have a thermometer so that you can tell if the temperature of the baby's bath is right."

Mother: "No, I don't need a thermometer. If the baby gets red it's too hot; and if he gets blue, it's too cold."—La Vie Parisienne.

Employer: "Look here, what did you mean by telling me you had had seven years' experience in a bank when you'd never had a job before?"

Youth: "Well, you advertised for a man with imagination."—Tit-Bits.

Scotsman to Dentist: "What do you charge for taking a tooth out?"

Dentist: "Four dollars."

Scotsman (after deep thought): "And what would you charge just to loosen it?"—Tit-Bits.

AT THE CROSSING

It is related that, after the locomotive had smashed a flivver at the crossing, a flapper rose from the wreckage, practically uninjured. The engineer and others gathered around.

"Why in the world didn't you stop when you saw the train coming?" asked the engineer.

The flapper was indignant.

"I sounded my horn before you blew your whistle!" she told him.



First Marine: "So Mary refused to marry you. Didn't you tell her about your rich uncle?"

Second Marine: "I did. Mary's my aunt now."

"And do your children use a toothbrush regularly?" a visiting nurse asked a mother of Fort Scott one day last week at one of the schools.

"Do they?" promptly responded the mother. "Why, the first thing when they get up in the morning it's a race to see which one can get the toothbrush first."

—Kansas Currents.

TWO TALES OF A CITY

A youth, relates a correspondent, recently mounted the network of Brooklyn Bridge with the evident object of ending it all.

"Come back," called a big-hearted sailor, "you have everything to live for."

"I ain't," retorted the youth, climbing still higher.

"Aw, come on down and we'll talk it over. Life ain't so worse."

A little more coaxing, and the intending suicide relented. For fifteen minutes life was discussed in all its chameleon aspects. Then they arose, and both jumped off.—A. & N. Journal.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other physicians who have been in consultation over my case seem to differ with you in the diagnosis."

"I know they do," replied the doctor, who had great confidence in himself, "but the autopsy will show who was right."—Newport Recruit.

Fore: "I'm going to quit the Navy."

Aft: "What for? Man alive, you've been a coal passer in the Navy for twenty-nine years."

Fore: "I know, but I don't want to get into a rut."—Tennessee Tar.

Draftsman: Chief, the barometer has fallen.

Chief: Very much?

Draftsman (with guilty look): About five feet.—Base Newspaper.

Everything possible had been done to make the jewelers' convention a success. A large hall had been engaged and a prominent speaker was scheduled to deliver the final address.

When the latter arrived he seemed in a crabby frame of mind. Looking around, he beckoned the chairman.

"I should like to have a glass of water on my table, if you please," he said.

"To drink?" asked the chairman.

"Oh, no," was the sarcastic retort, "when I've been speaking half-an-hour I do a high dive."

—Diamonds and Paste, The Keystone.

TIME TO GIVE ANOTHER FELLOW
A CHANCE

"Oh, sir," stammered a young man from Anthony recently to the father of a girl of the town. "I—er. That is, I—er, I would like to—. I mean I have—, Well, I've been going with your daughter for five years now."

"Yes," cut in the old parent, cross at having his reading interrupted. "Well, what do you want—a pension?"

—Wichita Eagle.

Recruit—"Well, what's the matter? Didn't I do all right in the parade?"

Top Sergeant (sweetly)—"Sure you did all right! Didn't you win it by half a yard?"—Cub.

"Whatever became of that young fellow who used to work for you? Obstinate young ass, he was."

"Do you mean Jones? Why he's a big man today—a millionaire several times over."

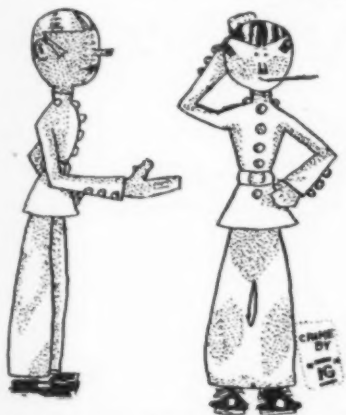
"Well, I'm not surprised at all to hear that. What a wonderful will power he had."—American Legion Monthly.

A very angry ship's cook came in to see the Editor last week. "Look here," he cried. "What do you mean by that item in the ship's paper announcing my retirement after 16 years' service?"

"But, I was told it was true," answered the Editor.

"Of course it's true," said the Ship's Cook, "but I want to know why you printed it under 'Galley Improvements'."

—Ballast.



First Friend: Did you take me home from the party last night?

Second Friend: I don't know; was I there?

"Are you taking your wife with you to Paris?"

"What! Who ever heard of taking Worcestershire sauce to London?"

—London Opinion.

Old Gentleman (bewildered at the elaborate wedding): "Are you the bridegroom?"

Young Man: "No, sir. I was eliminated in the semi-finals."—Answers.

Madam: "Mary, my husband doesn't like my red dress any more. How would you like it for yourself?"

Maid: "Well, I wouldn't mind it, but I don't suppose your husband would like it any more on me than he does on you."

—Sans-Gené.

SCENE IN TELEPHONE OFFICE

Man: "I am not going to pay this bill that I received from you."

Clerk: "I hardly think that's the right attitude, sir."

Man: "I don't care. I'm not going to pay it."

Clerk: "Don't you think that's a little bit unfair?"

Man (in a fury): "I tell you I won't pay it."

Clerk: "What possible reason could you have to make such a scene?"

Man: "Reason? Reason? I have no telephone."—Le Sourire.

"Many mosquitoes weigh a pound," the smart pupil had written in an essay.

"This is nonsense," said the teacher. "No mosquitoes weigh a pound."

"Please, sir, I said MANY mosquitoes."—Tit-Bits.



"Will you give me a penny for my thoughts?"

"What do I look like, a garbage man?"

Mrs. Gynn—"What is that terrible noise?"

Sailor—"They just dropped the anchor."

Mrs. Gynn—"I thought that would happen, it's been hanging outside for some time."—Sea Breezes.

"There's nothing really wrong with you," said the man of exorbitant fees. "Your nerves are a little frayed, perhaps. What you need is a holiday away from your friends in some quiet, restful spot."

The patient sighed regretfully.

"I'm a lighthouse-keeper," he said.

—From Smiles, Chicago Daily News.

We never hear argument as to the future employment of cavalry without being reminded of an answer given by a student cavalry officer at the University of Illinois. One of the questions on his advanced course examination was: "What is the function of cavalry?"

The perplexed cadet scratched his head, decided to bluff. He wrote: "The function of the cavalry, I take it, is to lend tone to an engagement which would otherwise degenerate into a disorderly brawl."—The Chicagoan.

A young lawyer pleading his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a claim against a railroad for killing twenty-four hogs. He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the damage, and said, "Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen, twenty-four—twice the number of you that are in the jury box."

—The Cub.

PROCRASTINATION

When a worried-looking man applied for settlement of a claim for fire insurance, the agent asked: "Much damage?"

"Not much," the man said; "just a door."

"How much would a new door cost?"

"About \$5."

"When did the fire happen?"

The man hesitated a moment, and then replied: "About thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago?"

"Yes."

"And you've waited all these years to report it?"

"Yes."

"How did that happen?"

"Well," said the man, "my wife has been at me to do something about that door ever since it was burned, and I couldn't stand it any longer."

—Kablegram.

Diner (to waiter): "What's the name of that selection the orchestra is playing?"

Waiter: "Go Feather Your Nest."

Diner: "Go jump in the lake. I asked you a civil question."—Louisville Stayer.

Customer at drug counter: "Have you any camel hair brushes?"

Clerk: "No, sir, it wouldn't be any use—none of our customers keep camels."

—Tin Hat.



He: "Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them."

She: "Who was the wise one that made that one?"

A man answered the phone. "Would you like to look at my leg again?" asked a sweet, feminine voice. "Would I what?" asked the astonished man. "I say, would you like to see my leg?" "Lady, who do you think you are addressing?" "Why, Doctor —, of course. Aren't you the doctor?" "Lady, you have the wrong number, I am an oil station operator." The sound of a hastily hung up receiver went over the wire, then a chuckle from the filling station man ended the incident.

—Hiawatha (Kans.) World.

Mrs. Hinfint—"Hilda, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning, from now on I'll get the milk."

Hilda—"It won't do you any good Mum, he promised not to kiss anyone but me."—Sea Breezes.

THE GAZETTE

Major General Wendell C. Neville
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Frank Halford.
Lt. Col. Tom D. Barber.
Maj. Charles A. Wynn.
Capt. Harry B. Liversedge.
1st Lt. Geo. H. Bellinger.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Frank Halford.
Lt. Col. Edw. W. Sturdevant.
Maj. Thad T. Taylor.
Capt. Merton J. Batchelder.
1st Lt. St. Julien R. Marshall.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JANUARY 16, 1930.

Captain George W. Shearer, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.

1st Lt. Francis M. Wulbern, detached MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Parris Island, S. C., via Army transport scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., to New York, N. Y., on or about February 1st.

JANUARY 17, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 18, 1930.

Lt. Col. Tom D. Barber, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Coordinator, Fourth Area, New Orleans, La.

Captain Carl S. Schmidt, APM, detailed as an Assistant Paymaster.

Captain Louis R. Jones, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to Recruiting District of Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio.

Captain Merwin H. Silverthorn, AQM, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam, via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 14th.

Captain John C. Wemple, detached Recruiting District of Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Ralph B. DeWitt, detached MB, USS "Denver," to MB, NYD, Boston, Mass.

1st Lt. Howard N. Kenyon, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, USS "Denver," to report aboard not later than January 31st.

1st Lt. William C. Lemly, on reporting of relief detached MB, NS, Guam, to AS, WCEP, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Robert J. Mumford, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. William A. Hamilton, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

The following named officers have been assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, China: Lt. Col. Frederick A. Barker, 2nd Lt. Tilghman E. Saunders, 2nd Lt. Robert A. Olson, 2nd Lt. Max W. Schaeffer, 2nd Lt. Jack P. Juhan, 2nd Lt. Thomas D. Marks.

JANUARY 20, 1930.

Captain Thad T. Taylor, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Fourth Regiment, China.

1st Lt. Stuart W. King, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MD, USS "Pensacola."

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Colonel Frank Halford, Major Earl H. Jenkins, Major Charles A. Wynn, Captain Miller V. Parsons, Captain Charles W. Henkle, Captain Solon C. Kemom, Chf. Mar. Gnr. Theodore G. Laitsch.

JANUARY 21, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 22, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 23, 1930.

Major Miles R. Thacher, detailed as an Assistant Adjutant and Inspector, effective February 1st.

1st Lt. Grover C. Darnall, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Ion M. Bethel, detached MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Wash., to MB, NAD, Puget Sound, Washington.

The following named officers have been assigned to duty at the stations indicated:

1st Lt. Frederick W. Biehl, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. John W. Lakso, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Frederick C. Biebusch, MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Wash.

1st Lt. Melvin E. Fuller, MD, NP, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Robert J. Mumford, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Albert L. Gardner, MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

JANUARY 24, 1930.

Lt. Col. Harry O. Smith, detached MB, Norfolk, Va., to Headquarters Marine

Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

Captain William W. Rogers, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Reginald H. Ridgely, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NYD, Charleston, S. C., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

JANUARY 25, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 27, 1930.

Major Adolph B. Miller, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain James E. Davis, detached AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Observation Squadron 9M, First Brigade, Haiti.

Captain Austin G. Rome, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to Recruiting District of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.

2nd Lt. John B. Letcher, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

JANUARY 28, 1930.

Captain Charles McL. Lott, about March 1st detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. William A. Hamilton, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Theodore G. Laitsch, on February 24th detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about March 12th.

JANUARY 29, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 30, 1930.

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 31, 1930.

Major Harry K. Pickett, relieved from detail as an Assistant Quartermaster.

Captain William W. Ashurst, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the SS "President McKinley," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about February 28th.

Captain James M. Bain, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Warren C. Barnaby, detached MD, NP, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 21st.

Captain William B. Croka, detached Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USS "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 21st.

Captain Harlen Peffer, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 21st.

1st Lt. Ralph E. Forsyth, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 21st.

1st Lt. George L. Maynard, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 21st.

2nd Lt. Walker A. Reeves, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 21st.

Chf. Pay Ck. William B. Denison, detached MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 21st.

Mar. Gnr. John H. Murphy, appointed a Marine gunner and assigned to duty on Asiatic Station.

The following named appointed second lieutenants and assigned to duty at the stations indicated:

John Wehle, MB, Quantico, Va.

Lewis R. Tyler, MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

William P. Battell, MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

Edson L. Lyman, MB, Quantico, Va.

James P. Berkeley, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Peter A. McDonald, MB, NYD, Boston, Mass.

Archibald D. Abel, MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

William W. Childs, MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

Charles E. Shepard, Jr., MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Michael McG. Mahoney, MB, NYD, Charleston, S. C.

FEBRUARY 1, 1930.

Captain Harry B. Liversedge, promoted to the grade of captain to rank from January 17, 1930.

1st Lt. Luther A. Brown, promoted to the grade of first lieutenant to rank from July 25, 1928.

1st Lt. George D. Hamilton, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. William Lake, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

FEBRUARY 3, 1930.

No changes were announced.

FEBRUARY 4, 1930.

Captain Claude A. Phillips, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 21st.

Captain Robert Yowell, on February 15th detached Recruiting District of New Orleans, New Orleans, La., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "Iriana," scheduled to sail from New Orleans on or about February 22nd.

1st Lt. John B. Weaver, on February 16th detached Battle Fleet to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Ralph D. McAfee, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "Cambrai," scheduled to sail from New York on or about February 21st.

FEBRUARY 5, 1930.

Lt. Col. Samuel W. Bogan, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., ordered to his home, and retired as of June 1, 1930.

Major William C. Wise, APM, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "St. Mihiel," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 1st.

Major Raymond R. Wright, APM, upon reporting of his relief detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Pay Ck. William J. Miller, upon reporting of his relief detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

Pay Ck. Clinton A. Phillips, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "St. Mihiel," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 1st.

FEBRUARY 6, 1930.

Captain Gilbert D. Hatfield, detached Recruiting District of Dallas, Dallas, Texas, to Asiatic Station, via the SS "President McKinley," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about February 28th.

Captain John C. Wemple, resignation accepted to take effect March 1st.

1st Lt. William H. Hollingsworth, on February 10th detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 14th.

1st Lt. Thomas M. Ryan, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Asiatic Station via the SS "President McKinley," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about February 28th.

1st Lt. Merlin F. Schneider, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Asiatic Station via the SS "President McKinley," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about February 28th.

1st Lt. Marvin V. Yandle, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

FEBRUARY 7, 1930.

1st Lt. Augustus W. Cockrell, detached MB, NOP, South Charleston, W. Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 14th.

1st Lt. Daniel R. Fox, detached MB, NYD, Charleston, S. C., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 14.

Chf. Qm. Ck. David C. Buscall, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 14th.

Chf. Pay Ck. Allan A. Zarracina, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 14.

The following named officers detached stations indicated to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "St. Mihiel," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 1st:

Captain Hans O. Martin, MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain Edward G. Huefe, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain William L. Hardings, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Rees Skinner, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

The following named officers detached Department of the Pacific to stations indicated via the USAT "St. Mihiel," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 1st:

Captain Charles T. Brooks, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. James M. Smith, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Gordon Hall, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Edwin C. Ferguson, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Lee N. Utz, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Edmund McC. Callaway, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. William N. McKelvy, MB. Parris Island, S. C.
Chf. Mar. Onr. John S. McNulty, MB. Norfolk NYd. Portsmouth, Va.

FEBRUARY 8, 1930.

No changes were announced.

FEBRUARY 10, 1930.

Captain John T. Selden, on February 10th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the SS "President Jefferson," scheduled to sail from Seattle, Wash., on or about March 8th.

1st Lt. Herbert S. Keimling, detached MB. NYd. New York, N. Y., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via Army transport scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 21st.

1st Lt. William B. Onley, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Leslie H. Wellman, assigned to MB. NS. Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. Lester E. Power, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via Army transport scheduled to sail from New York on or about February 21st.

2nd Lt. Peter P. Schrider, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via Army transport scheduled to sail from New York on or about February 21st.

FEBRUARY 11, 1930.

Captain Byron F. Johnson, detached AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "St. Mihel," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 1st.

1st Lt. Nicholas E. Clauson, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB. Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. Clinton E. Fox, on February 15th detached MB. NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB. NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Chf. Pay Clk. Charles W. Eaton, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB. NYd. New York, N. Y., for duty and to Naval Hospital, New York, N. Y., for treatment.

FEBRUARY 12, 1930.

No changes were announced.

DEATHS

CONNETTE, Charles, First Lieutenant, died of disease, January 1, 1930, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Canacao, P. I. Next of kin: Mrs. Bertha Connette, mother, 726 Colorado Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

GIBSON, Ralph Dale, Corporal, died of injuries received in an automobile accident near Ridgeland, S. C., January 12, 1930. Next of kin: Mrs. Louise E. Hamric, mother, Frametown, Broxton Co., West Virginia.

GOODWYN, Vernon Forest, Pvt. 1st Class, died of disease, January 21, 1930, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Miss Helen Sutherland, sister, c/o George A. Miller, Club Garage, 11th and Jefferson Sts., Oakland, Calif.

GOOS, Amiel, Pvt. 1st Class, died of self-inflicted pistol shot wound, January 9, 1930, on board the Receiving Ship, New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Ruth Kessler Goos, wife, 1642 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

KROLL, Henry Charles, Private, died of disease, January 4, 1930, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Parris Island, S. C. Next of kin: Henry F. Kroll, father, 72 Pine Street, Trenton, Mich.

SIMONSON, Charles, Corporal, died of food poisoning, January 5, 1930, at MB. Quantico, Virginia. Emergency address: James J. Winston, guardian, Room 43, State House, Boston, Mass.

STEWART, Jerome Wate, Jr., Private, died of disease, January 18, 1930, at the Peiping Union Medical College Hospital, Peiping, China. Next of kin: Jerome W. Stewart, father, Flemingsburg, Ky.

SUNDIN, Raymond, Corporal, died of disease, January 29, 1930, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. John Sundin, mother, R. No. 4, Lake Lillian, Minn.

WELSH, Abraham Emanuel, Private, drowned, January 5, 1930, at Aux Cayes, Haiti. Next of kin: Mrs. Nettie Waulx, mother, 3018 Ripple Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROWN, William Theodore, Private, Volunteer M. C. R., inactive, accidentally killed, November 8, 1929, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Leon Rad, friend, 13 East 21st St., Bayonne, N. J.

EARLES, Malcolm Oliver, Pvt. 1st Class, Fleet M. C. R., inactive, died of disease, July 16, 1926, at Bogalusa, La. Next of kin: Mrs. Rosalie Earles, mother, Box 314, Bogalusa, La.

MAGUIRE, Edward Leo, Sergeant, Fleet M. C. R., inactive, died, cause not reported, December 21, 1929, at Cohasset, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Lillian A. G. Maguire, wife, Stockbridge St., Cohasset, Mass.

NOWLAN, Samuel, Gunnery Sergeant, retired, died of disease, January 21, 1930, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Minnie Lee Nowlan, wife, 1135 New Jersey Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Maj. Edmond Harris Morse—French.
Capt. Oscar Ray Cauldwell—French.
Capt. Howard Needham Feist—Good English.
Capt. Henry Dallas Linscott—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

2nd Lt. William Wallace Benson—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

2nd Lt. Archie Vernon Gerard—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

2nd Lt. Benjamin Franklin Kaiser—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

2nd Lt. Alexander Walter Kreiser, Jr.—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

2nd Lt. Archie Edward O'Neill—Spanish.

Sgt. Harry Fitzgerald Gadsby—Complete Automobile.

Pfc. William Cody Harpold—Fruit Growing.

Cpl. Herbert Charles Balletti—Good English.

Cpl. Bennet Matthew Bolton—French.

Cpl. Richard Neville Farmer—C. S. General Clerical.

Cpl. Theodore Roosevelt Taylor—Complete Automobile.

Cpl. Frank Paul Uredneck—Foundry Work.

Cpl. George Murphy Whyte—Aeroplane Engines.

Pfc. Sam William Fort—Selected Subjects.

Pfc. William Graydon Hamilton—Railway Postal Clerk.

Pfc. Oran Gregory Simpson—Spanish.

Pfc. Chester Milton Babcock—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. Hector Barbour—Spanish.

Pvt. Carl Lindsay, Jr.—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. Russell Piel—Good English.

Pvt. Elmer Otis Smith—Mathematics and Physics for Mechanical Engineers.

Pvt. Thomas Oliver Smith—Shop Electrician's.

Pvt. Thomas Oliver Smith—Motorman's.

Pvt. John Wasick—Complete Automobile.

Pvt. John Wasick—Soll Improvement.

Tpr. Harry Edward Reece—Railway Postal Clerk.

GRADUATES OF CORRESPONDENCE COURSES, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO, VA.

KEIMLING, H. S., 1st Lt. USMC, Infantry Co. Officers'.

LEE, W. H., 1st Lt., USMC, Infantry Basic.

ODGERS, I. E., 1st Lt., USMC, Infantry Co. Officers'.

DAVIES, L. T., Cpl., FMCR, Infantry Basic.

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

WISE, Leo D., at Lakehurst, 1-7-30, for MB, Lakehurst.

SMITH, Lincoln, at Shanghai, China, 12-14-29, for 4th Regt., Shanghai.

IVAN, Joseph, Jr., at New York, 1-8-30, for HR, for West Coast.

ROSS, Stanley I., at Philadelphia, 1-8-30, for Rctg., Boston.

TOOMEY, Cornelius J., at Boston, 1-8-30, for MB, Parris Island.

KELLEY, Nicholas C., at Chicago, 1-7-30, for MB, Quantico.

DUDDERAR, George A., at Hampton Roads, 1-9-30, for MB, Hampton Roads.

FRITSCH, William F., at Managua, Nic., 12-24-29, for NNGD, Managua, Nic.

JARCA, Berny, at Vallejo, 1-4-30, for MB, Mare Island.

SHEPHERD, James E., at Quantico, 1-8-30, for MB, Quantico.

HANNAFORD, Edwin T., at San Francisco, 1-8-30, for MB, Mare Island.

CHANEY, Winfree, at Philadelphia, 1-11-30, SD, for China.

SAMPSON, Charles H., at Buffalo, 1-10-30, for MB, Hampton Roads.

COX, Warren W., at Des Moines, 1-10-30, for MB, Lakehurst.

KISER, Edmund S., at Buffalo, 1-13-30, for MB, Parris Island.

WOODS, Charles L., at Buffalo, 1-13-30, for Rctg., Buffalo.

BARKS, Howard C., at San Diego, 1-8-30, for MB, San Diego.

McCABE, James W., at Puget Sound, 1-8-30, for MB, San Diego.

MILLER, Otto T., at San Francisco, 1-9-30, for MB, Mare Island.

WALKER, Jesse N., at Los Angeles, 1-9-30, for MB, San Diego.

FAKES, Preston R., at Quantico, 1-13-30, for MB, Quantico.

WELSHANS, Nathan I., at Indian Head, 1-11-30, for MB, Indian Head.

COOPER, Charles, at Washington, 1-14-30, for MB, Key West.

HYMAN, Harry, Jr., at New York, 1-14-30, for MB, Quantico.

SEEMAN, George L., at New York, 1-14-30, for MB, Mare Island.

WHITAKER, Earl W., at Charlotte, 1-14-30, for MB, Key West.

LAUDERDALE, Joseph L., at Yorktown, 1-14-30, for MB, Yorktown.

ROSENBERG, Frank, at New York, 1-15-30, for MPP, Quantico.

JOHNSON, Carl E., at Denver, 1-3-30, for MB, San Diego.

JONES, Thomas J., at San Diego, 1-3-30, for MB, San Diego.

DAYMAN, Samuel H., at Philadelphia, 1-16-30, for MB, New York.

HOOD, William W., at St. Louis, 1-15-30, for MB, Washington.

DOHERTY, John D., at Vallejo, 1-11-30, for MB, Mare Island.

WINTER, George W., at Portland, 1-6-30, for MB, Puget Sound.

DONOVAN, Daniel, at USS "Wyoming," 1-8-30, for USS "Wyoming."

RITTER, Harry W., at Quantico, 1-15-30, for MB, Quantico.

BRENNER, Raymond E., at San Diego, 1-18-30, for MB, San Diego.

KINCANON, John W., at San Diego, 1-11-30, for MB, San Diego.

BISHOP, Hazen P., at Parris Island, 1-15-30, for MB, Parris Island.

GAYNOR, Leon J., at Shanghai, China, 12-20-29, for 4th Regt., Shanghai.

McGARVEY, Josiah T., at Parris Island, 1-18-30, for MB, Parris Island.

DECKER, James H., at Providence, 1-15-30, for MB, Newport, R. I.

PENCE, James C., at Indianapolis, 1-16-30, for MB, New Orleans.

CALLERY, Frank T., at San Diego, 1-9-30, for MB, San Diego.

FRANKE, Theodore L., at Los Angeles, 1-18-30, for MB, San Diego.

HUCKLEY, Joseph E., at Los Angeles, 1-18-30, for MB, San Diego.

IMBERSTEG, William T., at San Francisco, 1-14-30, for DQM, San Francisco.

MURPHY, Michael F., at San Francisco, 1-14-30, for DQM, San Francisco.

REA, Joseph, Jr., at San Diego, 1-7-30, for MB, San Diego.

ROENNIGKE, Theodore L., at MB, Washington, 1-18-30, for MB, Washington.

SHANAHAN, Charles J., at Pittsburgh, 1-16-30, for MB, Norfolk.

ACKERMAN, Frank, at Chicago, 1-15-30, for MB, Quantico.

HICKS, Melvin, at Kansas City, 1-16-30, for MB, Parris Island.

DEAN, Alexander M., at Vallejo, 1-15-30, for MB, Mare Island.

DUMLER, Albert, at San Diego, 1-13-30, for MB, San Diego.

KIESOW, Fred, at San Francisco, 1-15-30, for MB, Mare Island.

McPHERSON, Guy E., at Los Angeles, 1-15-30, for MB, San Diego.

RICHARDSON, Morris C., at USS "Lexington," 1-13-30, for USS "Lexington."

ROWLEY, Ivan L., at New York, 1-20-30, for HR, for West Coast.

QUINN, Thomas, at Vallejo, 1-16-30, for MB, Mare Island.

FRITTS, Ernest E., at Norfolk, 1-20-30, for MB, Mare Island.

DARR, Albert C., at Washington, 1-22-30, for Hdqrs., Washington.

WRIGHT, Ernest C., at Philadelphia, 1-22-30, for Bureau, Philadelphia.

TORNGREN, Arthur J., at Chicago, 1-20-30, for MB, Quantico.

McKENNA, Peter J., at Philadelphia, 1-22-30, for Rctg., Philadelphia.

MORGAN, George C., at Quantico, 1-22-30, for MB, Quantico.

FESTER, George W., at Boston, 1-22-30, for MB, Quantico.

HODGES, Joseph M., at Washington, 1-24-30, for Hdqrs., Washington.

ELBERG, Ernest H., at Los Angeles, 1-18-30, for Rctg., Los Angeles.

JAMES, Nick, at Seattle, 1-16-30, for Rctg., Seattle.

GOODE, Harry D., at MB, Washington, 1-22-30, for MB, Washington.

SHAFER, Melvin S., at New York, 1-22-30, for MB, S. Charleston, W. Va.

BROZOWSKI, Joseph A., at Boston, 1-25-30, for MB, Quantico.

MENOZ, Emil N., at New York, 1-24-30, for MB, Philadelphia.

WILLINGHAM, Eugene A., at Indianapolis, 1-9-30, for HR, for West Coast.

WOOD, David W., Charlotte, 1-25-30, for MB, Charleston, S. C.

CARRIGAN, Harry, at Puget Sound, 1-20-30, for MB, Mare Island.

JOLLEY, Huse M., at San Diego, 1-20-30, for MB, San Diego.

KRON, Edward, at Spokane, 1-14-30, for MB, San Diego.

MARSHALL, William E. Jr., at San Francisco, 1-21-30, for MB, San Diego.

ERVIN, Harry A., at USS "Maryland," 1-20-30, for USS "Maryland."

REYNOLDS, Thomas W., at NAS, San Diego, 1-10-30, for MB, NAS, San Diego.

IRELAND, Earl, at Washington, 1-27-30, for MB, Washington.

TROXELL, Cameron D., at Washington, 1-27-30, for MB, Washington.

HERRICK, Arthur J., at Vallejo, 1-22-30, for MB, Mare Island.

McNEESE, William E. at Cavite, P. I. 12-23-29, for MB, Cavite, P. I.
 PARRETT, George C. at Guam, M. I. 12-7-29, for MB, Guam, M. I.
 STEONA, Charles, at Pittsburgh, 1-28-30, for MB, Philadelphia.
 COATES, Lloyd S., at Des Moines, 1-25-30, for MB, San Diego.
 PETRILLO, Charles M., at Nicaragua, 1-19-30, for 5th Regt., Nicaragua.
 DISTEL, George M., at Washington, 1-29-30, for HR, for Guam.
 LITTLE, Harry E., at Washington, 1-29-30, for MB, Quantico.
 ORR, William F., at Charlotte, 1-29-30, for MB, Quantico.
 ANTHONY, Samuel T., at New York, 1-20-30, for MB, New York.
 WALKER, Edgar B., at Chicago, 1-28-30, for HR, for West Coast.
 SHANKLIN, Leonard C., at New Orleans, 1-29-30, for MB, Quantico.
 BARGE, Noble J., at Peiping, China, 1-3-30, for MD, AL, Peiping, China.
 GORE, Ernest F., at Norfolk, 1-29-30, for MB, Hampton Roads.
 ZALESKI, John, at Norfolk, 1-25-30, for MB, Norfolk.
 JACKSON, William M., at San Francisco, 1-25-30, for MB, Mare Island.
 GASKINS, Dudley R., at Charlotte, 1-31-30, for MB, Charleston, S. C.
 HILL, Paul, at Houston, 2-1-30, for MB, Quantico.
 AKERS, Dallas S., at Seattle, 1-27-30, for MB, Mare Island.
 COPPLE, Clifford H., at Oakland, 1-28-30, for MB, San Diego.
 DALEY, Walter E., at San Francisco, 1-27-30, for MB, San Diego.
 FOSTER, Clarence E., at San Diego, 1-25-30, for MB, San Diego.
 HARNISH, Don C., at San Francisco, 1-27-30, for MB, San Diego.
 KELLY, Thomas O., at Puget Sound, 1-27-30, for MB, Puget Sound.
 WASSERMAN, David, at Los Angeles, 1-28-30, for MB, San Diego.
 BOBIN, John J., at Wilkes-Barre, 2-1-30, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 GUNN, Jack, at Dallas, 1-28-30, for MB, San Diego.
 TAYLOR, Earl J., at Oakland, 1-29-30, for MB, San Diego.
 BRADLEY, Lloyd, at San Francisco, 1-31-30, for San Diego.
 OWENS, Dudley, at MB, Parris Island, 2-1-30, for MB, Parris Island.
 LONG, Horace W., at New York, 2-4-30, for NYd, New York.
 SMITH, Floyd C., at New York, 2-3-30, for Parris Island.
 ZARAD, Clarence P., at Pittsburgh, 2-3-30, for MB, So. Charleston, W. Va.
 TOOLE, James E., Jr., at Atlanta, 2-4-30, for Aviation, Quantico.
 RILEY, Charles H., at New York, 2-6-30, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes.
 TORRES, Joseph E., at Newark, 2-6-30, for New London, Conn.
 COLE, Frank S., at Atlanta, 2-4-30, for Parris Island, S. C.
 WALDEN, Joe L., at Charlotte, 2-5-30, for MB, Charleston, S. C.
 SPENCER, Lawrence T., at Chicago, 2-5-30, for HR, for West Coast.
 BLACKBURN, Ollie R., at San Diego, 9-25-29, for MB, San Diego.
 MUSCHER, Nelson L., at Philadelphia, 10-9-29, for MB, Philadelphia.
 BURNHAM, Bunah L., at Detroit, 10-9-29, for Rtg., Detroit.
 AVRETT, Emmett C., at Macon, 10-5-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 BATES, Raymond R., at Vallejo, 10-5-29, for MB, San Diego.
 CARROLL, Jack T., at San Diego, 10-4-29, for MB, San Diego.
 MOSIER, Melvin, at USS "Rochester," 10-2-29, for USS "Rochester."
 WEBSTER, Clyde H., at Hampton Roads, 10-10-29, for Rtg. DQM, Hampton Roads.
 GORDON, Robert B., at Washington, 10-10-29, for Hdqrs., Washington.
 RUSSO, Charles C., at Springfield, 10-4-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 PORTER, Allen J., at Quantico, 10-8-29, for MB, Quantico.
 WALDRON, John J., at Lakehurst, 10-6-29, for MB, Lakehurst.
 BARIANI, Elmore, at Philadelphia, 10-7-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.
 FELDMAN, Jack, at New York, 10-8-29, for MB, New York.
 ODOM, Eugene H., at Philadelphia, 10-6-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.
 RUBLE, Eugene H., at Washington, 10-8-29, for MB, St. Juliens Creek.
 CATLETT, Fred, at Kansas City, 10-7-29, for MB, Quantico.
 CASE, Charles W., at RS, New York, 10-7-29, for MB, RS, New York.

MARSHALL, Robert C., at Pensacola, 10-6-29, for MPF, Pensacola.
 SAUCIER, Julius B., at Pensacola, 10-5-29, for MPF, Pensacola.
 LAMB, John E., at Joplin, 10-7-29, for MB, Philadelphia.
 JUSTICE, James E., at Port au Prince, 9-25-29, for MPF, Port au Prince.
 SVENSON, Carl, at Port au Prince, 9-25-29, for Const., Port au Prince.
 VAUGHN, Johnnie G., at Quantico, 10-7-29, for MB, Quantico.
 WHITNEY, Curtis O., at Port au Prince, 9-26-29, for Const., Port au Prince.
 DURST, Kenneth M., at Pittsburgh, 10-5-29, for Rtg., New York.
 COOPER, Milton H., at Cincinnati, 10-5-29, for MB, Hampton Roads.
 GORDON, John G., at Indianapolis, 10-3-29, for Rtg., Chicago.
 RASNICK, Hiram, at Cincinnati, 10-4-29, for MB, Charleston, W. Va.
 DAVIS, Frederick D., at San Francisco, 10-1-29, for MB, San Diego.
 GANDY, Ivy G., at Vallejo, 10-1-29, for MB, Mare Island.
 TOWNSEND, William L. M., at Oakland, 10-1-29, for MB, San Diego.
 CAYEZ, Maurice, at RS, San Francisco, 10-1-29, for RS, San Francisco.
 COX, Clayton W., at Baltimore, 10-4-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 McLUCKIE, Robert M., at Washington, 10-5-29, for Hdqrs., Washington.
 KRAVITZ, Valentine J., at Houston, 10-3-29, for MB, New Orleans.
 STRICKLAND, Alvin A., at Atlanta, 10-3-29, for MB, Charleston.
 CONNOLLY, Martin, at San Diego, 9-26-29, for MB, San Diego.
 HAYDEN, Jack, at San Francisco, 9-27-29, for MB, Mare Island.
 IMUS, Wayman H., at San Francisco, 9-28-29, for DQM, San Francisco.
 STOKES, Andrew J., at Vallejo, 9-27-29, for MB, Mare Island.
 GRIFFIN, Lenhardt K., at Quantico, 10-3-29, for MB, Quantico.
 SIEGMUND, Joseph K., at Buffalo, 10-1-29, for MB, Hampton Roads.
 WARNER, Robert P., at Philadelphia, 10-1-29, for MB, Philadelphia.
 REAMS, Carl L., at Chicago, 9-27-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 HUSTON, Robert V., at Baltimore, 9-30-29, for MB, Quantico.
 BERRY, Albert H., at Newark, 9-27-29, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Guam 31 January. Scheduled to leave Guam 3 Feb.; arrive Manila 8 Feb. will leave Manila 10 March; arrive Guam 15 March, leave 15 March; arrive Honolulu 26 March, leave 27 March; arrive San Francisco 3 April. Will leave Mare Island 11 April for the East coast of the United States on the following itinerary: Arrive San Francisco 11 April, leave 12 April; arrive San Pedro 13 April, leave 14 April; arrive San Diego 13 April, leave 16 April; arrive Corinto 23 April, leave 23 April; arrive Canal Zone 23 April, leave 27 April; arrive Port au Prince 30 April, leave 1 May; arrive Hampton Roads 3 May. Will leave Hampton Roads 14 June for Manila via San Francisco.
 HENDERSON—Sailed Honolulu 1 February. Due San Francisco 11 February. Will proceed to the Navy Yard Mare Island for overhaul. Will leave Mare Island 13 March for the Asiatic Station and return to San Francisco on the following itinerary: Arrive San Francisco 13 March, leave 14 March; arrive Honolulu 23 March, leave 24 March; arrive Guam 6 April, leave 7 April; arrive Manila 13 April, leave 17 May; arrive Guam 23 May, leave 24 May; arrive Honolulu 4 June, leave 5 June; arrive San Francisco 13 June. Will leave San Francisco 28 June for Hampton Roads.
 KITERY—Arrived Hampton Roads 29 January. Will leave Hampton Roads 3 February for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 10 Feb., leave 11 Feb.; arrive Port au Prince 12 Feb., leave 13 Feb.; arrive Cape Haitien 14 Feb., leave 15 Feb.; arrive San Juan 17 Feb., leave 19 Feb.; arrive St. Thomas 20 Feb., leave 21 Feb.; arrive Hampton Roads 26 Feb. Will leave Hampton Roads on 12 March for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive St. Thomas 17 March, leave 18 March; arrive San Juan 19 March; arrive Cape Haitien 21 March, leave 22 March; arrive Port au Prince 23 March, leave 24 March; arrive Guantanamo 23 March, leave 26 March; arrive Hampton Roads 31 March. Will leave Hampton Roads 16 April on regular trip to West Indies.
 NITRO—Arrived Brooklyn, N. Y., 27 January. Will leave New York 12 March, arrive Hampton Roads 13 March, leave 17 March; arrive Philadelphia 18 March, leave 22 March; arrive New York 23 March, leave 28 March; arrive Newport 29 March, leave 31 March; arrive Boston 1 April, leave 5 April; arrive Indian Head 7 April, leave 11 April; arrive Yorktown 12 April, leave 14 April; arrive Hampton Roads 14 April, leave 22 April; arrive Canal Zone 29 April, leave 1 May; arrive Corinto 3 May, leave 3 May; arrive San Pedro 13 May, leave 12 May; arrive San Pedro 13 May, leave 14 May; arrive Mare Island 15 May, leave 23 May; arrive Puget Sound 26 May, leave 2 June; arrive Mare Island 5 June.
 PATOKA—Arrived Portsmouth, N. H., 29 January. Will leave Portsmouth 6 February, arrive Boston Navy Yard 6 February for overhaul.
 RAMAPO—Sailed Long Beach 21 January for Manila. Due Manila 19 Feb., leave 5 March; arrive San Pedro 1 April. Will leave San Pedro about 14 April for Asiatic Station.
 SALINAS—Arrived Navy Yard, Norfolk, 10 January. Departure indefinite. Operates with Fleet Base Force until 18 May.
 SAPELO—Sailed Beaumont 30 January for Guantanamo. Due Guantanamo 5 Feb., leave 18 Feb.; arrive Beaumont 24 Feb., leave 26 Feb.; arrive Guantanamo 4 March. Operates with Fleet Base Force until 16 May.
 SIRIUS—Sailed Bremerton 23 January for Pearl Harbor. Due Pearl Harbor 2 Feb., leave 7 Feb.; arrive Mare Island 16 Feb., leave 19 Feb.; arrive Puget Sound 23 Feb., leave 1 March; arrive Mare Island 4 March, leave 12 March; arrive San Pedro 14 March, leave 14 March; arrive San Diego 15 March, leave 17 March; arrive Corinto 27 March, leave 31 March; arrive Canal Zone 30 March, leave 3 April; arrive Guantanamo 3 April, leave 15 April; arrive New York 16 April.
 VEGA—Arrived Boston Yard 18 January. Will leave Boston 7 March, arrive New York 8 March, leave 14 March; arrive Philadelphia 15 March, leave 19 March; arrive Hampton Roads 20 March, leave 28 March; arrive Guantanamo 1 April, leave 2 April; arrive Canal Zone 5 April, leave 7 April; arrive Corinto 10 April, leave 10 April; arrive San Diego 19 April, leave 23 April; arrive San Pedro 23 April, leave 24 April; arrive Mare Island 25 April, leave 3 May; arrive Puget Sound 6 May, leave 13 May; arrive Mare Island 16 May.
 BRAZOS—Sailed Guantanamo 1 February for Port Arthur. Due Port Arthur 7 February.
 BRIDGE—Sailed Gonaves 30 January for Hampton Roads. Due Hampton Roads 4 February.
 ARCTIC—Arrived San Pedro 27 January.
 CUYAMA—Sailed San Diego 29 January for Canal Zone.
 NECHES—Arrived Mare Island 27 January.
 PECOS—Arrived Manila 1 October.

ORGANIZATION OF QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE

Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews—the Quartermaster.
 Lieut. Col. Edward W. Banker—Executive Officer and Officer in Charge Supply Division.
 Lieut. Col. Charles R. Sanderson—Disbursing Division and Officer in Charge of Transportation Division.
 Major Earl C. Long—Officer in Charge, Purchase Division.
 Captain William F. Beattie—Liaison Officer with War Plans Section, Division of Operations and Trainings.
 Captain Ery M. Spencer—Officer in Charge, Property Accounting Division and Assistant to Officer in Charge, Supply Division.
 Captain William P. T. Hill—Officer in Charge, Utilities Division.
 Captain Kenneth I. Inman—Officer in Charge, Motor Transport Section.
 1st Lieut. Otto B. Osmondson—Post Quartermaster.
 Mr. James W. Burrows—Special Assistant to the Quartermaster.

Personnel

Brig. Gen. Cyrus S. Radford—Retired as of 26 December.
 Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews—Appointed the Quartermaster as of 26 December.
 Major Paul A. Capron—Appointed assistant quartermaster and ordered to First Brigade, Haiti, for duty.
 Captain Charles D. Sniffin—Second Brigade to Puget Sound.
 Chief Q. M. Clerk Charles A. Burton—Fourth Regiment to United States.
 Q. M. Clerk Ray O'Toole—Puget Sound to Fourth Regiment.
 Q. M. Clerk Oswald Brosseau—Appointed quartermaster clerk and assigned to duty at Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C.
 Quartermaster Sergeants
 Harry B. Baldwin—Parris Island to Nicaragua.
 Robert C. Hoffman—Promoted 15 November.
 Howard D. McKinney—Hampton Roads to Parris Island.
 Elmer T. Pantier—Quantico to Parris Island.
 Kenneth P. Styer—Promoted 14 November for duty at Depot Philadelphia.
 James L. Wilson—Promoted 11 November.
 Hugo Winter—Quantico to Nicaragua.
 Supply Sergeants
 Ivan H. Griffin—Promoted 12 November.
 John F. Pearce—Promoted 16 November.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

(Continued from page 15)

ter, and was so pleased with the winning by "his boys" of the various cups on the speakers' table that he said he didn't mind in the least his involuntary camouflage. The cups were won last summer when the entire 401st Company qualified on the pistol range.

The Klemfuss Cup was won by the 401st in the Eastern Area Championship matches, and the Marine Corps Enlisted Men's Individual Championship Cup was won by 1st Sgt. John E. Fondable, U. S. M. C. R., upon the same occasion with a 243 out of a possible 250. Private Ralph E. Burton completed the victory for the 401st with the pistol championship, shooting a 90 out of a possible 100.

Captain Miller was especially anxious to point out two other guests at the banquet, who also sat at the speakers' table. They were Miss Thelma Bonini, V. F. W., and Reserve mascot, and Charles S. Reilly, 2nd Lieut., M. D., U. S. A., who is now the Commander of the Columbia Post of the V. F. W., and is a Past Departmental Commander of the same outfit.

THE LUCKY BAG

The Chronicles of the 303rd Company, F. M. C. R.

The 303rd Company banquet held February 15th, at the Roosevelt Gateways was the best and most successful affair the company ever had and many of the guests declared it the finest Reserve affair in years. In spite of a driving snowstorm, the banquet hall was crowded to overflowing and additional tables had to be set up to accommodate the overflow.

The dinner was given to inaugurate the second half of the training year and as an expression of interest in the reserve by nearly the last remaining Fleet company in the new 19th Reserve Regiment. It was attended by substantially the entire company and their friends together with quite a few of the local reserve officers and some old Fourth Brigade Marines. At the speakers' table were Captain Theodore Nelson, commanding the U. S. S. "Illinois"; Major J. D. Murray, in charge of Recruiting in the New York Area; Major Philip DeRonde, former commanding officer of the 303rd Company; Major C. S. Baker, from the Brooklyn Navy Yard; Major Sidney Sugar, from the Reserve Officer's Association; Mr. Chick Berry, commander of the Belleau Woods Post; and Marine Gunner Monaghan, of the 303rd. Among the other guests present were 1st Lieutenant Barron, president of New York Chapter of the Reserve Officer's Association; 1st Lieutenant Berglund, 1st Lieutenant Fisher, 2nd Lieutenant O'Connell, and 2nd Lieutenant Houck of the 304th Company. Major J. D. Rorke, commanding the 19th Reserve Regiment, was unable to attend the affair because of his illness. Captain Melvin L. Krulwich, C. O. of the 303rd, acted as toastmaster.

From the beginning of the affair until after midnight good fellowship was the order of the evening. The room was decorated with naval pennants and ensigns and as an added Marine Corps touch, the menus were prepared in blue

and gold, with the Marine Corps Hymn printed on the back. Jack Kennedy's musicians provided the music during the evening, and after the meal a most enjoyable show was put on, composed largely of R. K. O. acts. Gladys Joyce, well known in New York theatrical circles, entertained, and how—and when she sang to the boys, the temperature of the boys came nearer to Quantico in August than New York in February. Murray and McGowan had the outfit in continual laughter and Jack Reynolds was an ideal story teller and monologist.

Major Murray spoke on loyalty to ideals of the Marine Corps, and his speech went for towards distilling in the new members of the company, as well as the non-Marines present, the significance and the meaning of the words "Semper Fidelis." Captain Nelson, Major DeRonde, and Commander Berry all addressed the company in graceful speeches and were thunderously applauded.

At the conclusion of the affair, all arose and sang the Marine Hymn and the 303rd Company affair was over. It will be remembered as a most pleasant and enjoyable evening by all present and the word on everyone's lips as he left was "When is the next one?"

THE 308TH COMPANY

With the resumption of drills on February 6th, the 308th Company learned of the loss of First Sergeant S. B. Allan, who has been appointed an Immigrant Inspector at Buffalo, N. Y.

Sergeant Allan is an old regular Army man and was one of the first to apply for enlistment when the 308th Company was being organized. The manner in which he performed his duties and lived up to his ideals will long remain a standard for his successors to strive for. "Semper Fidelis" was more than a motto to him. It was a creed. Ever courteous, respectful and fair to those who served with him, we know he will make good in his new service to Uncle Sam.

It was fitting that some recognition be given his faithful service, so an informal affair was arranged, and Sergeant Allan was presented a leather traveling bag by the officers and men of the company.

Sergeant Allan thanked us all for the gift and the cooperation we had always given him. He said it was with great regret that he had to leave us, but as he would still be in the service of Uncle Sam, he felt he would still be a part of us.

Gunnery Sergeant Merton C. Lowe will carry on the duties of first sergeant until a permanent appointment can be made.

We have started firing on our new indoor range, which is one of the finest of its kind in this section of the country. We certainly hope to qualify every man at Quantico this summer, for, as Lieutenant Karpowitch says, "A Marine is not a Marine unless he can shoot"; and what's better, the lieutenant can prove it. He sure can shoot, and with such able instructors as Sergeants Lundblad and Seely, is going to make Marines of us all.

As usual, our social committee is on the job. Just now Corporals Cary, Martin, and Booshada are planning our first anniversary dance, and from all indications it is going to be a great success. You can't beat those boys for hard work.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 14)

and with the backing of Colonel Bill Easterwood, Jr., the old Adolphus Hotel began to ring with "The Halls of Montezuma," and similar chanteys. Of course, we all remember Maisel and Sam Langston, of Waco, who were so concerned over the pronunciation of the name of their fair city, and the high spot when our friend Boyd objected to our comrades addressing each other as "Gyrene" because it was not dignified. Charlie Romick and the fights he promoted, and Ted Hinton, who offered to take on all the winners in the battle royal, and darned if I didn't bump into my old friend Claude Harlow of Ft. Worth. Many a bumper we rode together on the Atlantic, also on land as well as sea. Emerson Wells and brother members seemed to take particular delight in bringing their pretty wives around to make us jealous or homesick, but still the boys made many friends and found a place where a white mule was quartered, and soon all the bells were ringing as they do to help traffic in Dallas. I forgot to tell you, fellows, that when I came to the Erie convention I had been married only three weeks, two of which had been spent in Bermuda, and then after one week at home I left to be with the Marines. You must get it into your heads that Marine conferences take precedence over such trivial things as home, business, wives, and what not. Bachelors, take notice and train accordingly when uniting in matrimony.

Well, our police sergeant got busy with his band, we had the former National Commander of the American Legion over to talk to us one noon, and how he can talk. I had heard him once before at the Lion's Convention at Atlantic City, and I never hope to hear a better speaker. He just opens his mouth and the honey comes forth. All delegates had their meals together in the various parts of the hotel. Publicity was good, and one society thrill reporter, a neat girl of about twenty-two, the type you like so much, wanted to get a story from a real wounded hero Marine. I turned her over to a man with these qualifications, and the last heard they disappeared up in smoke in Alaska.

This was a wonderful, constructive convention, meaning a lot of work for me as chairman, but worth while. The trio from Hudson-Mohawk was present, even though one of them insisted on sleeping on his feet after addressing the chair, and another worker who has done considerable for the League and who has just recently been appointed your Assistant National Paymaster, Paul Sheely, sprang into prominence by presenting the ritual and by-laws governing the local detachments for adoption. We wound up with a stag party which was a stag party, given through the courtesy of the Chamber of Commerce. Newspapers, please take notice, and there was nothing Scotch about their idea of entertainment. They were a great deal of help to us before and after our stay in the city. Hatheway of Cincinnati appeared, to plead his cause for the com-

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vention for Cincinnati in 1929 and it did not fall on barren soil. We had accomplished our mission, we had met and helped to weld the Southwest together, and we had gotten to respect and admire the boys from this division better as each moment passed. We expect big things of them, under the leadership of Vice Commandant Baine of Waco, and the newly appointed State Commander, Colonel Easterwood. Farewell, memories of Dallas.

Contrary news published by well-meaning but misinformed parties threatened to break up our convention for 1929 in Cincinnati, but General Neville gave Captain Platt instructions to clear this up and counteract these statements. The writer got busy and the wires were hot, and Vivian Corby wired in reply: "Let them come, Latons, Cincy will take on all comers, and they will know they have been somewhere."

I didn't know just what to expect after receiving that wire, which came collect, but we put on all steam and worked the mail overtime. Mr. Russell G. Flynn, my comrade, was the fairy godmother of the occasion. What that boy didn't do to put things across is nobody's business, and they were done right. And Corby, too, not only gave his time and hooked up a good party for us at the Disabled Vets' Home, but he furnished myriads of hostesses, and they could hostess, what I mean. The Bently Post, American Legion, provided us their hall for the business sessions, and here is where we came in contact with the St. Louis bunch, Engshauser, Bill Tate, old timer de luxe, and the rest, not to forget Abe Moulton, who instigated that 5 per cent for headquarters of all net profit of entertainment. Probably you will want to shoot Abe, now that you know who is responsible, but we can do a lot of work with this, and we've got to increase our membership, and that takes money. Abe is to be Convention Chairman in September at St. Louis, and I understand that he knows his geography, so better be nice to him.

We had parties and parties, and a night-before dance at the Castle, and occupied one side of the hall while the St. Xavier boys and girls had the other. Quite a bit of opposition and several nose dives were reported. However, this comes from an unauthorized source, and I will not be responsible for this information.

On Saturday morning it was necessary by 10:00 a. m. for the newly elected commandant to call upon the sergeant-at-arms to clear the floor of dancers so that the final business session might be conducted. Beckett and Hatheway and the Recruiters and Flynn formed a quartette that lulled us to sleep and then woke us up to herd us off to the football game between the Marines and St. Xavier. It was good to meet the old timers from all over again. Haley broke into my quarters in the middle of the night and it was nothing unusual to have to hold a real business conference in the wee hours. Seriously, the greater part of the work was accomplished at odd times. Also I must not forget to mention that we have two national organizers who have, at their own expense, and because of their interest, attended several conventions, Hal G. Metcalf, the tall, slim boy, and

George McCallister, the genial go-getter who makes so many friends. These boys have been of great help to us, and have made numerous friendships where they have established detachments. Incidentally these two are the only authorized promoters we have.

We didn't get much of a chance to see the boys from Dayton and Akron, but the Mansfield contingents were present at all times. Newark sent us some husky warriors, and, of course, Maisel and Langston covered countless miles on their trip up from Texas. You just have to be there to understand what a Marine Convention is like. St. Louis claimed the honor of the next convention, and Abe Moulton, under the tutelage of Captain Rodowe Abeken, National Vice Commandant, and also Commandant for the second year of the St. Louis Detachment, will handle the reins. You may be sure of a great time. Better plan to attend. Certainly one thing will not happen, and that is we won't have as many complaints to handle about Headquarters this year. We think we are doing a good job. What do you think? If you think of anything good to say, send it to Frank Lambert for publicity. If it is rather off color send it direct, and in the meantime I'll box a bit and meet you in St. Louis and we will have it out. No wonder our commandant spends four hours a day on League work, you say after reading this, but it will recall many pleasant times we have had. Let me hear from some of you old timers, and the new ones, too.

LITTLE PAL

(Continued from page 3)

boy. Her voice was that of the most disappointed of women. She continued:

"For nine years old Warren had been hearing people say that Tom would get him some time, and it wore upon him. He never would go to sleep without a rifle close by, or with a window open, or without every door locked. He had no family; but his secretary, his housekeeper, and his housekeeper's husband told us about it."

She stopped breathless, and Red's interested face broke into a smile that was not without a hint of triumph.

"How did they know it was Tom that done it?" he demanded.

"For one thing," Althea said queerly, "Tom admitted it."

"You—you mean he owned up to it—to murderin' a' old man?"

Althea's eyes were dim now.

"Yes," she said.

The boy got to his feet and wiped his mouth on the sleeve of his soiled and ragged shirt. One of his hands came down flat on the table so hard that the silverware and china jumped and tinkled.

"He never done it! I don't care if he does say he did! Tom couldn't ha' done it to save his life!" cried Red. In lower tones, he went on impressively, "I've seen Tom Harrell give half o' his last grub to a starvin' dog, and the other half to a starvin' boy; and I'm the very boy, Miss Althy."

Althea Shortridge bent her head over the table and said nothing. A bright

THE MITCHELL

HAND HONED
RAZOR BLADE

OF GENUINE SHEFFIELD STEEL
GIVES MORE and BETTER SHAVES

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and eloquent tear splashed down upon the immaculate linen below her face. Red looked hard at her tinted brown hair for a few seconds. Somehow he felt frightened. He turned toward the doorway, and confronted Colonel Shortridge, who held his glasses in one hand and a newspaper in the other.

"What's the uproar?" asked the colonel.

Red's color slipped up to a hundred in the shade.

"I said Tom Harrell never killed no old man," he clipped, "and I'm right now ready to tackle hell with half a bucket o' water to prove it!"

In his hot enthusiasm he had fallen into the language of the river crooks. Colonel Shortridge frowned heavily.

"If he didn't" coolly said the Colonel, "why did he admit it? And how did it happen that Mr. Warren's secretary, Mr. Ennersley, found Tom Harrell's revolver in a clump of jasmines on the Warren lawn?"

"Don't make no difference; Tom couldn't ha' done it, 'cause it ain't in him," declared the lad.

Without another word, he stole from the house.

A broad shaft of light shone through the open front doorway and across the veranda, and here the boy met a man whom he was not to forget, a man who had come to call on the Shortridges. This was Mr. Ennersley. He was a big fellow, black-haired, handsome enough, and he wore nose glasses. Red bristled instinctively, and Ennersley stepped aside with a glance which seemed full of fear of contamination.

When it comes to reading the characters of men by their countenances, it is better to risk the instinct of a child whose survival has depended upon its own wits, than the judgment of the average supreme court officials. On sight, Red liked Harrell and condemned Ennersley, facts which are full of meaning. But the boy had seen and known Warren's secretary somewhere, some time, before; this he realized dimly as he went toward the jail. And most of the acquaintances of his past were river crooks, some of whom were very smart crooks, who often found good pickings in this good-natured and easy-going Southland.

At the jail Red was denied admittance until morning. So he trailed wearily to the outskirts of the town, where he

found a barn with an unfastened door; he crept up-stairs, threw himself down on a pile of old cotton, and went to sleep while trying to reason out the why of the thing that was of such great moment to his big pal.

He slept like a boulder, awoke in better shape both mentally and physically, and resumed his reasoning without even a preliminary yawn. The matter of the revolver he could explain satisfactorily to himself. The real criminal had stolen it and placed it on the Warren premises for the purpose of throwing the blame toward Harrell, which, of course, was not hard to do. But why did Tom own up to the killing of Warren?

He thought of his promise to Tom. There was no decent way out of it certainly. She was to find a home for him, and he was to stay in it. Stay in it, and let Tom go clean to the devil—because, perhaps, the girl was soured on him. Followed another half-hour of deep thinking, in which he rehearsed in his unfaithful memory every word of the story Althea had told him the evening before.

Red left the barn and went once more to the home of the Shortridges. He meant to keep his promise.

This time the boy went to the kitchen entrance, and a servant came in response to his staccato of raps. He asked for Miss Althea, and the servant disappeared. Three minutes later Tom's sweetheart stood with Red there on the stoop. Somehow she seemed glad to see him, he thought.

"You said you'd find a place for me to stay, Miss Althy," awkwardly.

"Yes. Father is willing for you to stay with us if you won't say any more bad words. He thinks you've got some spunk."

"Borned with it," nodded Red. He thought immediately of the man whom he had met on the veranda some ten hours previously. "That feller who was here last night, with specs on; does he belong here?"

She almost laughed.

"Oh, no!"

"He's a back-knifer," Red declared.

"I sure wouldn't want to stay where he did."

The young woman's smile faded.

"That was Mr. Ennersley, Mr. Warren's secretary. He will have charge of the Warren properties until in the autumn, when the heirs are to gather

here to make a division of everything."

Boys are sometimes quicker than women to jump at conclusions.

"I'd a heap ruther think Ennersley killed old man Warren 'an to think Tom done it," suddenly said the lad.

Althea shook her head.

"But Tom himself admitted that he did it. Hadn't you better come in to breakfast?"

Shortly before noon of that day Red appeared at the jail and asked to see Tom Harrell. He now remembered where he had seen and known Warren's secretary—it had come to him all in a flash—and his heart was jumping like a trout on a string. The sheriff good-naturedly granted his request, and he hastened down the limy corridor to the door of Harrell's cell.

"Tom!" he cried joyously. "Look!"

Harrell had been standing with his face to the window. He turned slowly, moodily, and saw his little pal at the door; and he saw that his little pal wore new clothing out and out, and that his fiery hair had been nicely combed by a person who really knew how.

Their hand-shake through the bars was a hearty one.

"Did Miss Althea do the fixing up, son?" the prisoner asked.

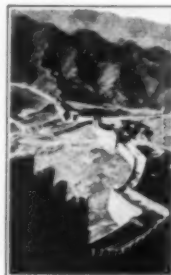
"Yeuh," grinned the boy. "She never pulled half o' my hair out, like some of them rescue women in Noo Orleans done. She never scoured half o' the hide off o' my face, neither. I know you'll tell me the truth, Tom, because I'm your pardner: did you sure enough kill that old geezer?"

Harrell was in no hurry with his answer. He merely shook his head.

"I knowed it!" Red glanced quickly to either side of him, and went on in a voice that was little above a whisper: "But what made you own up it was you done it, Tom? Why couldn't you prove you was some-eres else when the killin' was pulled off? I knowed a feller on the river who could always prove he was some-eres else when he was 'cused o' anything."

Harrell frowned, as though the subject was extremely distasteful.

"An alibi? It's hard to make an alibi at a time of night when nine of every ten honest people are asleep. I couldn't do it." He paused for a moment, then went on: "The fact that everybody expected me to do for Eben Warren got hard on my nerves son. Maybe you can't understand that, but—it did. The people meant no harm by mouthing it, but they



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did do harm, great harm. Then one morning the sheriff and two other men stepped into my office, and the sheriff said he was very sorry to have to put me under arrest.

"At last I've killed old Eben Warren!" I yelled. Little pal, I was mad clean to the bone, I hope this mouthing town will be satisfied now! I said.

"I meant it for—er, sarcasm, son, if you know what that means. But everybody thought I'd simply owned up to it when I was mad. Don't you see? When I found I couldn't explain it away, I stopped trying, and began to think up plans for getting out of jail. I never had a chance to tell Althea how it was. She—well, she didn't come to the jail to see me, son. After eight nights of digging with my knife I removed two window bars and escaped. You know the rest."

"I happen to know her daddy wouldn't let her come to the jail to see you!" said the redhead. "But it was them findin' your gun in a clump o' jasmynes up at Warren's that fixed you to a finish, Tom. Now, Tom, you bend down c'ose to me and listen. I got somethin' to tell you."

Harrell's countenance depicted surprise. He hadn't known of the finding of his revolver on the Warren premises. Nobody had told him about that; and one reason for it was that he had made himself unapproachable upon seeing that his protestations of innocence counted for nothing. He preferred, he said, to plead his own case before judge and jury.

Between the boy and Harrell there followed a conversation in whispers, in which the name Ennersley figured largely. When it was over, Red went back to the home of the Shortridges, and there he held a whispered conversation with Althea. Most of this latter talk centered on a certain plan, a plan which seemed to hold forth promise.

At the last of the little council, Althea kissed him, and he loved her for it. Even Old Gyp had never kissed him.

Came a dark Summer night, and then another. The man whom Warrenton knew as W. K. Ennersley sat at a desk in the room that had served as a study and an office for the late Eben Warren. He did not wear nose-glasses now, and the grave, half-professional air that caused Warrenton to look up to him was nowhere about him. To get the truth of the matter, W. K. Ennersley was more or less intoxicated. A bottle and a glass were on the desk within easy reach of his hand.

Peering above the ledge of an open window of this room, a pair of bright blue eyes under a shock of fiery hair took all this in. The lad had already unhooked the window screen by means of a short length of wire. He slipped through the window and appeared before Ennersley so suddenly that Ennersley's face lost some of its color.

"Hello, 'Big Red'," grinned the boy in friendly fashion.

The secretary went paler, swallowed, and stared silently.

"Don't you know me, Big Red?" the small intruder went on. "Don't you remember me and Old Gyp down at Noo Orleans? You was with Pietro's swell gang, on the lower river front; don't you remember? I see you've dyed your hair, Big Red. Ashamed of it? I ain't o' mine. It's fightin' hair."

Ennersley came to himself, and he was careful.

"You're mistaken in the man," he said in rather funny, drunken solemnity.

"Yeuh! I know I am—not. You always played heavy games, Big Red. You always had a keen eye for purty girls, too, and Miss Althy sure is one pink-ereemus. You'll be likely to get her now, won't you?"

"You're mistaken in the man," Ennersley repeated.

The boy went on, very carefully, with the speech that had been picked out for him by several shrewd, grown-up minds. He used, of course, his own particular language:

"Not so's you'd notice it, I ain't mistaken. Well, I'm here to talk business, Big Red. I ain't no cheap scoot, and never was one, and I hole a lot o' trump cards. I got to have some money. I got to have three hundred dollars, and you got to give it to me. If you don't I'll tell all I know. Three hundred dollars right now!"

The secretary became uneasy. He squirmed in his chair, and his eyes flashed dangerously. He was square with the New Orleans authorities, but . . .

"What is it you'll tell?" he demanded. "Lots of things," the visitor answered glibly. "The first thing, I reckon, will be about you stealin' a gun from a doctor's office."

"You mean I stole a gun from a doctor's office?" in mock surprise.

"Yeuh. Harrell's. You don't think this is the only time I was ever in Warrenton, do you? Me, I'm some snooper, I am. Yeuh. And I'll tell about you comin' back here to this house, and about you shootin' old man Warren, and about you robbin' his safe o' all the money he had, him bein' afraid o' banks goin' bunk."

"It was a nifty deal, sure, you comin' off up here with forged letters sayin' you was gilt-edge, and takin' charge o' Sunday schools and prayer meetin's. Do I get the three hundred, Big Red, or not?"

Big Red sat aghast. But he was defiant rather than beaten. His face began to work with something akin to rage; then he went to his feet and sprang upon the lad, his hands gripping his accuser's slender neck.

"I don't pay blackmailers," he gritted. "I kill them quicker than I'd kill a man for his money!"

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Little Red was choking, but the plan worked in time. Two long arms shot in at the open window, and two revolvers covered the murderer and would-be murderer, and the voice of the sheriff came booming:

"Up with 'em, Big Red—quick! We've got the goods on you!"

Ennersley put up his hands. He knew that the sleepy-looking sheriff was a good deal like sleeping dynamite. The two officers crept through the window and ironed their man, after which the sheriff picked up a telephone receiver and called for the residence of Colonel Shortridge.

The boy, who was not badly hurt, slipped once more across the window sill. He hastened toward the center of the town and the jail to tell young Dr. Harrell.

The jailer admitted him without question, and he dashed down the corridor to break the great, glad news to his friend. But it was only a small distance from the home of the Shortridges to the county's prison, and the news had already been broken to Tom.

Standing before Harrell's barred door, clasping one of Tom's hands in both of hers, was a young woman whose hair was full of tints of auburn. Red saw and hung back, in some vague manner a trifle disappointed—and a little jealous, too, maybe.

Then Tom Harrell caught sight of him, and Tom understood perfectly.

"Come here, son," he said smilingly to the redheaded boy. "I wouldn't take a billion times a billion dollars for you. You're my pal, you know; now aren't you? And you must be Miss Althen's, too; won't you?"

Red crept forward.

"S'ALL THERE IS—AIN'T NO
MORE"

(Continued from page 5)

heavy missile struck the man and blood spurted from his leg. Another man grabbed it up. Another man closed with Skeet and wrenched the rifle from his hand and attempted to use it on its owner.

Like a madman he turned upon this last one, beating with his fists upon the brown face. Blows from Skeet's fists rocked the man's head until he released the rifle and threw up his hands to protect himself. Skeet tore the rifle away again and ran the man through the shoulder with the bayonet. Still another brown man got within Skeet's guard and attempted to wrench the rifle from him. This one was bigger, tall and wiry. Skeet felt the man's strength greater than his, he felt tired, too. The rifle was slipping from his hands. In a moment the man would have it, would run the bayonet through him. His own bayonet, too.

With a last tremendous effort, he pressed his knee into the man's groin smartly. As if in a dream he saw the man's expression change. Pain wracked his frame. The brown man doubled in agony, was bowled over by others who came up to grapple.

Skeet saw the sergeant wrestling with the men. On one knee he fought, trying to regain his feet. He was fighting an epic battle against terrific odds, and was doing damage to the brown men. They were wary of his flailing fists. With his automatic he struck at all of them. Their very numbers hindered the bandits attacking the sergeant. He wrenched a knife from one and slashed the man across the face and body with it. The brown man dropped, bleeding and screaming. A blow on the head from behind and Sergeant Rhode slumped limply. A brown hand snatched at his tattered shirt and held him, a knife in the other hand, upraised, about to stab him. The hand with the knife never started downward. Skeet's bayonet slashed the arm from end to end. Blood spurted and the knife dropped to the earth and out of sight in the writhing mass of bodies. The rifle butt continued in a circle and crushed the man's head like an egg shell. He released his hold on the khaki shirt and fell across the sergeant's limp form. One of the others, trying to stab the sergeant, ran his knife deep into the falling brown man. It was twisted from his grasp. Empty handed, he turned upon the struggling Skeet, grappled with him for possession of the rifle. Another, from behind reached around Skeet's neck to strangle him. Skeet opened his mouth to shout a warning to Dizzy and the man's thumb was thrust into his mouth. It was a hand-to-hand fight, no rules, nothing barred, Skeet's teeth closed on the man's thumb as the other succeeded in twisting the rifle from his grasp. Reaching over his shoulder he grasped the shoulder of the one behind, the one whose thumb he had bitten. With a powerful lift and lowering his shoulders, he threw the man over his head. The bandit, his arms and legs outflung, sprawled atop the one with the rifle. The bayonet opened a gash in his neck. He screamed, and fled when he regained his feet.

With the others tearing and slashing at him from back and sides, Skeet grappled with the one who had the rifle. The man, unaccustomed to the use of a rifle, was clumsy. The labored breathing of Skeet was becoming painful. He felt himself slipping. It was all a terrible nightmare. Brown faces full of hate, flashing knives, grunts, groans of those trampled underfoot, dull sounds of fists on flesh, the tear of cloth, all came to him dully, as he twisted and writhed with the lean, wiry bandit. His open palm thrust upward, reached the man's chin, the brown head snapped back. Skeet followed the advantage and with



the other hand struck again. There was a sickening snap. The man slumped and loosed his hold on the rifle.

Mechanically, Skeet fought on. He was conscious that Dizzy had disposed of his assailants and the two were fighting almost back to back, thrusting, slashing, swinging. The dull sound of rifle butt on flesh or the spurt of red when bayonet found its mark on some brown man, urged the two on.

They could see that Sergeant Rhode was beginning to show signs of life. A bandit saw, too, and rushed upon him with a knife. Sergeant Rhode thrust the prostrate body off his own and sought to rise. The man advancing with the knife, stepped on a fallen man and himself fell. Together he and the sergeant grappled, rolling and kicking. Against brown men's legs they bumped, toppling the owners in a tangled, squirming mass upon the earth.

Into this writhing tangle of humanity Dizzy and Skeet tore, forcing their standing antagonists backward into the struggling heap. Out from under the tangle of arms, legs and bodies the sergeant squirmed. Together the three Marines beat into the twisting mass with rifle butts and club.

The bandits realized that the three Marines had beaten them badly, had completely whipped them into submission. One by one they ceased to even defend themselves and tried to wriggle out of the tangle and lick their wounds. The brown men were completely cowed.

* * *

In the meantime, the captain, in closer touch with Sergeant Smithers, and the skirmishers to the other side of the clustered huts had rounded up a half dozen bandits after a short skirmish and exchange of rifle fire had captured them. Toward the center of the group of huts they worked their way. They came out near where the uphill trail entered the jungle.

"Cap'n," Sergeant Smithers said, "I believe I saw a bunch of Spies make a break up that narrow trail a while ago."

"Which way, Sergeant?" queried the captain.

"Off a little from where Sergeant Rhode and his end of the line moved, but I haven't heard any shots from that direction."

With his back to the trail under discussion, the officer failed to see Skeet and Dizzy, supporting Sergeant Rhode between them, herding a dozen tattered and torn and badly mistreated Revolutionists approach. To Sergeant Smithers the captain said:

"Well, we'll have to hunt in that direction, too, and see if there are any hiding. There may be some—"

Skeet heard the captain and exclaimed: "Oh, Cap'n!"

The officer turned his startled gaze upon the motley group.

Skeet indicated the sorry looking captives:

"That's all there is—there ain't no more."

"Oh, my gosh!" exclaimed the surprised officer, "and I thought I heard Sergeant Rhode say you birds wouldn't know how to fight if you had the chance!"

A FOOL AND SOME FOOLS' GOLD

(Continued from page 11)

of his stomach. Something warned him that the end was not far off. He tried to straighten up and look about him, but too late! A red-hot searing pain shot through his heart like a knife thrust. He moaned feebly and clawed at his throat with weak trembling fingers. Again he struggled to sit up, but darkness came suddenly; then oblivion. A few seconds later, Hartwell, the Chicago gangster, was dead.

The next morning as the sun tipped the horizon the buzzards came, as they always do when someone or something is down on the desert. They circled that bloated figure lying prone on the sand, ceaselessly, for hours; then swooping downward lit on the sand and regarded him fixedly with small alert eyes.

Four hours later an old prospector followed by a pack-laden burro approached the spot where the carrion birds had congregated.

"Huh!" he said grimly, as he stood and looked down at the swollen mutilated body of Dade Hartwell. "Some folks ain't got a lick o' sense. He let th' desert git him cause he thought he'd made a rich haul. But—and that's th' hell o' it—if he'd a only let me explained, I could a told him th' truth about thet poke. Course he wasn't desert wise and he didn't know nothin' 'bout prospecting at all. If he'd a only let me explained," he repeated, "stead of cracking my head with thet gun, I could a told him that was a poke of pyrites of iron. Yep! I been carrying thet poke o' pyrites with me nigh onto ten year. Sorta hated tuh throw em away, too, they looked so bright and shiny." For a moment the man was silent, then he turned to his burro and said.

"Yuh see, Tar-back, I sorta had my suspicions about this gent. That's why I didn't tell him we'd done struck it rich and was headin' out o' th' desert stead of in. Course he didn't know thet Maricopa was jest 'tother side o' thet chain o' mountains I p'inted out t' him yesterday, if he had he wouldn't have been headin' 'tother way. Nope! Well, shake a leg Tar-back, we gotta git tuh town 'fore dark so's we kin bank this gold."

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CHEVRONS

(Continued from page 8)

them around and around, but never calling his point. The nurse watched the procedure calmly.

"I thought you were dead, Jake," said Eadie. "Where have you been gold-bricking so long?"

"You'll never know," replied Jake. He removed his rubber gloves, put on a cap, and began to fumble in his pocket for a cigarette. "They did a poor job on you up there," he continued. "When that stops suppurating I'll cut it open again and do a better one."

"You'll play hell!" said Eadie with energy. Jake made no reply, but went away, rubbing his freckled hands as if to warm them. The nurse who had assisted him replaced Eadie's blankets.

The ward was warm, quiet, restful. The sergeant felt sleep stealing over him, a complete perfect restfulness such as he had never known before. He did not want to sleep, however, he wanted to stay awake and enjoy the sensation. That drunken Jake, having the nerve to dress a man's wounds!

"How do you feel, soldier?"

Eadie turned. There was another nurse smiling at him, one he had not seen before, but the thing that astonished him most was that she was attractive, not to say beautiful. He had not thought there were any young and pretty nurses in France. He had never seen any before. "Great!" answered the sergeant, "except that my feet are cold."

"I'll fix that," said the nurse. "Would you like an egg nog?"

"I'll say I would!"

"Leave it to me!" smiled the nurse. She was back in a few minutes, with a basket full of hot water bottles. These she shoved against various parts of the sergeant's frame, then she whisked away again, to return with the egg nog. It tasted good and Eadie would have downed it at one gulp, but the nurse would not let him. She supported him on her shoulder and made him sip it.

"I'm a good-looking guy if I have a shave once a month or so," observed the sergeant. The nurse laughed merrily and the egg nog having all disappeared, she had one of his feet off the hot water bottle and began to massage it with expert hands.

She rubbed and kneaded, stopped to take the sergeant's pulse and then began on the other leg. Eadie's feet began to tingle and his legs to hurt. His feeling of deep comfort began to melt away and changed into one of irritation and unrest. His wound began to ache and each time that the nurse rubbed her hand on him, it shoved him a bit, and the stitches

tugged on him like so many fish hooks. He began to feel as though he had been broken into fifty parts.

"Hey, lay off, will you?" he finally demanded irritably. "I felt all right until you started to monkey around. You're making me sick!"

"Am I?" cried the nurse joyfully. "Do you feel rotten? Good!"

"Good? How come? Good?" But the nurse was gone after a fresh set of hot water bottles.

Eadie raged and pleaded alternatively. His wound began to pain him terribly. He discovered that the ward, after all, was cold as ice, that some men were playing cards at the far end of it, talking loudly, that a man a few beds away was whistling.

"Lay off!" cried Eadie. "For Christ's sake, leave me alone! I was all set to go to sleep and you've got me stirred up so that I won't sleep for a month!"

"You were set for a good long sleep," replied the nurse, "but you don't know how long it was going to be. Now! I've got a pulse started on you and you've begun to take an interest in life. I'll pour a bowl of hot soup down you and see if that doesn't make you a little more amiable."

The soup went down, but it only increased Eadie's disgust with things in general. The man a few beds away still whistled.

"Say, cut out that damned whistling!" yelled the sergeant, making a great effort.

The whistling stopped. "Who the hell told you you owned the ward?" demanded the whistler. He nevertheless whistled no more.

"Who's that bellyachin'?" asked someone.

"Aw, it's that guy in Number One," replied the whistler. "He's got appendicitis an' he thinks he's got a right to go bellerin' around at real wounded men."

There was no monotony in hospital life in that hospital. Eadie slept most of the first week, but after that he began to take a livelier interest in everything. Reveille was at seven o'clock every morning, and consisted of an orderly appearing beside a man's bed and pounding upon a wash basin. When the man awakened, he was given a basin full of water and allowed to wash himself. When the task was completed, the orderly went to the next bed and repeated the operation. Breakfast was at eight—a bowl of cream of wheat with a spoonful of molasses, also one mug of black fluid called coffee.

There were fifty-two beds in the ward, with three nurses. The head nurse fought with the other nurses and with the patients all day, the second nurse—it was she who had taken care of Eadie the first day—made the beds, washed the patients, took temperatures, swept the floor, and made herself useful. The third nurse was the doctor's assistant. She



went around with the butcher cart every morning and was busy all afternoon making pads and dressings for the next day. The personnel of the hospital were boys from some eastern college. Some old grad had addressed a mass meeting at the college and asked for volunteers for a unit that was to go immediately overseas. What the unit was to be he did not say. It went overseas, too, and "took over" this nice new base hospital. The boys found that their part in the war was to perform menial tasks for wounded men, and since they could not revenge themselves on the men who had lured them into the army, they took it out on the patients.

After breakfast the slam of a door and a hurried, irritated voice asking if everything was ready, announced the arrival of the doctor. The doctor would put on his rubber gloves, be tied into his apron by the nurse, and proceed with the dressing of the wounds. Eadie, being in Number One bed, was always the first victim. The other members of the ward watched and waited. There was no merriment, no interest in anything but the approach of the doctor, and when any man groaned or cried out, everyone in the ward trembled in sympathy. They knew they would get theirs in turn. Eadie usually gave them something to think about, for he had a deep wound, into which a pair of tongs a foot long was plunged again and again, and moreover the doctor had never forgiven him for the things he had said the first afternoon, when Eadie, semi-delirious, had thought the doctor was Jake. The doctor bore no resemblance to Jake except that he smoked incessantly.

The dressings were all changed by dinner-time, which meal usually consisted of bully beef and boiled potatoes, or soup for the liquid diets. Day after day the same things, varied by prunes or canned apricots for desert on Wednesdays and Sundays. In the afternoon the patients slept, or read, or visited with each other. For supper beans and canned tomatoes, or corned beef hash—canned, and canned tomatoes. The lights went out at nine o'clock and the patients could sleep.

Ah! they could sleep, but—! A man named Carrel and another named Dakin had invented a fluid that kept a wound from suppurating and assisted granulation. This fluid must be injected into the wound every two hours night and day, by means of a number of rubber tubes that remained permanently in the wound. The man had to be dragged from sleep every two hours and this liquid injected. It could not be warmed, for that would destroy its properties. Eadie had four tubes in him, but some men had eight or ten, even more. When the orderly or nurse awakened them they would swear terribly, cry out at the bite of the icy Dakin, then drift to sleep again

to be aroused two hours later for the same performance.

The night orderly was a man who made up for all the deficiencies of his fellows. A faint whisper, "Orderly," and he was there at the bedside. He had bought himself felt slippers to deaden the sound of his footsteps on the floor. If a man felt ragged during the night, or was suffering, or thirsty, or cold, or just lonely and homesick, the orderly was there to do what he could. He brought up food from the officers' ward for the seriously ill, not telling that he had begged this food for himself from his brother, who was orderly in the officers' ward. He wrote letters, he shaved, he smuggled in wine, always patient, always smiling, always working. Every man in the ward harbored two ambitions, two projects for the day when he was a well man. One was to beat the day orderly into a red mush and the other was to give the night orderly the best drunk he had ever had in his life.

The really interesting time began after Eadie could sit up. The first day he sat up a minute, the second ten, and by the end of a week he could sit up for a whole morning. He began then to make acquaintances. His name, he found, was Number One, the men in the ward being designated by the number of their beds. There was a man a little way down the ward called the Regular, another the Marine, an Italian who had lost his leg was called Garibaldi. There was a man known as Forty whose voice Eadie had learned to recognize during the weeks when the sergeant had lain on his back. There were also four German prisoners in the ward, all badly wounded. There was no love lost between the Americans and the Germans. The latter had no friend but the head nurse, who spoke to them cheerfully, and went out of her way to be agreeable to them.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Concerning Wound Stripes.

A MORNING arrived, then, some time after Eadie had been sitting up, when he really felt at peace with the world. He regarded his watch. Five minutes of eight. A man was not allowed to smoke before eight o'clock, but what were three or four minutes? He selected a cigarette from a package his friend the nurse had given him and lighted it. A long drag and a cloud of smoke rolled out into the aisle. There was a swish of skirts.

"Ah!" said the head nurse in a tone of satisfaction, "I caught you, didn't I?"

"Yup," agreed the sergeant, puffing, "two minutes of eight."

The outside door banged then, announcing the arrival of the doctor, so she went out with no more ado. Eadie dragged on the cigarette. "I bet she turns you in for that," announced the Regular grimly.



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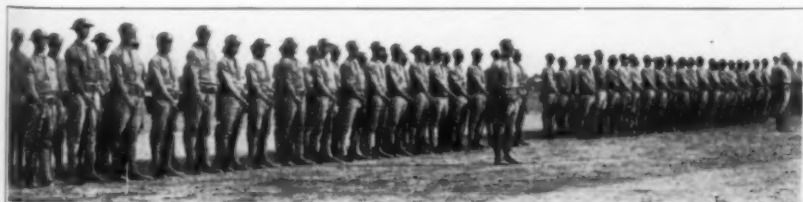
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"Aw, no," answered the sergeant, "she isn't so bad as you birds try to make out."

No one said anything, but one or two laughed a little. Then the office door slammed and the doctor seemed to leap at Eadie. Behind him was the head nurse. Two jumps and they were at the foot of the sergeant's bed.

"You were smoking this morning before hours, weren't you?" yelled the doctor. "Don't lie, the nurse saw you. What did you do it for? Never mind. Don't you smoke again while you're in this ward. If you do, I'll have you out of that bed and on the rockpile. Understand?"

"Yessir," said the sergeant meekly.

The doctor turned abruptly and went back into the office. The nurse followed him. There was a low murmur of laughter from all the other beds. "You're getting better," said the Regular.

"That's right," boomed Number Forty from down the ward, "the first sign of recovery in this ward is to have a fight with the head nurse."

"Yeh, she turned in Roarin' Forty yesterday to the O. D. for something—talkin' back about the chow, I guess."

"Whad they do to you, Forty?" asked someone.

"I don't know yet. I'm goin' to get a trial when I get better. They ought to give me a vote of thanks."

"What did he say?" Eadie inquired of the ward in general.

"Haha!" replied several at once. "He said he wanted some more jam. You know him. Nobody gets anything to eat in this ward but the jerry prisoners."

"All of you shut up!" said the nurse vehemently, suddenly reappearing. "That means you! And you, too! Soldiers! I never saw such children in my life! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves; I don't want to hear any more remarks about the prisoners either! Suppose you were prisoners, yourselves!" She swung suddenly about and walked quickly to the bedside of Roarin' Forty.

"And I don't want a word out of you, either!" she snapped.

"I didn't say anything," protested Forty.

"Well, I don't want you to either."

"That so? Well now I could if I felt like it!" cried Forty.

"Well, you'd better not feel like it," brandishing her fist in Forty's face.

"I didn't say anything all this time," yelled Forty, "but I will now! There's fifty-two Americans in this ward that are getting a raw deal, and you hanging around the prisoners all the time. A month ago those birds were trying to kill us! If it wasn't for them or some like 'em we wouldn't be here. An' you rubbin' that damned Hun down with alcohol every night! There's Number One, with his belly all slit open like a her-rin's an' he ain't had a bath since before the drive started. How long's he been in the ward? Three weeks!"

"All right," said the head nurse, controlling herself with difficulty, "I'll give you a chance to talk to the general that you won't like." She stalked vigorously away down the ward, her hair flying. At Eadie's bed she paused.

"Is that true that you haven't had a bath since you came in off the field?" she demanded.

"Yes, it's true," replied Eadie.

"Well, why didn't you ask for one? Have I got to follow you up like a child? The day nurse is hanging around you all the time, why don't you ask her? I bet you weren't so particular about a bath before you came in the army!"

"I asked her," said Eadie, "but I can't take a bath in cold water, can I? I might get the treatment a seriously wounded man is entitled to."

"Seriously wounded?" cried the head nurse. "You goldbrick! All you've got is an incision hardly as big as an appendectomy. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for staying in hospital with it! Look at Number Ten with his leg full of tubes, and the Marine there, six months in bed from a bayonet through the body! Seriously wounded! Who said you were? Look at Featherstone, with his back blown off right down to the ribs. He hasn't turned over or lifted an arm since June! See that man in twenty-eight bed? He hasn't got any face, but they're making him a new one out of his own hand. See his hand up to his jaw? The palm is growing on to the place where his cheek ought to be, and every six weeks they cut his hand away and stick it on in a new place! That man's got a wound! You don't hear him complaining, do you?"

"I would if I could talk, you old devil," mumbled the man whose hand was growing to his face.

The nurse turned with an exclamation and they heard her running down the corridor.

The ward rocked with laughter.

From then on there was war to the knife between the head nurse and the patients. If she caught anyone smoking before or after the allowed time, even so much as a minute, he lost his smoking privilege. Men were ruthlessly sent out to convalescent tents long before they were in fit condition to stand the damp cold of a winter in the open. The head nurse was the one who decided and it was noticeable that her few friends, no matter how nearly recovered they were, stayed on in the ward while others less able went out.

The signing of the Armistice caused little commotion. A girl from the Red Cross entered the ward one day and announced that the war was over. Few of the men believed it and the rest took no interest one way or the other. The war was over for them, anyway, and had been for some time.

"We'll be sorry the war is over yet," prophesied Forty. "We'll get less work out of 'em now than ever."



He was right. The personnel, the night of the Armistice, all left the hospital to take care of itself and went to the nearest town to celebrate. In the days that followed, they expected that they would be sent home immediately and vented their feelings of disappointment on the patients. Eadie's friend, the nurse who had saved his life the first day he had been in the ward, got herself transferred to another ward where the head nurse was less disagreeable.

Under the new regime Eadie grew more despondent day by day. What did a man get for going to war? What did it get him to risk his life in battle? If he was killed, a hasty burial, and if he was wounded, a trip to a hell like this hospital. He had been treated much better the time he had been gassed, than now that he was seriously wounded. Seriously wounded!

"What's the matter with you, appendicitis?"

"Goldbrick, you haven't got any kind of a wound. Suppose you lost a leg or an arm!"

A hand tugged gently at the blankets about Eadie's head. He looked up and discovered his friend the nurse there, the one who had taken such good care of him when he first came to the ward.

"I've been sick," said the nurse, "that's why I haven't been around to see you before. What's the matter, aren't you feeling well?"

"No," replied Eadie, "the head nurse is terrible."

"That old devil!" muttered the nurse. "Sometimes I wonder if she isn't deranged."

"Now there!" exclaimed the nurse. "I nearly forgot what I came over here for. I was up in the office this morning and I saw an order they were getting out. Your name was on it."

"What for?" demanded Eadie in surprise. "What are they putting my name on an order for?"

"You're going back to the States on the first trainload that goes!"

"No! Is that a fact?" cried Eadie.

"It certainly is," said the nurse, "I saw the order myself."

The sergeant's recovery after that was rapid. The tubes were removed from the wound in a few days and after he could sleep all night he rapidly gained strength. He had to learn to walk all over again like a child, but he had plenty of time. The week before Christmas he was still in the ward, with every prospect of not leaving it for anything better than a convalescent tent. He had been issued a uniform, such as it was, but he had his collar ornaments and his whistle, and his faithful friend, the nurse, brought him a set of sergeant's stripes and two very glittering wound stripes. Two! There weren't many that could sport two.

One morning Eadie finished his breakfast and was in the midst of his bi-

weekly shave when the head nurse came fluttering up to his bed. "Hurry up and get that finished and get ready to get out of here!" she said.

"Are you going to run me into a tent?" asked the sergeant with a sinking heart.

"No, you're going to leave the hospital. Go up to the office."

The ward was very quiet while the nurse informed three more men that they were going. Four men, that was all, and the rest of them must wait another month or so. There was no laughter. The men watched sadly while Eadie did his packing. This consisted of wiping his face and his razor, putting the razor in his musette, and taking his overcoat over his arm. He traveled light. Then he went down the ward to say his farewells.

Eadie shook hands with them all, the Regular, the Marine (he was a good guy even if he was a Leatherneck), Roaring Forty, Twenty-Eight, even the newcomers and the goldbrick friends of the head nurse. He was tempted to shake hands with the prisoners, too, but it might not do, and then he knew no German with which to explain his action.

"Good-bye, nurse," said he to his old enemy, the head nurse, "when I'm in New York around New Year's, I'll think of you. When I ride up Fifth Avenue on the bus, I'll think of you wading around in the mud here."

"Do that, will you?" asked the nurse pleasantly, "and when you get to wherever you're going, remember that I was the one that sent you there."

At the loading platform the men gathered. The train was not a hospital train, but one composed of third-class carriages, the compartments of which held eight men.

The first stage of the journey began! Home! That was the place for a man.

Bordeaux at last, after three days; the great platform of the Gare du Midi dimly lighted by the afternoon sun and crowded with American and French soldiers. The men all descended from the train and began to gather in groups, according as their names were called by two officers who had been in charge of the train since Tours. About thirty men were finally in Eadie's group and the officer counting them marched them across the platform to another train.

"Where does this go?" Eadie asked the officer.

"La Trete and Arcachon," was the reply.

"La Trete!" shrieked Eadie. "Why, we can't be going to Le Corneau! Why, that's the place I deserted from last summer to go back to the front!"

"Well, don't worry," said the officer coldly, "they'll try you for it."

"There must be some mistake," protested Eadie. "Why, I'm just out of hospital. They told me I was going home!"

"There's no mistake," observed the



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officer. He got out the order to make sure. "Yes, here it is; Eadie, Robert, Sergeant, 'A,' 79th Field Artillery, and at the top of the order you see, 'The following named enlisted men to report to commanding officer, F. A. R. R., Le Corneau Gironade'."

"Ah, the devil!" muttered Eadie, "she knew it all the time." Then he mounted the train in silence.

From a little way south of Bordeaux almost to the Spanish border stretches a desolate waste of sand, forested with pitch pine. During the war the French established training camps for their Senegalese and Annamite battalions among the pines. The poorest, most out-of-the-way, and the worst constructed of these camps was Le Corneau. Senegalese had been there, and after them the Russians, and after the Russians mutinied, had been subdued, and taken away, the camp was turned over to the Americans. Row after row of dirty, white-washed huts, sand, black with the filth and dirt of its thousands of former occupants, a brick guardhouse with no windows, and the dreary stretches of the forest, such was the camp.

A one-day's stay was even too much but on his third day Eadie was summoned to the company office and ordered to report to the hospital for classification.

"Suppose a guy is classified definitely," Eadie asked the clerk, "how long before he gets shoved out of here?"

"That depends on the classification. If he gets D or C he's liable to be here for some time."

"And A or B?"

"They get sent out pretty soon," said the clerk. "We're always getting calls for men."

Eadie went into the hospital, into a large room full of men and he removed his clothes as the other men had. Three doctors stood in the circle of naked men, and the men went through various exercises, rising on their toes, extending their arms, bending down, all with the intention of displaying any loss of movement to the three doctors. Then the men leaped up and down in place for some time and after that the doctors went about with stethoscopes listening to hearts and asking each man the nature of his wound. The doctor paused before Eadie and poked his scar with a stubby finger.

"What gave you that?" asked the doctor.

"Appendicitis," replied Eadie.

"Humm. They did a poor job on you. How do you feel?"

"Fine," replied Eadie.

"Want to go back to your outfit?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant.

"Put him down 'A,'" directed the doctor, and went on to the next man.

A week at Le Corneau! Was there any hell of battle to be compared to it? No. But the week finally passed and on the eighth day Eadie found himself acting first sergeant of a detachment of

replacements for the Army of Occupation. They went away early in the afternoon in third-class cars and Eadie began his third journey to rejoin the battery.

The next day the train rattled through suburbs that reminded a man vaguely of St. Louis or Indianapolis, clattered over a great iron bridge and came to a halt. The place swarmed with Americans. It was Coblenz, the headquarters of the Army of Occupation, a city famous as a resort. A great place, thought Eadie, a fine place in which time would not hang heavy on a man's hands. However, no such luck. Before he had done looking around, the sergeant had been marched out of the station and loaded into a truck. By virtue of his rank he rode on the seat, but the other men had to ride inside.

They rattled through the streets and finally came out into the snow-clad country. Eadie turned up the collar of his overcoat and shivered.

"How's the soldiering here?" he asked.

"It ain't bad," replied the driver. "It's better'n it was in France. You a replacement?"

"No," said Eadie, "I was wounded."

"Where was you wounded?" demanded the driver suspiciously, so that Eadie gasped at his vehemence.

"Why, in the Argonne!" answered Eadie, aghast.

"Where in the Argonne?"

"At Montfaucon."

"Huh," grunted the driver, "you don't look it."

"Well, I was. I'll show you the wound if you want to see it."

"I don't want to see it," said the driver. "It ain't nothin' to me, only every gold-brick an' camouflager an' sick an' lame an' lazy gimmick that ever heard o' the Third Division is comin' back now that the war is over. 'Lots o' beer an' frau-leins in Germany, let's go,' they says, and they come outta their holes where they been all through the war an' come back here with some line o' bull they was wounded or in hospital or somethin'."

"Listen," said Eadie. "What's the idea of popping off at me? I was wounded and back at the front again while you were still trying to make up your mind who the war was with. And I'm rankst sergeant of Battery A of the 79th, and I can put any man in this division in the can, too."

"I wasn't sayin' nothin' about you," said the driver.

Brigade headquarters was in a small town, a clean, whitewashed, low-eaved place, where stiff-backed soldiers marched solemnly down the street. At brigade headquarters Eadie gave his name and they sent him with an orderly down the street to a ration dump, from which a truck was soon leaving for his battalion, quartered in a neighboring town.

Again Eadie mounted the driver's seat, again the truck grunted and banged its way out of town and through the snow-covered fields.



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"What outfit yuh out of, buddy?" asked the new driver after a while.

"A," replied Eadie from his coat collar.

"Wounded?" asked the driver.

"NO!" barked Eadie, "I'm a replacement."

"Funny," commented the driver, "you look a lot like a sergeant outta A that got wounded."

They passed a field where a mounted band was formed on white horses.

Eadie's skin prickled. His band! That was his outfit's band!

"You c'n git off here," the driver said, slowing down the truck. "The P. C. is right down that street."

Eadie got down and then, pack in hand, looked around.

"By God, if it ain't him," cried two voices simultaneously.

"I told yuh he'd never die as long as I had them glasses," said a third. Eadie turned. Ham, Baldy, and Short Mack fell upon his neck.

"Man, you always play in luck!" cried Ham. "Here we been here two months an' through hell an' just as they begin to let up on us a bit, in you come!"

"Come on down to the club," said Baldy. "The non-coms rate a special mess an' bein' all sergeants now, we can talk there easier than here."

They entered a house a short distance down the street. It bore all the marks of a barroom, but inside was clean and warm.

A strongly built, blue-eyed girl appeared and grinned at the four men. "Her mother's the cook," explained Ham.

"Vier hier!" ordered Short, sitting down at the long table.

"Schnell!" added Baldy.

"Wie gehts?" asked Ham. The three then turned their eyes questioningly on Eadie, as if to say, "whaddyuh think o' that for German, kid?"

"And you birds all speak German now!" exclaimed Eadie with admiration.

"It was tough learnin' it," said Ham. "There was a time when if you batted an eye at a German, man or woman, the mill and a six month's blind for you. It's changed a little now."

"Eadie, you was always lousy with luck," remarked Short. "We used to think of you when we was hikin' through the cold rain, tired an' hungry, an' you snug an' warm in a white bed holdin' a good-lookin' nurse's hand!"

Eadie grunted. It was warm in the room and he arose and removed his overcoat. Then he sat down again, resting his arms on the table. The beer arrived, but no one drank. They were all looking at Eadie's sleeve. On his right cuff was the mark of stripes, such as one sees on the sleeve of a newly busted non-com. There were little bits of thread there and a tear where the knife had slipped.

"You ain't wearin' no wound stripes?" questioned Ham, after an embarrassed pause.

"No," said Eadie, reaching out for a glass of beer. "The whole outfit knows I was wounded." He took a draught of beer and smacked his lips. "All you get by wearin' wound stripes is a lot of cheap conversation!"

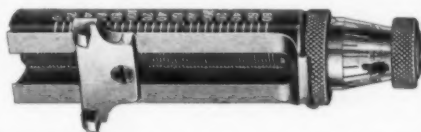
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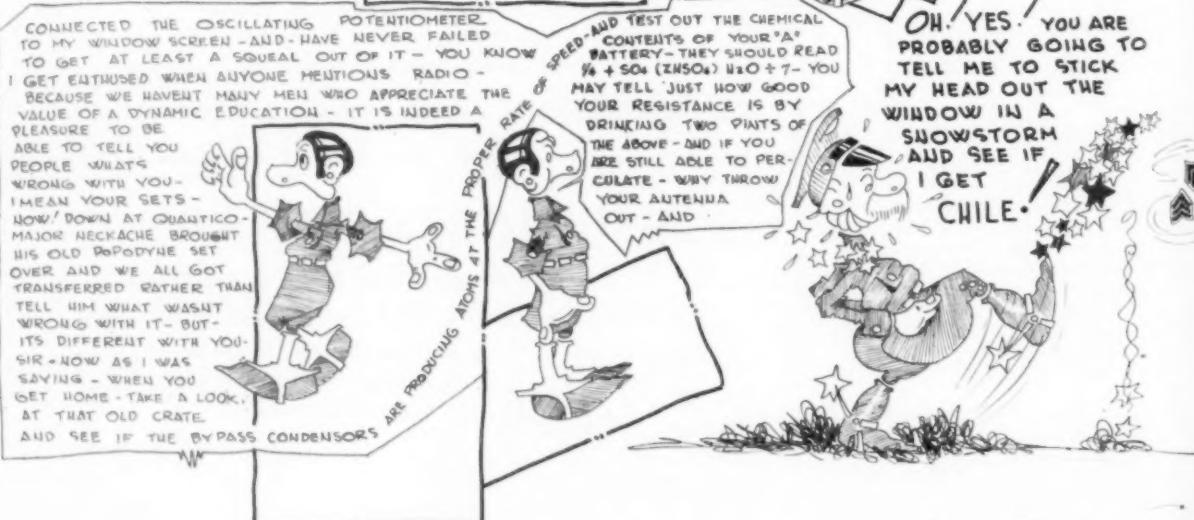
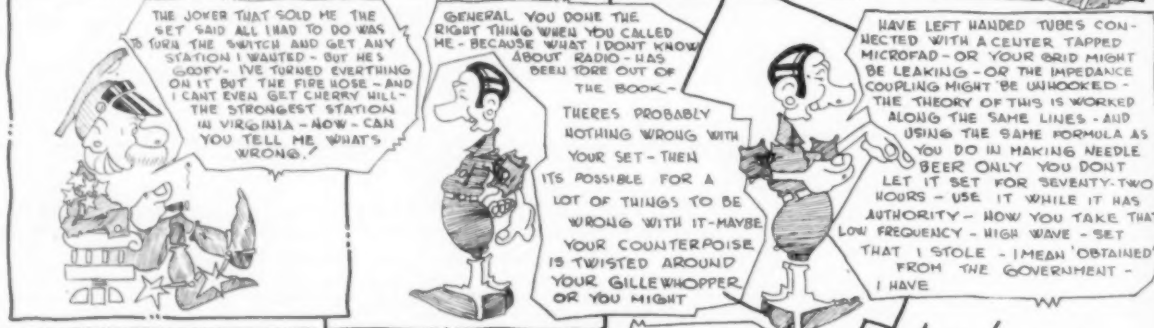
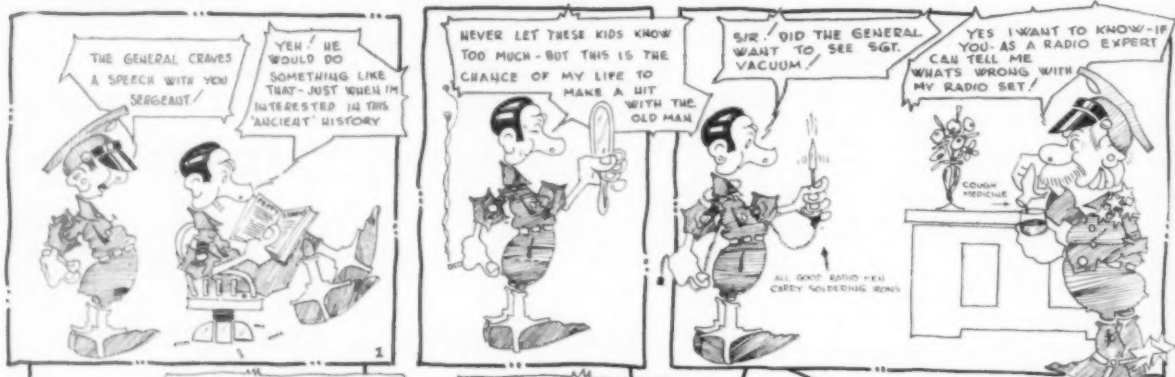
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